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HOW EDISON PROPOSED.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired whom he should marry.

The friend somewhat testily replied, "Any one." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telephone operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be.

It is when one has shamefully neglected others that he wants to get off in a corner and whimper, "Nobody cares for me."

An unhappy man will never change in tune until he changes his attitude One never whines while looking toward the sun.

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR A DESCENDANT OF THE MOST ROMANTIC CHARACTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

(New York World.)

In the proud chronicles of the Lee family, hereafter there will be inscribed no more worthy name than that of Fitzhugh Lee, the greatgrandson of "Lighthorse Harry," and, on his mother's side, of George Mason, who draft the Bill of Rights of Virginia, and stood shoulder to shoulder with Patrick Henry in the formative part of our Colonial history.

Fitz Lee is the son of Sidney Smith Lee, who was an officer in the United States navy, and afterwards of the Confederate navy—one of the handsomest, most elegant, and best-bred men of his day, and one of whom no one living could say he had given pain to another by a brusque or unkind remark. He was always ready for action, but never pushed his claims for advancement against a brother officer. Wherever his duty called him he went without a murmur, and did his best. His was one of those perfectly balanced natures posessed in a great degree by General Robert E. Lee, which evoked the love as well as respect of all who came within its influence.

Mrs. Sidney Smith Lee was exceedingly beautiful in her youth; indeed as long as she lived she was a comely woman, full of spirit, cheerful, and lovable to young and old to the last day of her honorable, well-spent life. From her Fitzhugh gets his gay, childlike enjoyment of everything from which he can draw innocent pleasure, and doubtless this quality has sustained him under the stress of the painful position he now occupies with such honor to himself and profit to his country.

When the war between the States began Fitzhugh and his younger brother reported for duty anywhere. This was the custom of the Lees. They were ready for duty when called upon, and, meaning to do their utmost, did not ask what or where the field might be.

About the same time came General Lee's Fitzhugh, lovingly called Rooney by all who knew him. It was only on official documents that his proper name appeared. Unlike "Little Fitz," he was tall and stockily built, a handsome man, and rather silent, like his father. G. W. Custis Lee, the elder of the two, was very like his illustrious father in mind and manner, and, though with different coloring, also resembled him in person.

President Davis and those who knew him best thought he had true military genius and a noble character. He, with great self-abnegation, stifled his burning desire to seek glory in the profession for which he was educated, and which he was admirably equipped by nature to adorn, and at the President's request became his military aide in Richmond. Many times during the raids about the city and on the battlefields near there, where the President never failed to be present, Colonel Custis Lee acquitted himself admirably and with conspicuous daring. He led at last a forlorn hope before Petersburg, and surrendered with General Lee's army at Appomattox.

Robert Lee, the youngest of the three brothers, was at Lexington at school, but could not stand the inaction, so without his father's knowledge he enlisted as a private soldier. When General Lee rode by a battery under the awful storm of shot and shell at Fredericksburg, a slight lad perched like a cock-sparrow on a tall artillery horse, his face black with powder, called out to him:

"Are you going to put us in again, General?"

"Yes," said his father; "but, my boy, who are you?"

"Why, don't you know me, father? I am Robbie."

"God defend you, my son," answered the heroic father; "you must go in again."

General Fitzhugh Lee was little more than a boy in years when he received his commission in the Confederate army, full of enthusiasm for the State and section which every successive generation of his family had illustrated and adorned, and with a boy's gayety and a man's ardent purpose he joined "Rooney," J. E. B. Stuart and Joseph Wheeler, all beau sabreurs.

One brilliant engagement after another demonstrated the daring and capacity of these dashing young officers, and they rose rapidly until their brigades and their divisions made their mark on every bloody field and their fame had spread not only over the United States, but to the outside world, where officers of every army wondered at and admired the feats of valor they performed. Wheeler's ride and Stuart's reconnoissance will never be forgotten by military men.

Throughout all this stress of danger and the disadvantages of poor equipment and scanty food "Little Fitz" and "Beauty Stuart," as the army called them, rode laughing and singing into the thickest of the fight. None of these young cavalrymen ever asked or claimed promotion; they won it many times, but waited patiently until it was offered.

One of the amusements in which they delighted when the two close friends came to town was, if they were intimate with the people they were visiting, to put an absurd little effigy of a negro set on bristles on the sounding board of a piano, and as the little thing danced about in a wild way the two gay young friends, inspired by the toy, danced together, booted and spurred, in their weather-stained toggery, with the abandon of children.

Once when "Little Fitz" came to ask the President for horses, and the two sat long and gravely weighing the chances for fresh mounts for the cavalry, the President said:

"I do not see how you are to ride out the campaign on these horses unless we are more successful in getting others than we seem to promise to be."

"Never mind, sir," said the strong-hearted, cheerful young fellow; "when my brigade mounts the horses have just got to go in."

