IN ELDER WORLDS.

BY HENRY W. LUCY, OF "THE LONDON DAILY NEWS."

I.

THE TOMBS OF THE SHOGUNS.

NIKKO, Japan, 1884.

The famous shrines of Nikko lie outside the town, at the foot of the hills on the other side of the bustling river Daiyd-Gawa. The town itself was not born yesterday, but the temples and tombs count their years by centuries. There is record of a Buddhist temple here in the middle of the eighth century. The importance of Nikko dates from the seventeenth, when Iyeyasu, the founder of the mighty race of Tycoons who for 250 years held imperial sway in Japan, was buried here. The first Tycoon—or Shogun, as he was earlier called—was deified, and religion was called in to aid courtiership in making Nikko a holy place. The vassals of the reigning Shogun vied with each other in the magnificence of the presents with which they endowed the tomb of the founder of the race. A prince of the Imperial blood became Abbot of Nikko, and through the year solemn processions were made to the tomb. In 1868, when the revolution broke the power of the Shoguns, there was a Prince-Abbot of the Mikado's family at the head of the monastery. The Shogun party played their last card when they seized him, carried him off to the North, and proclaimed him Mikado. Victory still clung to the banners of the reigning Mikado. The young pretender surrendered, the power of the Tycoon was irretrievably broken, and with his fall much of the glory of Nikko has departed.

There are two bridges across the river leading to the temples and the tombs. One is painted a bright red, of the glaring color in which the temples flame forth. It was built in the year 1638, and it is boasted that since then the cost of repairs has been merely nominal. This is the less marvel since the bridge is very rarely used, being opened only once or twice a year for pilgrim processions, and for the rest being close-barred. A little lower down the stream is the more ordinary-looking and much more useful structure over which traffic passes without restriction. Crossing this, turning to the left and walking up the bank lined on either side with cedars, we come upon a temple, the name of which being translated is "the Hall of the Three Buddhas." These three Budihas are the Thousand-Handed Kwan-non, the Horse-Headed Kwan-non, and Amida Nio-Rai. The title of the Thousand Headed Kwan-non is rather boldly assigned, since the great gilt doll that bears the name has only forty arms—quite enough, it is true, but it is well to be exact, and a good deal happens between forty and a thousand. On the matting before these images copper coins were sprinkled, the gifts of the faithful. They were minute in value, being almost exclusively *rin*, ten of which go to make a cent. Some had placed their offerings in paper, a mark both of deeper respect and greater affluence, as seldom less than five *rin* were placed in the packets, an occasionally the contents ran as high as ten. The money-box forms a prominent feature in all the temples. There is none here approaching the proportions of the vast gridiron into which *rin* are rained at Asakusa on the fete day of the God of Happiness. But each shrine has its money-box outside, while single gifts in coin may, without incurring reproach, be strewed on matting before the god whom it is desired to propitiate.

In truth the hat goes round with great persistence in the temples of Japan, whether Buddhist or Shinto. On approaching nearly every one of these sacred halls, wherever situated, the visitor will note a hoarding, sometimes two or three, erected upon upright wooden posts, and covered with writing, just like the advertisements in railway stations or on hoarding before unfinished buildings. These boards are truly advertisements, but have about them nothing relating to the modern bill poster. Each strip of wood contains a record of the name of a donor to the building or sustentation fund in connection with the temple, together with the amount presented. I was not able to learn where this clever device was first essayed. But it has proved highly successful and is now common in all the temples. Any man at the expenditure of a few *yen* may have his name thus set up on high in holy places.

Before the Hall of the Three Buddhas is a curious sun-dial, consisting of an upright post. From the shadow cast on the ground the time is ascertained and the great bell struck. This most musical instrument stands on a mound a little to the right of the temple. As the hours come round a man mounts up to the bell, and with the whole weight of his body pulls back a wooden ram slung at right angles with the bell. This being released falls back and strikes the bronze casting, and through the valleys, up the hills and across the little town of Nikko, there floats a note of exquisite melody. At the back of the temple is a black pillar crowned with a series of six gilded cups in the form of lotus flowers. This grim copper column is erected to celebrate the memorable feat of an early bishop of the Buddhist Church, who in honor of the first Shogun read at a single stretch the ten thousand books of Buddha. This feat occupied him seven days, during which neither meat nor drink passed his lips, only the names of Buddha. By the side of this well-authenticated feat Mr. Biggar's famous effort, when in the House of Commons he through four hours read Blue Books to the Speaker and the clerks at the table, becomes of small account. Zigendaishi was the name of this hero, in whose too-early birth Mr. Parnell lost the opportunity of securing a notable follower.

