THE SUBTLE FLUID.

PRACTICAL POINTS FROM PROF. WINSTON'S LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY.

His Observations on the Dynamo, Motor, Meter, Wires, Railway System, and Dreams of the Electrician.

The lectures given at Richmond College recently by Professor Winston, and which were attended by such large audiences, were designed, in the main, to be historical and theoretical and explanatory; but some practical points were touched upon, and opinions given, that it may be well to set forth more distinctly than was done in the reports already published.

These related to the present perfection of the dynamo, the future of the electric motor, the value of electric meters, the danger from electric wires, railway systems, and the improvement of electric railways, heating by electricity, electricity as a substitute for the rope, and some dreams of the electrician. Professor Winston has kindly revised his remarks on these points for the readers of the DISPATCH, and they are herewith presented.

THE PERFECTION OF THE DYNAMO.

The gifted Professor gave it as his opinion that the dynamo as we now have it is almost a perfect appliance for the production of electricity. It yields in electrical energy about 90 per cent. of the mechanical energy supplied to it by the steam-engine that drives it. This it is very easy to show with the admirable and exact methods of measurement which the modern electrical engineer is able to employ. While there will doubtless be improvements in details of construction, as are even now being made in the steam-engine also, it is not expected that future dynamos will be materially better or more efficient than the best of those now in use. This opinion may have some bearing on the question of the city's establishing its own electric-plant.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.

There can be little doubt, the lecturer said, that electric motors, which also have already reached a high grade of efficiency, will in the near future be far more in demand than they now are. Already several hundred distinct applications of them in hoisting, in grinding, in pumping, in mining, in sewing, in printing, in running light machinery generally, can be enumerated; and as electric-power plants are multiplied and extended these noiseless and powerful little machines will be set up everywhere and made to do our work.

He referred, by way of exemplification, to the little machine, less than two feet in length, width, and height, that stood on one end of his table and, when connected with a wire that might come through a gimlet-hole, would do continuously, day and night, the work of two horses. He was glad that at least two establishments existed here in Richmond for the manufacture of these little giants.

WIRES AND WIRES.

The Professor said that as we look overhead on some of our streets at the maze of wires above us, and think of how they cover the earth with a net-work of metal, we may well call this an age of wire. Wires, wires, everywhere, and some of them as full of danger as a loaded bomb-shell. He gave, on a slide prepared for the purpose, a sort of exhibit of the whole system, and indicated the "voltage," or practically the dangerousness of each kind of wire, as follows:

Telephone wires	very low
Telegraph wires	low
Fire-alarm wires	low

These three are operated by batteries, and are perfectly harmless unless crossed by some of the wires named below. The dynamo wires in the city are approximately as follows:

Power circuits	210 volts.
Street-car wires	500 volts.
Arc-light wires	2,000 volts.
Incandescent (alternating)	1,000 volts.

The first two of these would probably not kill a man, though the second seems to have been fatal to a horse, but would be extremely unpleasant, to say the least. Either of the last two if fully received, the lecturer thought, would almost certainly produce death. Of course he explained how the dangerous incandescent alternating circuit is "converted" or transformed before it enters the houses of consumers; but he cautioned his hearers to be exceedingly careful of "live" dynamo-wires of any sort, as electricity does its work at once and without warning.

ELECTRIC METERS.

One of the strangest things, the lecturer said, about electricity is that while we must confess that we do not know what it is we can make it, transport it, use it, and even measure it to the highest degree of exactness. There is nothing in the whole realm of nature, with the possible exception of gravity, that we can and do measure so accurately. All the varied manifestations or phenomena attending it—such as current, voltage, inductive, electrolytic, and heating effects—have been brought under the domain of exact measurement; and most of them have had assigned to them a special unit of known value, such as the ohm, the volt, the coulomb, the henry, &c. Indeed, other forces, such as heat and chemical attraction, can best be measured by first converting them into electricity and then measuring that. Some results in this direction, as that of measuring the one-hundred-thousandth part of a degree of heat, are truly wonderful.

Electric meters, then, the lecturer thought, may fairly be considered as equal in accuracy to gas-meters (which the Professor thinks quite reliable), and when an honest company renders its bill for so many coulombs of electricity consumed during the month we may pay it with a good conscience.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTIONS.

Professor Winston incidentally showed a picture of the "electrocution" (so-called) of Kemmler and of the apparatus employed. He expressed the belief that it is a reliable, speedy, and humane mode of producing death, and that the unfavorable accounts of the case, as well as the determined opposition to the execution of the law, were due to its supposed prejudicial bearing upon the interests of the great electrical company, whose dynamo was against their wishes to be used to generate the fatal current.

ELECTRICAL RAILWAYS.