The end of the war found the two officers without money and without the power to engage in the only pursuit for which they were fitted by education and habit. Rooney, somewhat more fortunate than his cousin in worldly possessions, took his ancestral farm, "The White House," straightened out the tangled undergrowth, sowed and reaped the crops, and, his first beautiful wife having died when he was in prison, he married a second time one of the beauties of Virginia, and took her home to the old house of his father, where he had personally made a rose garden unequalled in the countryside. There he lived with his wife and brought up his stalwart, handsome boys, until that heart which the labors, the fierce conflicts, and the long imprisonment and hardships in the Federal lines had weakened, failed at last to do its office, and he died, as he had lived, without repining, doing his duty while his strength lasted. I believe his widow now cultivates the roses he loved, in the same place.

General Fitz, borne up by his joyous temper, inherited from both parents, set himself in earnest to hew out his fortune from the inchoate mass of difficulties which environed him. He also married a charming woman in Alexandria, and together they began their frugal lives, equally intent upon doing their whole duty, maintaining in spotless honor the great name he had won. The people of Virginia knew him well and conferred upon him one and another dignified position, and finally he received the highest honor in their gift—the gubernatorial chair. Here he acquitted himself as well as he had in the field, and the respect of his people was reflected back again by the people of the North.

Among his companions in arms who knew his "outgoings and incomings" he was best beloved. Is there a surer verdict upon a man's sterling worth than mankind can pronounce?

Some years after the war there was a grand parade here of the gray and the blue on some public occasion. Our splendid General Gordon came by invitation, with Fitz Lee and many other Confederate officers. They rode in procession as southern men can ride. They expected a silent and respectful attention, but as Gordon rode by, tall and a part of his horse, like a centaur, composed and grimly observant, shout after shout rose from the immense multitude. Lee followed, looking cheerfully about him, "and I'm blest," said he, "if they did not cheer me, too, to the echo. My own division could have done no better."

After his gubernatorial tour of duty had expired, and the rumblings and atrocities of civil war in Cuba began to shock the world, Americans looked on, conscious of unspoken sympathy and a duty to shield the helpless in their bitter conflict. It was too much like that from which our ancestors of the Colonies had come out victorious for us to look on unmoved. President Cleveland looked about for a man who would strictly observe the rights and laws of nations, coolly survey and truthfully communicate the exact facts to our government, and he chose our warrior, statesman, Governor, farmer, Fitzhugh Lee, as that man; and when the Democratic President went out the Republican President ratified Mr. Cleveland's judgment and retained Lee in office.

In this crisis Fitzhugh reminds those who knew his family intimately by turns of every one of his illustrious ancestors who have passed successively in review before their admiring countrymen.

The yellow fever was in full sway in Havana. He had been used to the hills and dales of Virginia, but had no acclimation for the torrid climate of Cuba. Yet he did not give a thought to his personal exposure. The thorn in his side was leaving his devoted wife and his boys and girls just as his care was most necessary to them.

He was sent to Havana against the protests of the sectionally prejudiced men of the North and against the judgment and wishes of the men of the South, who felt they could not spare their political leader, and knew they would miss him sorely at home, so that prejudice and love might well have hampered him equally. He knew he would, by leaving Virginia at that time, sacrifice probably all his political aspirations, which were then about to be fulfilled, but he pressed to the front as he did in his youth.

With a heart as soft as a boy's he is now facing, on one side, the gallant and enraged Spanish army, whose good will was manifested during our bloody struggle by every friendly office their nation could perform, but with whom he now seems to be losing favor by reason of his adherence to a strict impartiality, though he fearlessly expresses his appreciation of the suffering of these desperate, irreconcilable men of the province who stand half-clothed and armed, needing everything that the flesh and human weakness craves, anxious to gain his ear, and sure of his sympathy if he will listen, while between the combatants lie the starving old men, the women, and children crushed out as it were between the upper and nether millstones. Their cries for help would distract and unhinge a much less tender-hearted man than General Lee, and warp his judgment grievously, if not with fatal consequences, to the result his government hopes to achieve. Nevertheless, he stands holding aloft his flag between contending forces, and like the "mighty man of heart," he is patiently seeking by every diplomatic art to soothe the sensitive pride of Spain, pacify the insurgent army, the depth of whose trials had been taught him by like sufferings, and all the while endeavoring to comfort and feed the hapless, starving non-combatants who cry to him for aid as they lie dying on every side. Could there be a more trying ordeal for a high-spirited, sympathetic man than this?

When General Lee contemplates a war with Spain he must see the great position and emoluments which a state of war would offer to him, but his most strenuous efforts have been devoted to the maintenance of a just and peaceful course regardless of self-interest and the clamor at home—all honor to him! When I hear that General Lee has been insulted or threatened and borne it patiently, I do not believe it, being morally sure he would be as prone to meet the issue as his ancestor—"Light Horse" Harry Lee—was when General Washington, then all-powerful in the Continental army, sneered at him for being "too prudent." "I will prove that I have as little of that rascally virtue as yourself, sir," said the proud scion of the honorable house of Lee. In the face of their deeds during the war between the States, none will venture to proclaim the family has degenerated.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

RHEUMATISM LINIMENT.

One new egg, well beaten; a halfpint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, and half an ounce of camphor. Beat all together well; then shake ten minutes in a bottle, and cork. It is ready for use in half an hour, and can be used three or four times a day. If the pain is in the head, rub the ointment on the back of the neck behind the ears; the head will soon stop aching.