Behind this temple is a smaller one, on the pillars of which are pasted numerous slips of paper containing the names and addresses of pilgrims who have wended their way hither from all parts of the Empire. The way to the tomb of the first Shogun leads up a broad stone stairway with ancient cryptomeira towering on either side. These steps are called "the steps of a thousand measures," because there are ten of them, and on each a hundred men may stand. At the top is the granite *torii*, or archway, presented to the temple by one of the princes who helped to establish the power of the first Shogun. The height of the arch is a little over twenty-seven feet, and the diameter of the columns is three feet six inches. The stone which forms the gateway at the top is composed of a single block of granite. How it was brought here from the distant quarries where it was delved is an unexplained marvel. One local guide told us that when the *torii* was being erected the workmen stood upon piles of bags of rice which finally reached within three feet of the summit. When the work was finished the bags were cut open and the poor people of Nikko spent a pleasant time.

Passing under the *torii* into the courtyard we come upon a lofty pagoda of blazing red, and a quieter but more interesting memorial in the shape of an old tree carefully guarded with a gray stone paling. This we learned was the identical tree which, when it was not too large to go into a pot, the first Shogun carried about with him when he went on journeys. Coming out of one of the temples we pass a small chapel in which passively sat a figure dressed in white robes. I took it to be a priest, but the guide said it was a woman and if you put some money in the ever open box she would dance. We deposited coin, a few halfpence, and the figure promptly rising at the chink of money went through a melancholy kind of dance, accompanied by the shaking of bells which she held in her hand. It was over in a few seconds the conclusion being announced by the priestess bowing till she touched the ground with her forehead, and then resuming her passive attitude, waiting till some one else came by with a few coppers to spare. It is behind these temples, reached through a beautiful approach of gray stone steps, with moss-grown walls, the sunlight peeping through the trees beyond, that the tomb of the great Shoguns lie. Here, remote from human life, sleeps the great soldier Iyeyasu and his greater grandson Iyemitsu, founder and consolidator of the mighty line of Shoguns. Their moss-grown graveyards are girt about with solemn cedars, and the only sound that breaks the stillness of the place is the sighing of the wind through the branches. The tombs are impressive by reason of their simplicity; but I confess that the red temples with their guilt and gingerbread gods had nothing to say to me. There is some wonderful carving, but it is whitewashed and painted till the patient art of the carver is piteously obscured. Supposing the outside of Westminster Abbey were painted a bright red and some of its choicest carvings in the interior werepicked out with blue and vermilion, what a glory would be departed from the nation! Yet it is thus that at Nikko the Japanese have dealt with what they are disposed to regard as their best shrines. During the heyday of the power of the Shoguns the paint was laid on afresh once in twenty years. Now that the power is broken, and it is not the policy of the present Government to keep its memory green, there is hope of the shrines of Nikko improving as the gaudy colors fade and the paint is rubbed off the carvings.

In the afternoon we walked to the falls of Kiri-furi, taking a wide sweep round the base of To-Yama. It is in turning from the temples in Nikko, and looking for a moment on the works of nature spread around, that one feels most angrily impressed with the vulgarity of the painted structures. Just now Nature is putting on her richest colors, some brighter than any which variegate the temples. The maple and mountain ash flame blood-red through the woodland, and the birch is running through all the tints of yellow. The sky is the brightest blue, the river rushing down to the sea is a foaming white; yet all these colors blend in exquisite harmony and compose a scene to which one is glad to turn from the pinchbeck grandeur of the pagan shrines. The walk to Kiri-furi is not far, even for a lady, and the *kago*, or basket chair, which we took with us was scarcely used. The pathway turns and winds through scenes of ever-varying beauty till suddenly we come upon the waterfall, a gleam of white foam falling through a bank of autumn foliage. Regarded as a waterfall it is not much, but its setting makes it exquisite.

The walk to Chinzenji is a somewhat different affair, it being a good sixteen miles there and back, with some stiff climbing before the mountain lake is reached. The weather looked very doubtful, but we determined to start, doubt being presently solved by the commencement of a downpour of rain which practically lasted through the day. We had a *kago* and four men, an indispensable escort for a lady on this trip. On the outskirts of a little village near Nikko we had the good fortune to purchase two waterproofs, made of oiled paper, a beautiful yellow in hue. They were a little lacking in fit, but not much can be expected for half a crown, the price of the two. They proved invaluable during the journey, resisting the persistent rain, and adding but two or three ounces to the weight of the walking costume. The way to the lake leads by the winding path which the river has won for itself on its way from the lake through the mountains. Many times we crossed the river by rustic bridges, pausing to look down at the steel blue water gliding over gigantic stones and dashing itself in foam at their feet. Half-way up is a farm-house. On the lintel of the dwelling were pasted three charms, one for keeping away general sickness, the second specially concerned with fever, and the third warranted to bring general happiness to the proprietor. The charm against fever represented a devil in a highly dislocated state, this peculiarity being due not to intention so to represent it, but to the fact that the picture is produced by drawing a brush dipped in black paint over a stamped metal pattern.