A short history of the electric railway was given, and from this it appeared that really the first important railway of the world was our own Richmond road. It is often called the "historic road." Some extremely interesting extracts were given from a late speech of Lieutenant F. J. Sprague, under whose control the road was electrically fitted up. This speech gives a sort of "behind-the-scenes" view of the early history of the road, and frankly says that if the public had known half the trials, failures, and perplexities that the management went through it would have abandoned all hope of ever seeing an electric road successfully run. But he persevered and succeeded. Two small items may be mentioned. Mr. Sprague said that he at one time burned up $9 worth of copper a day in brushes. Now he uses carbon. He said also that he tried *sixty-five* different trolleys before finding one to suit exactly. A picture of the street-car truck was shown, with the motor in place, and the speaker explained the reason for having those cog-wheels between the motor and the car-wheels, which cog-wheels when worn a little are the source of the dreadful rattling noise that often torments the passengers on the cars. One remedy has been to make these cog-wheels of raw-hide, but he quoted Mr. Sprague as predicting that in a short time all these wheels with all their noise will disappear from beneath the car, and the armature of the motor will turn the car wheels directly without any intervention whatever. This is a great desideratum, and as Mr. Sprague promises it we may hope for it.

ELECTRIC HEATERS.

Apropos of Dr. Burton's heaters, four of which were in operation in the hall under the supervision of the genial inventor, the lecturer intimated that it was not to be expected that electric heating could contend in economy and for general heating purposes with heating by fuel. To make electricity fuel has to burned and a steam engine worked, and in this process perhaps nine tenths of the heat is lost. The remainder has to be converted into electricity and this electricity back into heat with some waste each time, so that there is much loss in the process. But the heat that you do get is so convenient and so manageable that there will be many cases in which the question of economy may be waived in its favor. Elihu Thomson, the veteran electrician, says in a recent speech that he expects to see electric heating have much wider application in the future.

RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

The Professor gave a diagram explaining the various ways of supplying current to the cars on electric railways. Two wires, or their equivalent, are needed, of course—one, as they say, to carry the current out and the other to return it.

The systems are (1) the single (trolley) wire overhead, with the rails for the return; (2) a double (trolley) wire overhead; (3) underground wires in a sort of conduit; (4) storage-batteries, needing no wire at all.

The first is our system, and though objectionable in several respects is perhaps the best at present for all but the most overcrowded cities. Underground wires would be better but for the insuperable difficulty in keeping the conduits in order. Storage-batteries would be far best of all if they were not so oppressively heavy, and if they would work as well practically as they seem, in theory, capable of doing. We are constantly being told that storage-batteries are going to be made of some material lighter than lead, and are to deliver up just as required all the current that is put into them. When these promises are actually realized we may look for a revolution in the applications of electricity. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and we begin to grow first impatient and then doubtful of such attainment.

TWO DREAMS OF THE ELECTRICIAN.

Two dreams flit before the fancy of the electrician and often find expression in his words. One is that some of these days we may learn to make light without first making heat, just as the fire-fly does. At present when we make light, whether from gas or from one of the forms of electric light, with a rare exception our most economical methods of lighting, we waste in useless heat at least 90 per cent. of the energy employed, and get only 5 per cent. in light.

If it be true that electric waves and heat waves and light waves are, all alike, waves in the ether, and differ only in length, perhaps we may at some time learn to shorten up these waves and turn electricity directly and without waste into light, so that one-horse power may give us a light of 40,000 candles instead of a bare 2,000, as it is now.

The other dream, the lecturer said, is still oftener referred to. It is the possibility of making electricity direct from fuel. Now we make it second-hand, as it were. We convert the energy of the fuel, through the aid of the steam-engine, first into mechanical motion and then this into electrical energy. But we lose at least 90 per cent. in the transformation. If we can find out how to omit the first transformation and make electricity from coal directly, then we will have little use for steam-engines. Electric-motors will be far more economical and will wholly supplant them.

But be it remembered that, till this is done, there can be no competition for large supplies of power between steam and electricity. The case is like that of a retail dealer and a manufacturer. For a few yards of calico or for a dozen pounds of sugar you can be best served by the retail dealer, who will send them to your door; but it would be a very foolish retailer who would undertake to undersell in large transactions the manufacturer from whom he gets all his supplies.

The steam-engine as a "prime motor" is safe at present in its well-deserved preeminence.

THE NEEDS OF THE INSTITUTE.

It Wants a Suitable Building, Approved Apparatus, and the City's Financial Aid.

"The Night School of Technology of the Virginia Mechanics' Institute," said one of the officers of that splendid institution to a DISPATCH reporter yesterday, "is one of the most useful and elevating institutions of the South, since it stretches out the helping hand to the industrious and ambitious young man, who after his daily duties are completed can attend at night and receive the same course of instruction now being taught in the best night-schools in this country and Europe.