"Very stupid," Ito, our guide, said, looking at this with the clear eyes of a believer in the Shinto faith. "Only very old womens and men believe in that."

Observations subsequently made over a wide extent of the interior convinced me that in such case old womens and men must form the largest proportion of the agricultural population of Japan. These charms were the rule rather than the exception. Chinzenji is one of the most famous show places in Japan, attracting natives as well as foreigners. It was curious to note that the Japan 'Arry has the same passion as his brother from London for carving his imperishable name on memorial trees and stones. Only to the uninformed eye 'Arry's name traced in Japanese characters has a respectable, even an imposing appearance. The last hour's climbing up to the level of the lake tests the strength of wind and limb; but the four *kago* men bearing their burden lightly stepped it, murmuring a monotonous chant which, though not musical, helped them to keep step and in other more occult ways seemed to do them good. There is a splendid view of the lake from the tea-house, and a really big waterfall to see on the way back. We saw little but the rain, one gleam of sunshine fortuitously opening at a turn in the steep descent showing what it might be in other circumstances of weather. As it was, it was well worth doing. We saw it in the green leaf, and cheerfully resolved to imagine what it would be in the dry.

After dinner we had the a censtomed visit from the curio men, made the more exigent on their part by the knowledge that this was our last night in Nikko, and if we did not now buy a few carved ivories, a sword or two, an armful of lacquer boxes, and, above all, that exquisite little cabinet inlaid, lacquered and ivory-mounted, really not dear at £20, they would have no other chance. The curio men are one of the institutions of foreign travel in Japan. They live in the places principally resorted to by Europeans and take note of every fresh arrival. On the afternoon of the Mikado's birthday, when we lunched at the British Embassy, the drawing-room was crowded with curio men who had heard there were guests, and scented business from afar. They entered the house uninvited, but not unwelcome, for there are worse ways of spending an hour in the afternoon than in examining the varied stores of a Japanese pedler. They fully recognize the justice of the understanding that since no one asked them to come there is no compulsion of buying, and they also know by experience that in the course of the season they get through a deal of trade. At Nikko the curio men hunt in triplets. The panel of sitting room or bedroom noiselessly draws back. A figure in Japanese costume glides in, bowing low and making that curious noise of sucking in the breath which with the Japanese is meant to be at once self-depreciatory and exaltatory of the presence in which he stands. The first figure having deposited a bundle on the floor, a second glides in, and after due interval a third. A timid stranger, unaware of the custom, and recalling earlier habits of the Japanese in presence of the foreigner, might well suppose his last hour had come, and that these softly-treading, darkly-clad, mysterious personages with bundles were his executioners.

It is a matter of honor among curio men, and in accordance with the polite habits of the people, that one man shall not interfere with another's prospects by unduly thrusting his wares under notice. While ostensibly observing this rule one of the three curio men of Nikko, a tall, crafty-looking man, who always secured the central place of the group, had a notable way of pushing his goods. While you were looking at something submitted by No. 1 or No. 2, a brown hand, holding a piece of carved ivory or a lacquered box, would slowly move across the table, placing the article under the eyes of the purchaser. A violent sucking in of breath followed, and then a low voice solemnly intoning, "Ver-ry old, ver-ry cheap, num-ber one." If you asked the price, the prefatory form of answer was always the same. Drawing himself up to full height, and holding up both hands, with fingers outstretched to assist in the enumeration, he began slowly and solemnly to intone—"Wa-an price—ve-ry old—num-ber one—ve-ry cheap"—(fingers beginning to work like a semaphore)—"twenty-four yen"—(prolonged gust of indrawn breath)—"shifty sen." "Shifty" was as near as he could get to the pronunciation of fifty, having just sucked in half the cubic measurement of air in the room. The "wa-an price" was meant to indicate that, whereas other curio men, knowing the habit of foreigners promptly to offer half the price named, stuck it on with deliberate intention to take it off if pressed, this paragon of perfection, this mexorably just dealer, had merely added a small commission on the amount of his original purchase, and was not to be beaten down.

HENRY W. LACY.

Two nymphs named Luck and Ill-luck who lived in a wood wished to know which of them was more beautiful than the other. They went to a fox in the wood and asked him for his opinion. He turned to them and said: "I can give no opinion unless you walk to and fro for a while." So they did. Quoth the fox to Luck, "Madam, you are indeed charming when you come in." Quoth he to Ill-luck, "Madam, your gracefulness is simply inimitable when you go out!"

BABY CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

AN EVIL THAT OUGHT TO BE STOPPED.

WHAT THE TOBACCONISTS, SMALL BOY AND OTHERS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Among the bills unsigned by Governor Cleveland was one against which there seems so little to be said that a TRIBUNE reporter who investigated the subject, with which it deals, found that everybody had practically the same opinion about it. This measure aimed to check the growing habits of smoking among young boys. By its provisions tobacconists were forbidden to sell tobacco in any form to children under the age of fourteen years. A TRIBUNE reporter yesterday visited seven tobacconist's shops down town. In all these shops but one, during the few minutes while the reporter was present, boys of ages ranging apparently from six to twelve came in and bought cigarettes.