"These schools are largely subsidized by the governments, and are managed in the same way as ours. The benefits are far-reaching and inestimable. If we expect this city to increase its already large manufacturing interests by building up large factories, which can be done more rapidly and confidently by home capital, when our young men, who are known and in whom we have confidence, have been properly instructed technically at the same time that they are serving practically in the machine-shop.

"Already there are several instances of the practical working of the Institute's School of Technology in the starting of several mechanical shops in this city, to say nothing of the great advance in position and consequently also in wages of a large number of our young men who have attended and are now attending our Night School of Technology."

"What is most needed now is a building suited for the purpose and the latest and most approved apparatus to illustrate and demonstrate to the several classes the subjects taught, with a liberal appropriation from the city to carry on the good work, which in the near future will return its good results many fold."

MANCHESTER'S BRIEF STORY.

A Few Items of Interest from Across the James.

City-Engineer Nelson has received a letter from Colonel Waring, of Newport, R. I., stating that he cannot fix a day when he can come to Manchester on account of sickness in his family. Colonel Waring is a sanitary engineer of considerable reputation and has been selected by the Street Committee as consulting engineer in connection with establishing sewers in Manchester. He will give his views and the benefit of his experience to the Street Committee, who are now giving the sewerage question their careful consideration.

The culvert at the corner of Seventh and Perry streets proves inadequate to carry off the water in case of such heavy rains as have fallen in the last few days. The flow was so great yesterday that a man had to be kept at that point to clear away the sand as it washed down and settled on the street-car tracks.

Meade-Memorial church will have an Easter celebration at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, and the morning services will be especially interesting.

Miss Beulah Bell, of this city, was painfully injured at Whitlock's factory day before yesterday in the stampede which occurred there.

The bad weather of the past month or so has greatly retarded the farmers of Chesterfield, who say they are about a month behind with their work.

The public schools of Chesterfield will give holiday Monday.

Mr. William G. Taylor has been kept at home during the past week in consequence of rheumatism.

Mr. A. A. Allen's condition remains the same.

COLLEGE MUSIC AND COMEDY.

One to Be at the Theatre and the Other the Academy.

The Johns Hopkins Glee and Banjo Clubs, whose previous performances in this city are most favorably remembered, will next Thursday evening give one of their entertainments at the Theatre. They have in their company altogether thirty-three performers.

Wherever they have appeared they have met with unqualified success and made great hits. They are divided into first and second tenors, first and second bassos, and quartette, with first and second banjos, numbering six banjos in all, five guitars, and one 'cello.

Below is the programme:

1. Lizette, Glee Club. 2. Erminie March, Banjo Club. 3. The Owl and Pussy Cat, quartette. 4. The Catastrophe, Glee Club. 5. Trio, Banjos. 6. They Kissed, Glee Club. 7. Dancing on the Pier, Banjo Club. 8. Dina Doo, Glee Club.

Part II.—9. Sukey Sutton, Mr. Dobbin and Glee Club. 10. Whistling, Messrs. Reeves and Carey. 11. Skirt Dance, Banjo Club. 12. Bass Solo, Mr. T. S. Baker. 13. Mary's Little Wise Men, Glee Club. 14. March Homeward, Banjo Club. 15. Amici, Glee Club.

City Committee to Meet.

Mr. James C. Lamb, chairman of the City Democratic Committee, said yesterday that he expected to call a meeting of his committee for Thursday night next, when the question whether the party's candidate for the office of City Treasurer shall be nominated at a primary election or in convention will be decided.

Street Names.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In regard to your article on Sunday last in regard to the names of streets, it might be well enough for the Council to pass upon some of them. If the State of Arkansas considered it of sufficient importance to enact by solemn resolution the correct pronunciation of the name of that State, certainly it is a good precedent for our Council to enact the proper manner of spelling the names of her streets.

For instance, the name of Pleasant street is often spelled as if it bore the name of Pleasants. Indeed many persons think that it was so named, and for the late Joseph J. Pleasants, whose name was long associated with the boundaries of streets and lots of our city.

Beech street is often spelt Beach, as if it were on the borders of some body or stream of water.

Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who write the name of Nicolson street spell it with an 'h,' which, as you showed on last Sunday, is wrong. I have often, I believe always, so written it, but it seems to be wrong, and in this, as in those which I have written of above, the Council should determine which is the proper way to spell them. AITCH.

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH of Wednesday devotes nearly four pages to a description of the industrial development of Virginia, particularly that inaugurated by the Norfolk and Western. It does one good to read such a record of Virginia's progress, and the DISPATCH deserves credit for its labor.—*Radford Journal.*

It came, it saw, it conquered. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the people's remedy. 25 cents.

HIS PRIDE AND PET.

A MANY MILLIONAIRE WITH A PHILANTHROPIC HOBBY.