"Give me tree Capperals, boss," said one urchin whose head hardly came above the counter, and he rattled three cents from his grimy hand on the glass cover of the showcase. From a heap of loose cigarettes on a wooden tray the shopman counted out three to the boy who grabbed them and shot out, only stopping long enough to light one at the jet of gas near the door.

WHAT THE SMALL BOY THINKS OF IT.

"How old are you, Johnnie?" asked the reporter who had followed him.

"What yer want ter know fer?"

"Just out of curiosity, that's all."

"Y'aint one of them S'ciety fellows are yer?" with rapid suspicion.

"No, I'm not one of them Society fellers, I'm a reporter. Now how old are you?"

"Well, I guess I'm 'bout ten. That's what de old woman sez."

"Doesn't smoking make you sick?"

"Sick? Oh, come off. What d' yer take me fer, boss? Wy me an' de boys smoke all de time, at least: long we've got any cigarettes. When we's broke we wait till one of de fellers hooks a cent an' then he gets a cigarette an' we smokes it in turn," and the urchin ran off.

WHAT THE TOBACCONISTS SAY.

"Yes," said the keeper of a small shop with a life-like Indian guarding the door, "we sell lots of cigarettes to small boys. It's a good paying business and I'm glad the Governor did not sign the bill forbidding it. Not that it would make much difference, for the boys would manage to get hold of the cigarettes anyhow. You see they can buy a cigarette for a cent. A package holds twenty and is sold at from ten to fifteen cents, according to the run of a man's business. Well, by selling them loose we get twenty cents a package, and there is no waste for we sell three or four packages a day easy and sometimes six or seven, in this way. Does it do them harm? Why, of course it does. Stunts them and takes their appetite away. That's why some of the poorer ones smoke, I believe, poor little beggars! They fancy it fills their stomachs. The majority of the young cigarette buyers, however, are the children of respectable parents. Their fathers and mothers give them a few pennies to buy candies with and the young rascals stop in here on their way to and from school and buy cigarettes with the money. Candy is bad enough but I guess tobacco sees it and goes one better. However, it's good for trade, and a man must live as well as his neighbors. If I didn't sell to children some one else would."

This was the gist of the argument or defence set up by a majority of the small tobacconists visited.

EXTENT OF THE EVIL.

As to the number of cigarettes sold to children it is difficult to reach any definite conclusion. The Internal Revenue report for last year gives the number of cigarettes manufactured in this country as 598,772,735, of which New-York alone made 444,092,867, divided among 37 different brands. In New-York City there are about 2,000 retail tobacconists. Assuming that one-half of these only sell cigarettes to children, and that their daily sales average only one package, there are then over 7,000,000 cigarettes annually sold to children in New-York City alone.

Colonel Emmons Clark, secretary of the Board of Health, said: "The Board was not responsible for the bill to prevent the sale of cigarettes to boys, but it is surprising that the Governor should refuse to sign such a measure. Every day I see little boys smoking cigarettes in the streets, and there is no question about the harm done by the practice. Surely it would be wise to have a law to restrain such a growing evil."

Sanitary Superintendent Day said: "The practice of smoking cigarettes will dwarf the rising generation in this city unless some action is taken to stop it. I see a great many young children puffing cigarettes. It is a serious evil."

WOMEN WHO SEEK EMPLOYMENT.

HUNDREDS OF APPLICATIONS BY MAIL.

REPLIES TO A DECOY ADVERTISEMENT—SOME OF THE LETTERS.

A TRIBUNE reporter who has been engaged for a month in searching for a woman who left her home in New-Jersey, inserted an advertisement asking for a housekeeper and companion to a refined lady, thinking that the missing woman might answer it, as she had often expressed the desire to fill such a position. The first day twenty letters were received in answer to the advertisement, and more than 100 the next morning. The following day over 200 letters were in the box and others kept coming by every mail from all points, between Boston, Baltimore and Albany, for several days. One fact shown by the letters was that there are many women of refinement and culture who have lost their money and are now dependent upon their own efforts for a living. There were all kinds of letters and every description of writing. Many of the sheets of paper and the envelopes bore the crests or monograms of the writers, and a number were sealed with wax bearing the impress of a family seal. Nearly 200 writers stated that they were "very agreeable," and they all offered to give the best of references. Some of them referred to several persons. Among the references were bankers, brokers, wholesale merchants, several well-known clergymen, publishers, editors of daily papers and magazines, prominent physicians, members of the best-known families of this city, Boston and Philadelphia, members of Congress, college presidents, and officials of every grade.

Many of the letters were short and business-like. One of these read as follows: "Madam, I saw your advertisement and think I could fill the position. I kept my own house for thirty years, but am suddenly thrown on my own resources." Other writers took from four to six pages in saying the same thing. Many of them referred at length to the "once happy home of plenty and refinement, now broken up by the angel of death." Some of the writers had kept house for their fathers for years, but had left their homes upon the occasion of a second marriage. One said: "I have never held a situation, but have kept house for my father for the last ten years. His recent remarriage resulted in our separation, all of his children leaving the old home in which our mother was married and where we were all born."

Some of the letters were from persons with whom the reporter was well acquainted. One was written by a young woman belonging to one of the most prominent families of New-Jersey. Her father had held several positions of note, and amassed considerable wealth. His daughter and sons were educated at leading colleges. The father died a few years ago, leaving a large property to his wife, daughter and two sons. The latter engaged in business in this city, ran through their own money and then failed. In order to save the family name the mother and sister gave up their property and became almost destitute. The two young men are drunkards, and the mother and sister are living in three rooms in a small house. One of the writers was a schoolmate of the reporter's mother and was graduated at the Rutgers Institute with high honor. She was an unusually handsome girl and had many admirers. She married while in her teens and became the happy mistress of a large house. A year and a half after her marriage her husband, with whom she had lived most happily, disappeared suddenly. Nearly $10,000 was spent in searching for him but no trace was ever discovered. Three months after his disappearance his wife became the mother of twins. Ten years ago she was married to another man. Her second marriage has been an unhappy one and she is now separated from her husband and is earning her own livelihood.

A woman who had moved to this city without paying a bill that she owed to a member of the reporter's family was one of the applicants. She could not be found at the address she had given and her home had not been known until her letter was found in the correspondence. Only one of the 450 writers gave a description of herself. She frankly stated that she was "not young, quietly cheerful, and plain looking."

One curious and interesting feature of this case was that several of the women who wrote the most touching and pathetic letters, and who seemed in the greatest need of employment, with that utter disregard of all rules of business or correspondence, which is sometimes shown by members of their sex, sealed and mailed their epistles without signing their names or giving their places of residence.

NEW DESIGNS IN FIREWORKS.

PREPARATIONS IN STORE FOR THE SMALL BOY—A CHAT WITH A DEALER.

A TRIBUNE reporter yesterday stepped into a store where people exist in a perpetual surrounding of fireworks, and lock up the store and go home at night to dream that a careless employe has dropped a lighted match and the city has been treated to a display of fireworks equal to fifty Fourth of Julys rolled into one. There were all kinds of fireworks that the heart of man ever conceived in its wildest and most delirious moments. Some were designed by 'cute Yankees "down East." Others resulted from the dictation of some almond-eyed Celestial in "far Cathay." There were packages of the seductive firecracker and the insidious torpedo—articles which bring back to every man the happy days of his childhood when he scared the family into hysterics by prematurely touching off a bunch of the crackers in the front hall, and got soundly thrashed for exploding one of the torpedoes on the bald head of an aged and well-to-do uncle. There is still a demand for crackers and torpedoes of the old-fashioned kind, but their glory is eclipsed by modern inventions.

Firecrackers are made now as large as a man's wrist, and torpedoes that explode with a report like that of a cannon. There are three new new kinds of rockets produced this year which are popular. One is the "Japanese firefly," which, when it has reached its altitude, explodes, liberating a hundred or more sparks of fire, which go shooting about in all directions. They do not fall, but retaining the height at which they were liberated go out in darkness. Another rocket when it explodes liberates fiery dragons, which chase each other about the sky. A third rocket is called the electric spark, and when it explodes things resembling forks of lightning dart out in every direction. The set pieces are numerous and beautiful. In one a fountain of fire appears and a glowing ball is tossed up, like the cork ball in a real fountain, by a fiery stream. Another fountain revolves and changes into different colors. Then there are ships of war thundering on the walls of fortified cities, goddesses of liberty posing in uncomfortable attitudes on the top of Ionic columns, rope dancers and jugglers going through their performances, cascades and pyramids of fire, and dragons and monsters of the deep.

Said the man who presided over all this undeveloped splendor: "In these dull, closed packages of quaint shape are locked up more dazzling brilliancies than you ever dreamed of.

"'I can raise you phantoms dim
Without the aid of witch or sire;
And ere long things with wings,
And gaunt and grisly spectres.'

"This is going to be a lively Fourth. Orders have been coming in remarkably heavy. More fireworks will be burnt this year than has been since the Centennial year. All sorts of fiery whirligigs are represented in this year's stock of pyrotechnics. There is the penny pinwheel with which the small boy daubs the front fence, and the gorgeous arrangement that changes as it revolves to all sorts of brilliant and dazzling colors. There is a considerable demand for 'mines' and 'flower pots'—pieces of fireworks which blossom into a thousand beautiful forms when they are exploded."