Blue Days in Art—He Gave Up a $25,000 Job—A Tale of a Tall Hat—The Bachelor's Room—More New Papers.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—A densely-packed throng of well-dressed people stood shivering before the door of an immense brick building in Brooklyn the other evening. From time to time the door opened and forty or fifty were admitted, when it would be closed again until there was room inside for more. Hurrying along the street came a rather short man, neither thickset nor thin, with keen gray eyes, a shrewd and kindly face, beardless except for a short "chinner." He seized the situation at a glance.

"Come this way," he shouted to those on the outskirts of the throng; "I'll let you in at the back door." Then he started at a dog-trot down an alley at the side of the big building, followed by a hundred or so men.

The man with the gray eyes was Charles Pratt, and the building, of course, the industrial institute which he founded and which is his pride and pet. Lit up at every window, looming huge through the darkness, it was an impressive monument to the sagacity which has made Mr. Pratt one of the richest men in the country and the generosity with which he uses his wealth; as the waiting people at the door testified to his unerring judgment in gauging a "long-felt want" which would appeal to public interest.

Within, the halls and passages were crowded to suffocation. All the processes of instruction were going on. There were thousands of students, thousands of visitors. There were boys and young men laying bricks, doing carpenter-work, sketching, painting, plumbing, wood-carving. There were women and girls doing most of these things and cooking, dress-making, and hat-trimming besides. There were rooms full of splendid casts, books, collections of minerals, curiosities, fabrics, art objects, samples of student workmanship in every branch on exhibition.

Two great buildings, one behind the other, are already in use. Another larger than either is soon to be built. All the classes are full to overflowing. The best experts obtainable are teaching them. The completed plant will cover not lots but acres and extend six stories into the air. Yet it is only three or four years since ground was broken for the first building.

BLUE THE COLOR.

These are blue days in art; not because pictures are a drug in the market, for that is a plaint that has been heard before. William M. Chase is not the first splendid painter whose works have been sold for a song.

The blueness is altogether a matter of paint. Take a look at the studios and see what a prevailing blue tone they see. There's the clever newcomer, Aug. Franzen. Nearly every picture of a dozen he is showing is blue; mostly light blue. In one the central note is a laborer with new blue overalls, and an old, faded blue blouse, from which all the other tints are shaded down. Leonard Ochtman has a land and water-scape in which everything, trees, sky, grass, water, is of a deep, dark color, recalling the blue dye-tub of a New England farm woodshed. George H. Bogert affects a pale-greenish blue. Fred Kost has a round half dozen of blue pictures. Chase paints in blue when he feels like it, apparently, but that is not often. His specialty is the bright and vivid green of young, closely-cropped grass and freshly sprung, sunlighted foliage. Craziest of all the blue men, though, is J. H. Twachtman, who has been showing a whole roomful of oil paintings and pastel in the weakest, palest, thinnest, most watery blue, in which everything is so hazy and indistinct that it's hard to tell a tree from a good intention without a scale diagram. Twachtman is a very clever artist, though, and his blue pictures are only a case of Simon says thumbs up. Being in the prevailing tone, they have been much admired.

The older men, who have an acquired reputation to sustain, are above such affectations. It's a pleasure, after a surfeit of light blue and dark blue to see one of Inness's splendid sunsets, rich in poetic effect or a careful figure bit by Winslow Homer or a De Haas sea piece.

A FINE APARTMENT.

The multiplication of bachelors, apartment houses is responsible for the bachelor's room, which you will find nowadays as often out of the apartment house as in it. The bachelor's room is not a half bedroom or a three-story back. It is a fine, spacious apartment which is supposed not only to show a glance that its occupant is a man, but to give some evidence of the trend of his tastes. If he is artistic the fact is expected to declare itself in the fine virility of the choice of proof etchings he has made; water-colors are held in more favor by women. If he is musical his fiddle and banjo, piano, and flute proclaim it. Oftener than either, however, one sees an arrangement like this: Above the mantel crossed foils, with a pair of fencers' masks; upon the mantel two pair of boxing-gloves. On a long, unbroken side a panel of oars or paddles, fish-nets, and rods, with mounted deer-heads as climaxes; upon the door a rawhide Navajo shield, hand-painted by some copper-colored impressionist with a whitewash-brush and a pot of red ochre; upon another wall an arrangement of guns of all nations, swords and pistols; a bronze of the Louvre gladiator; a lariat in coil, a lacrosse or tennis racket; minor trifles of a sportive hue; no pictures except possibly some old-line engravings of hunting scenes.

The effect of all this is rather confusing at best; it becomes comical when the bachelor occupant is a soft-handed swell who couldn't shoot a barn door at ten rods and never pulled stroke ore in his life.

A LIVELY SCOTCHMAN.