RIDING ON AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

PROFESSOR DAFT'S SINGULAR LINE IN NEW-JERSEY—SUPPLYING MOTIVE POWER.

A company has been formed in this city to furnish electric motive power to any and every one who may have a wheel to turn. The machine it proposes to use is the electro-motor of Professor Leo Daft, which has several times been alluded to in THE TRIBUNE. H. M. Hawkesworth, the manager of the company, was visited by a TRIBUNE reporter, and inquiries made of him concerning the scheme.

"See Mr. Daft," he said. "He can show you more in half an hour than I can tell you in ten days."

The reporter saw Mr. Daft. About one mile west of Greenville, New-Jersey, nestling in a grove of trees, is a small frame house of four rooms, and under its shingled roof was found the wizard of Newark Bay. Jumping up from his drawing board with an energy that he might have drawn from one of his own motors, he said in cheery tones: "Come, take a ride."

"Ampere," named from the distinguished electrician, was brought out from a neighboring shed, saddled and bridled, and the wizard and his guest got aboard. "All ready," he cried, and touching a lever, and giving a quarter revolution to a three-inch crank, the engine moved away. The track, from its appearance, might have been built of the debris of the first experimental railroad in America. The rails were old, and worn and rusty; they were up here, down yonder; a succession of bumps and hollows; they were on a heavy grade and the one curve of 45 degrees was like turning the corner of a fence. How in the world any four wheels ever managed to follow such a track was a wonder, but "Ampere" whirled along it, back and forth, without a groan, and was as docile and quiet as a Shetland pony. The engine would sweep along to within an inch of the ends of the rails and stop instantly, when on the verge of going over.

The power that moved the engine came from a generator in the factory, through a mile of wire, which might as well have been ten miles or twenty-five miles in length. The power was transmitted to the engine by means of a small iron rail in the middle of the track. The male wire was attached to the rail, and the current flowed through it, producing power sufficient to move "Ampere," and a standard gauge passenger car with seventy-five people up a seventy-foot grade, and yet barefooted children play upon the track unharmed.

In the factory close by, a small motor that occupies less room than a sewing machine operates the saws, lathes, planers and drills of a wood-working mill, and a still smaller one in another room produces 900 revolutions a minute in a thirty-six inch wing fan, and drives a current of air through the building that would turn a wind mill. Professor Daft would in all cases show the harmlessness of his machines by diverting the current of electricity operating them, into his own person, and even by closing the circuit with his tongue: this, notwithstanding the flash of light that opening the circuit produced.

"What is your plan for applying your motor to domestic uses?" he was asked.

"We shall build central stations, at which we shall generate sufficient power to supply every demand within a radius of two and a half miles. We will carry as much of that power into your house as you want, and measure it out to you, and we will carry it in a way that will afford you no inconvenience, taking up no room and being absolutely safe. We will give you a motor of any capacity; it will occupy only one-fifth the room of any other; will always be ready for instant use, is cleanly, requires no engineer, and will take care of itself. You start and stop it by a quarter revolution of a three-inch crank."

FISH BY THE MILLIONS.

TURNING THEM LOOSE INTO THE RIVERS.

STUDYING THEIR HABITS—A CHAT WITH MR. BLACKFORD—THE HATCHERIES.

In the tower on the northeast corner of Fulton Market, surrounded by a great number of bottles, jars, basins, bowls, tubs and tin cans, and a few thousand preserved fishes, a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday found Professor H. J. Rice hard at work. He has been in that small room for several months, and there he answers every question about fish that the most curious person can devise. But Professor Rice's main object is to determine the spawning season of all the fish that are brought to the market, and to find out what the various members of the finny tribe live upon. These two things of first importance to pisciculture are being carried on with encouraging success, and many interesting and curious facts have been discovered. A daily record is kept of the result of every investigation, and a glance at it shows the progress of the work. It tells the kind of fish examined, the size, where taken, when brought to market, the food found in the stomach, and the condition of the eggs. Fish are found to be herbivorous, carnivorous and omnivorous. With reference to the work of the Fish Commission, Eugene G. Blackford, at whose expense Professor Rice is carrying on his investigations, said:

We have been compelled to ask for an appropriation of $7,000 to meet the expense of the establishment of a hatching house at Cold Spring, Long Island, for the purpose of hatching codfish, striped bass and Spanish mackerel, and the rebuilding of the hatching house at Caledonia. Owing to the exhaustion of the appropriation for the present year the Commissioners cannot do anything toward the artificial propagation of shad. United States Fish Commissioner Spencer F. Baird sent me 1,000,000 young shad which we turned in the Hudson on May 15, at Glens Falls, and I am expecting another car-load, which we shall put in the river at Troy.