I do not know any one who enjoys life more than Andrew Carnegie. His lively demeanor is an exception to the pomposity usual among self-made millionaires. His well-wrinkled face, with its frame of gray hair and whiskers and its twinkling eyes is as cheery as a boy's and his wiry little body seems to know no fatigue. He thinks nothing of crossing the Atlantic in mid-winter to keep an appointment in New York, Pittsburg, or Edinburgh. To the three cities he has made gifts aggregating millions of dollars. The new music hall in New York which was built for young Damrosch's concerts mainly by Carnegie's money is one of the most splendid buildings of the sort in the world. Mrs. Carnegie, a splendid, tall, well-rounded woman, with plenty of brains and common sense but no pretensions to beauty, is his constant companion upon his travels and their fine pride in each other reminds one irresistibly of the romantic story of their unsuspected wooing and the wedding which was a surprise to every one.

A TALE OF A TALL HAT.

"Doctor," said I to a skilful physician whose reputation has travelled a good way out of New York, "why do you always wear a tall hat? It isn't becoming to you."

"I know it," said the doctor, "but I'll tell you how it was. A few years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I attended the sick child of a garrulous daughter of the Emerald Isle down upon the east side. The child recovered and I presented my bill upon the last visit. 'So much as that?' said the mother, as I named a sum about one quarter of my usual fee. 'Howly saints, hear till the mon! Why, for that money I cud 'a' had a doctor with a plug hat.' When I went home I took off my slouch hat and I have never worn one since, except at Grand Army parades."

HE GAVE UP A $25,000 JOB.

Here is a picture of a man who gave up a salary of $25,000 a year and an honorable and influential post because he didn't want to be bothered with the work. He is about five feet two or three inches high, stout rather than fat of build, energetic in movement. His head is large and well developed; his close-cropped hair is gray, his eyes keen, twinkling, and blue, his face unwrinkled and innocent of beard except for a small Bardwell Slote chin tuft. This is Mr. Alfred C. Cheney, until recently president of the Nicaragua-Canal Construction Company, with the control of the expenditure of a hundred millions in prospect. He resigned the place because as president of the Garfield National Bank he had enough to do already, which is a very good reason.

Mr. Warner Miller, the present president, by the way, assured me the other day he started on his Nicaraguan exploration tour that the canal could be finished in six years.

MORE NEW PAPERS.

Two new daily papers for New York are not enough, it seems. Colonel William Blessed-be-the-Peacemakers Brown, who acted as referee when Cleveland and Hill shook hands, wants to run a morning edition of the evening *News*, which enjoyed a tremendous circulation before the evening *Sun* and *World* were started. And still a fourth new paper is expected to be not two weeks behind Colonel Brown's. Can the city support them all?

THE DISPATCH of Wednesday was a glorious sheet. It was full to overflowing with an article on the Great Builder of Towns—i. e., the Norfolk and Western railroad. A full and complete description of the road from Lambert's Point to Bristol, Radford to Columbus, Cripple Creek branch, Roanoke to Hagerstown, its coal measures and ore beds. New towns founded and old ones rejuvenated, fine hotels and depots, farming and grazing interests along the route, capital invested, scenery, climate, outlook for the future, and a full and complete description of some of the most progressive towns, maps, and cities. This is undoubtedly the best advertisement this section ever had, and the DISPATCH is congratulated on the article. It is a valuable reference.—*Montgomery Democrat.*

WEDNESDAY'S DISPATCH.

Praise from a Fine Old Virginian Living in Delaware.

DOVER, DEL., March 26, 1891.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Enclosed is a postal-note for ten cents to pay the price and the postage of two copies of your issue of yesterday—a most interesting paper.

What I fear is that before you shall have received this letter you will not have left on hand a single copy of yesterday's issue of the DISPATCH.

Should that turn out to be the case just expend the ten cents in a drink of whiskey, and while imbibing it please express your kind wishes for my good health.

If you are a strictly temperance-man, then give the ten cents, with my compliments, to the devil who haunts your establishment.

I am a temperate man myself, and although now more than half through my eighty-fifth year I imbibe every night (for insomnia) one pint-bottle of the best brand of Piper Heidsick. Virginians, you know (and I am a Virginian), can stand champagne when it is the gen-new-wine product of French vineyards as bravely as a horse can stand good oats.

The DISPATCH is a wonderful paper, and yesterday's copy of it has caused me to decide to make the trip in June next (if I shall then be physically strong enough for it) to some one of the health-resorts in my dear old native State that yesterday's DISPATCH describes. With kind regards and best wishes, I remain truly yours,

The Easter Bonnet.

"In the spring the new French fashions come
the female heart to bless.
In the spring the very housemaid gets herself
another dress."

So sings the poet.

And with the careless indifference of the "builders of lofty rhyme," the songster omits the crowning glory of the renascent year and says nothing of the bonnet.