Since the organization of the New-York Fish Commission in 1880, the greater part of the work and money has been expended in the artificial propagation of brook trout in Caledonia, and they have been sent to stock the different streams and waters in all parts of the State. But a question has arisen in the minds of some of the Commissioners regarding the advantages of further expenditure in the hatching and distribution of brook trout. They believe that the larger part of the appropriation should be expended in measures to increase the supply of food fishes for the people, such as shad, codfish, striped bass, sheepshead, perch and other fish that are consumed largely by people of moderate means. My own experience has shown that brook trout may safely be left in the hands of men of means who have both time and inclination for the culture. The brook trout, indeed, is no more plentiful to-day in the markets than it was when the work of propagation was first undertaken, and it may as well be given up to private parties in whose preserves it may be fed and cared for and left undisturbed. Great advances have been made in the method of hatching shad. No effort will be spared to keep this most important department of our work thoroughly equipped to meet all demands.

Fred Mather, superintendent of the hatching house at Cold Spring, Long Island, hatched 80,000 shad eggs with cold spring water, something that had never been done before. All other attempts had failed, the usual operations being carried on in ordinary running water. The young fry is more free from fungus than that hatched in ordinary water. He has also taken eggs of the white perch to experiment with, and they give every evidence of success in hatching. This fish lives equally well in fresh and salt water. I propose to continue through the year my investigations now being carried on by Professor Rice. Another thing that the Commission expects to turn its attention to is the propagation and protection of the oyster, which is every year growing more scarce. We have already done a good deal, and should the Legislature extend its approval this branch of our work will be taken up in earnest. The distribution of German carp is to be continued by myself during the year, the supply being furnished by Professor Baird. I know that the Hudson produces as much shad as if not more than it ever did, but other rivers have been fished out, or their supply diminished. Some time ago I received a four-and-a-half pound shad from Puget Sound, Washington Territory, undoubtedly the progeny of the fry sent across the continent five years ago and turned loose in the Sacramento River. Previous to 1883 no shad were taken on the Pacific coast; now they are found as far south as Southern California and as far north as Puget Sound. The fish is distributed from Florida to Nova Scotia and across the breadth of the continent. The European shad is a small, insignificant fish, not popular, and an effort is being made to stock European waters with the American species. One million fry will be sent to Germany in boxes especially constructed to retard the development of the eggs. The eggs will be hatched out on the steamer and be distributed within three days from the time they are hatched. While all former efforts have failed, we feel almost assured of the success of this.

We hope some day to see a bureau of fisheries established in this State. The present Board of Fish Commissioners, as now constituted, is a sort of volunteer body, serving without compensation, and unable to devote to it the exclusive attention needed to make the system effective. We have bureaus of education, agriculture, labor and hygiene; why not one of fisheries? We hope to see more private hatcheries. The greater number of tourists who go to the northern wilderness go there to enjoy trout-fishing. That is what is advertised by the hotel and camp-keepers, but the advertisement is too often a false pretence. They must resort to artificial propagation. We are doing what we can, and using what influence we have, to preserve the Adirondacks. Brook trout disappear from streams as soon as the shade is removed, and the only sure way of preserving them is to save the forests. Pisciculture is becoming more important every year.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

TAGLIONI.

From The Theatre.

Her memory was bright and fresh to the last, and for the amusement of those around her, she would recall many and many interesting incidents of her career. She used to allude to her tour in the English provinces as one of the happiest times of her life, though she and the others had mostly to rough it. In one small town the stage was so diminutive that in a "Pas de Trois," when they had to hold hands in a line, she was the only one who appeared entirely; of each of her companions only one-half could be seen from the front. Taglioni's great delight was to see Scotch dances danced by Scotchmen. At a soiree a few years ago, some ladies were talking of the necessity (!) of having so many dresses when you go much into society. Taglioni smiled; "I will tell you what I did when I was a young girl," she said. "I was going to spend two months with my brother, who was settled in Vienna, and when I arrived, found he had numerous invitations to evening parties for me. I was very young, like you, my dear young ladies, and you can guess how delighted I was. We used to go out almost every evening. When the time came to return to Paris, my brother said to me: 'I want to ask you a question, Marie: I did not notice your luggage when you came. How many boxes have you?' 'One.' 'Impossible! why you have been wearing a new dress every night.' 'Come and see,' I answered, and taking him into my room showed him two white muslin dresses. 'This is my whole wardrobe.' He looked incredulous; 'my maid has changed the ribbons each time, and they all go into one band-box.' 'But,' added Taglioni, 'you must not think people were indifferent to fashion in those days. I well recollect that when my sister-in-law met me on arriving, she stared at my bonnet, the last new thing in Paris, laughed outright and said, 'How very ridiculous you look, my dear, ... can you get me one like it?'"

LOGAN AND THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

From The Natchez (Miss.) Crusader.

During the dark days of reconstruction, we think it was in 1866, the month June, three gentlemen sat on the porch of a private boarding-house in Michigan-ave., Washington City. As they sat together in low and earnest conversation, an old man in worn, but once respectable garments, lame and hobbling on a crutch, paused directly in front of the trio and glanced searchingly in the faces of all three. There was an expression to the upturned countenance of the old man too readily defined—a look of weariness—an air, in fact, of present poverty, that could not be misunderstood by the group.

"Can I do anything for you, my man?" asked the senior of the trio, attentively regarding the stationary figure in his front.

"I think not, sir," was the quick response.

"Where did you get that lame leg?" inquired the first speaker.

"At Chickamauga."

"On what side?"

"Your side, if you are a Southerner," rejoined the old man, leaning wearily on his crutch.

"Not mine, friend," said the gentleman, "I belonged to the other side."

"That makes a big difference," remarked the crippled stranger. "I was about to ask you for a favor, but you live on the wrong side of the house."

"What can I do for you, old man?" still urged the gentleman with quiet gravity.

"Well, I may as well tell you, as any one else. I am a stranger in this city, and trying to get out of it. I have a home in the far South and enough to live on when I get there. I ran out of money in Baltimore and was brought here by the kindness of the conductor on the train."

"Have you no money now?"

"I expected a remittance of $25 from home when I reached this place—but it has not arrived."

"Well! you shall not go home on your crutches if I can help it," and the gentleman produced his pocket-book and counted six $5 bills in the palm of the stranger.

"It is too much! I dislike to take it!" exclaimed the old man, gratefuln and astonished.

"Keep it—you are welcome to it," persisted the gentleman.

"I thank you—a thousand times!" said the old man. "When I get home I will return every cent of it. Your name—for I want to remember it and honor it as long as I live."

"Never mind that, old man. If you have enough, as you say, to live on in your far-away Southern home, and if you should ever meet in that home a boy in blue in such trouble as you are to-day, just hand him the little amount I gave you now, and say no more about it."

The man who sent one of our own dear boys—a poor Confederate—on his way rejoicing, was General John Alexander Logan, noted, if some of our exchanges are to be his judges, for merciless treatment of Southern soldiers!

ENGLISH BULLS.

From The London Spectator.

Of bulls in the sense of blunders pure and simple, I have heard as good specimens in England as I have ever heard in Ireland. Take, for instance, the three following:

An English Peer, when speaking some years ago in the House of Lords on the necessity of passing some Coercion Bill for Ireland, and reproaching the Government of that day for their delaying to do so, observed that "this delay might be very convenient for the Ministers, but that it was not quite so convenient for those Irish landlords who were meanwhile being frequently murdered."

An English clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Another English clergyman, waxing sarcastic in the pulpit over the enormities of the age, exclaimed: "And these things, my brethren, are done in the so-called nineteenth century."

Here are three prize bulls, and all of them of pure English breed—not a drop of "Birish" blood in one of them.

MODJESKA AND HER PORTRAIT.

New-York Letter to The Providence Press.

Altogether a curious woman is Modjeska. You know all about her as an actress, no doubt, and probably admire her. In social intercourse she is remarkable for culture and intellect; and she also possesses that self-complacent estimate of her own abilities without which, I suppose, no actress could attain much success. I met her, a few days ago, in the studio of Frank Fowler, an artist, who had invited a company to see a portrait which he had painted of her. If a lady in private life had thus put her real face under inspection alongside of a picture of it, she would be open to the charge of immodesty; but it must be born in mind that Modjeska is accustomed to publicity. At all events, she amused us immensely.

"The work isn't a likeness at all," remarked somebody, gazing at the original and then at the painting.

"Zat ees true," the actress replied; "see! Zare ees noting similar. Look at us both. We are not efen seesters."

There was more difference than before.

"But look at us now."

She took a place close by the picture, struck the attitude in which it represented her, and, behold, the faces were one in likeness. She nad readily put her features into exactly the combination shown on the canvas. Subsequently, I saw her give an odd exhibition of an album full of her photographs. There were over twenty radically different views of her face, ranging from grave to gay. She made herself like each of them at will.

HOW WEBSTER SAW THE SEA-SERPENT.

From Thoreau's "Summer."

B. M. W—— tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Manomet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raised some six feet above the water, and his body, the size of a cask, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers.

The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet and spend the day fishing with them. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Duxbury in his sail boat with Peterson, as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent, which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the sail homeward, Webster, having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, "For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one; for if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent, I should never hear the last of it, but wherever I went should have to tell the story to every one I met. So it has not leaked out till now."

SOME NEW-ENGLAND PHILOSOPHERS.

F. Bellew in Lippincott's Magazine.

Thoreau was often at Emerson's house, and some others who followed, more or less, the same line of thought. Of one gentleman, whose name I cannot recall though it is well known in Boston, Emerson frequently spoke. This gentleman, though a scholar