And yet among other thoughts that are called forth by the festival of Easter certainly a predominant one is that of the dainty headgear that is to adorn the head of the fair and be paid for out of the pocket of the paterfamilias. It is useless to discuss the evolution of this bit of wearing apparel. It makes no difference whether it took its rise in a few rushes woven carelessly together to hold the eagle's feathers, trophies of some hunter to his bride, or whether, like the nictating membrane of the eye, it was once a total covering and has gradually grown to its present abbreviated proportions. Certain it is that the bonnet is as sure to come as spring itself, and it is as welcome in its inevitability.

All hail, then, to this harbinger of spring! and may it never require any protection other than its own loveliness. "Beauty is its only excuse for being," says an epigrammatist, and it is a matter of prophecy, not of hope, it is to be trusted, that no apologies need be uttered for these, our Easter bonnets.

Easter Customs.

Extreme simplicity marked the Easter observances of the primitive Christians, one of the customs being that which is still retained by the Greek Church of saluting each other with "Christ is risen!" to which is answered "Christ is risen, indeed!"

Blessing the eggs was a common custom in many countries, servants bringing dishes of eggs to the early mass to receive the benediction of the priest. On Good Friday certain ones are recorded as having "offered unto Christ eggs and bacon to be in his favor till Easter day was past."

In Russia little business is transacted during Easter week, and in the matter of pomp and ceremony nothing equals the celebration except a coronation. Eggs are used as a sort of visiting-card, Easter-day being set apart for visiting, and every guest presenting his host with a dyed egg. A peasant presenting a princess with an egg is permitted to salute her on the cheek.

In London the customs of hundreds of years ago still prevail. At All-Hallows church, Lombard street, the sixty youngest scholars of Christ's Hospital each receive a penny and a bag of raisins. At the Church of St. Bartholomew the Grand, in Smithfield, twenty-one widows pick up a sixpence from a flat tomb-stone. The origin of this ceremony it is impossible to trace, as it is lost in obscurity.

The Deacon's Downfall.

Now the deacon maintained stoutly, and with
energy and vim,
That the good old-fashioned music was quite fine
enough for him.
And when he heard the people unexpectedly one
day
Discussing Easter music in a modern sort of way,
The deacon never said a word, but sat around
and thought
That 'twas mighty wicked business for a solo to
be bought.
And furthermore the deacon, when approached
upon this point,
Declared that such a circus thing would put him
out of joint.
'Twas well enough, he said, to let the Gloria be
sung
In as many different ways as were admitted by a
lung;
But when they got some woman with a high-
strung pitchy voice
To warble the Te Deum, why, not much; it wasn't
his choice;
And as for paying some one for the privilege to
sing,
Before nor since he never heard of such a fearful
thing.
Though the deacon was a power in the church,
he wasn't proof
Against the band of ladies who proposed to raise
the roof
By the modern innovation of a singer who was
paid.
So the singer came. She proved to be a modest
little maid,
And though she wasn't pretty, and her figure
was too small
When she started up her singing, why she kept
on growing tall,
And your feelings as you listened would begin to
stir and stir
Until you'd make unconsciously an angel out of
her.
Now the deacon was quite dubious right up to
Easter-day,
And seriously thought that he had better stay
away;
But finally he changed his mind, and sat up in
his pew.
Determined not to listen to the singer that was
new,
But when the first notes pierced the air the
deacon twitched an eye,
And when the singer's voice grew sad the deacon
heaved a sigh,
And when she held her voice up high for twenty
seconds more,
The deacon put both feet right down upon the
old church floor.

* * * * * * * *

And now the modern singer with her cultivated
thrill
Has had her wages doubled—and the deacon pays
the bill. LANSING.

Easter.

For me once more the blessed Easter-morn,
The springtide and the heavenly cheer,
The silent earth to gladsome life reborn,
Faith's radiant beams, dispelling doubt and
fear.

Once more the bells their joy exultant peal;
The lilies blow; the song swells, rapturous,
free;
And here again our thanks to pay we kneel—
Myself, sweet wife, and loveliest daughters
three.

While still, as erst, runs on through praise and
prayer,
Through fine discourse, adorned by psalms and
sonnets,
This old refrain—a burden of despair—
One hundred dollars for four Easter bonnets!
—ALICE E. COATES.

An Easter Carol.

She has bought an Easter bonnet—
It is pretty as a sonnet—
With some flowers and some ribbons and a bit of
lace upon it.
And in order all may know it,
She will go to church to show it.
You may see her witching face in smiles this
morning just below it.

When to church her way she's wended,
If her hat appears most splendid,
Then she'll quite adore the sermon, and be sorry
when it's ended.
But if not her pretty forehead
Will with angry frowns be florid,
And the sermon will be stupid, crude, abominable, and horrid.
Selected.

Scrambled Eggs.

Every person must have some part of his clothing new on Easter day, or he will have no good fortune during the year. That has been settled from time immemorial. Thus an old Dorsetshire poet says:

Laste Easter I put on my blue
Frock coaat, the fust time, ther new;
Wi' paller buttons all o' brass,
That glittered in the sun lik glass;
Bekaise 'twer Easter-Sunday.

Easter Lilies.

Sweet dreams are in her lifted eyes,
Sweet prayers her parted lips are praying;
She takes no heed of 'vers' sighs,
Nor any yearnings earthward straying.

She gives me no more thought than she
Bestows on dead and gone Achilles;
But I can bear that since I see
She wears my bunch of Easter lilies.
—*Judge.*

The London (England) *Chronicle* thinks that Lord Salisbury's official recognition has assured the success of the Chicago World's Fair by inducing other nations to follow. The *Chronicle* says that the promoters of the fair were doubtful of such good treatment after the adoption of the McKinley tariff bill.

THE SPRING FASHION

THE NEWEST THINGS IN OUTER GARMENTS—THE CAVALIER CAPE.

The "Louis Coats" the Rage for Street Wear—Gloves, Shoes, and Stockings in the Ensemble of a Toilet.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—The very newest thing in spring outer garments is known as the cavalier cape—a name about as appropriate as fashion nomenclature is apt to be. It is one of the most graceful garments devised of recent years and is assured of favor. It represents a kind of compromise between the shoulder-cape, mantle, and coat, fitting the form back and front like the latter, but having gracefully-draped wing sleeves in place of the coat sleeve. Without these sleeves this wrap resembles a closely-fitted waistcoat, having only holes through which the arms are passed, the wings being added. As may be imagined, it is far more comfortable than the cape, which compresses and restrains the arms, while yet all the picturesqueness of the cape is obtained.

The cavalier cape is developed in the fine faced cloths and broadcloths that are used for street coats in the gray and tan shades so much worn this year and also in black. The front and back are usually elaborately braided or covered with passementerie.

OTHER STYLES.

Black lace capes are among the stylish street garments of the present season. One of the handsomest I have seen was made in combination with velvet, showing wing sleeves of the lace. A very new and striking feature of the wrap was the collar which was *box-pleated* (of the velvet) standing so as somewhat to resemble a medici collar.

THE LOUIS XV. SHAPE.

The "Louis" coats, as we were come to calling them, are almost having things their own way. They have become absolutely essential to the wardrobes of those who pretend to follow the mode. The Louis XV. shape is beyond all doubt the handsomest variation of the street coat that has been produced for the past five years. It is graceful, and there is not that element of masculinity about it that distinguishes the usual coat or street jacket. But the prevailing Louis coat is as costly as it is satisfying. It is of fine broadcloth, covered with expensive embroidery, appliqué work or passementerie, or else it is black silk brocade trimmed with lace and jet. In the latter case it becomes a dress wrap, and may be used for carriage and for evening wear.

GLOVED AND BOOTED.

To be well gloved and well booted is the French equivalent for being well dressed, and I think most women of taste fully recognize of how much important the trifling accessories of gloves, shoes, and stockings really are in the ensemble of a toilet. But fashionable shoes and stockings this season mean *bizarre* and sensational novelties, claiming a share of the attention for their conspicuousness which they should rather command for their harmony and agreement with the costume. Boots, for instance, are foxed in patent calf, no longer black against the black kid body (a combination which has prevailed throughout the winter), but often in white and sometimes in colors. In fact the shoe stores that now cater for the trade of upper-tendom resemble theatrical outfitting establishments.

Hosiery follows suit. The plain, tasteful black, it would seem, will give way during the spring and summer to every variety of fancy stockings in vertical stripes, polka-dots, figurings and—it is almost too difficult to believe—plaids. Yes, if one wears a gown plaid goods this season, one must wear the hose to match.

QUIET COLORINGS.

Most of the demi-toilet, reception, and dinner dresses tend to quiet colorings. The usual combinations are of faille, Bengaline, or other silk, with silk brocade, all in different tones of the same color. The brocade is liberally used on the waist and is applied in the form of panels on the skirt.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

One of the richest carriage costumes of the early season is shown in a combination of light heliotrope silk-warp Henrietta cloth with silk brocade, including three shades of the same color. The short bodice of the cloth is so fastened as to show on the front a kind of inverted V of the brocade, and the same material composes the full sleeves. One side of the skirt also consists of the brocade, panelled with narrow lengths of dark heliotrope velvet, while the panels are divided by bands of gold and heliotrope passementerie. The dress is rich enough for any social occasion except dancing, but it is still merely a "carriage" gown, it being the rule to show oneself in the park during the afternoons in this sort of attire.

OTHER FASHION NOTES.

The "nail-head" trimming is the freak of the year. It literally consists of little, bright-headed nails passed through the cloth and riveted, the heads forming symmetrical designs on the surface of the cloth.

The new French and Scotch ginghams are distinctly the goods for children's wear. They make serviceable and tasteful school dresses, and are much in demand for the purpose.

It is permissible for street wear to have one's gown made with a habit skirt in place of the strict sheath, the former being slightly full.

The English crepe ulster in high-colored cloths and checked materials is the spring street garment for girls and misses.

One sees an occasional huge tilted white Leghorn coaching shape 'midst the legion of tiny toques and turbans, and it is a relief to the eye.

After to-morrow fashion's spring season is fairly opened, and one is justified in throwing off dull winter toggery, emerging in all the radiance of the new gown and bonnet that mark the vernal period.

THE COUNCIL OF BONDHOLDERS.

Some of Its Proceedings with Reference to the Virginia Debt.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The recent expression of opinion by prominent Virginians in the DISPATCH to the effect that the State should not treat with the Council of Foreign Bondholders may lead to disclosures that will teach the creditors that the council, and not the State, is responsible for their misfortunes.

WHAT FACTS TEACH.

It has been indignantly denied that the council seeks to make money, but facts speak louder than words.

A gentleman in Richmond has the two contracts under which the council tried and failed to hive the bonds. The first contract, dated December, 1886, provided "that depositors should pay to the council a contribution of $10 on each $1,000,000 deposited in addition to a previous assessment of like amount."

The second contract, dated March, 1888, provided in substance that the Council should retain whatever it realized by selling coupons above fifty cents on the dollar. This scheme to sell coupons to tax-payers was exceedingly plausible and would have been very lucrative if our people had consented to tender coupons as freely as they did ten years ago.

THE SCHEME.

The Council was to pay the bondholders fifty cents and was to sell the coupons for eighty cents. If our people had used $1,000,000 of coupons as they did in 1887 and 1879 the Council would have received $300,000 a year without any investment or risk! And this would have been in addition to the two assessments of $20 on the $1,000 deposited.

The creditors were told that forcing coupons into the Treasury would induce the State to offer better terms. But if this had been the object and not profit coupons would have been offered to tax-payers at a price without any margin for profit. Non-fundable coupons were then selling at from 18 to 30 cents. By promising to realize for the bondholder 50 cents or to return his coupons they were induced to deposit. The bondholders were not told that detaching coupons destroyed the fundability of their bonds.

The total amount deposited under both of the contracts above referred to was less than $4,000,000, and such a small deposit indicates that the bondholders do not place much faith in the Council.

THE DISTINGUISHED FINANCIERS.

It may be some eminent London financiers are members of the Council, but it by no means follows that they are parties to the money-making schemes of its inside management. On the contrary, the distinguished financiers referred to probably give the affairs of the Council no personal attention, and when informed of its transactions in the Virginia debt will promptly disconnect their names from it.

SUPPRESSED FIGURES.

The gentleman in this city referred to also has the Council's report for 1891. It gives an elaborate discussion of our revenues and expenditures, and carefully suppressing many material facts makes such a showing as will induce bondholders to expect at least one third more than we can possibly offer. There is no reference in the Council's to the figures furnished by Auditor Marye to Governor Lee, and on which his last message was based, because, as we believe, those figures would give a totally different impression of our finances from that the Council wishes the bondholders to have.

The Council professes to inform the creditors, and yet it makes no reference to the only document which gives a correct showing of our financial condition. It is impossible for any fair-minded man who is correctly informed of the situation to believe that this report by the Council was designed to advance a settlement.

It is to be hoped some way will be found to make the bondholders inquire whether the operations of the Council have been or will be of any advantage to them. We are quite sure if it had never meddled with our debt there would not have been any trouble. VIRGINIAN.

LITTLE FOLKS HAVE FUN.

The Faithful Workers of East End Give an Enjoyable Evening.

[For the Dispatch.]

It was my good fortune to be one of the spectators last Tuesday night at the entertainment given by the "Little Faithful Workers," for the benefit of the German Lutheran church, on Church Hill. It was held at the church, a neat little edifice, Twenty-ninth and Broad. The room was tastefully decorated with lovely flowers, and the young girls recited several beautiful selections, reflecting great credit on themselves and their teachers.

The piece by Miss Lela Miller, "How Kate Shelby Crossed the Bridge," deserves special mention. A beautifully touching poem, and beautifully repeated with graceful and easy gestures.

Miss Mattie McGhee gave promise as an elocutionist in her "Easter-Day." She is a very pretty speaker.

Miss Mattie Carpenter won the admiration of all by her modesty and grace in delivering her piece, "How Jane Conquest Rang the Bell." It is a long story, full of pathos, which lost nothing in being told by Miss Carpenter.

Allie Miller, a little miss of six years, with blue eyes and golden curls, quite electrified the audience by her recital of "Little Joey." Her enunciation and acting were simply perfect; and her little sister (a tot of four years) gave in very distinct tones and appropriate gestures "Muzer's Dot a Baby," which brought down the house. These little girls are the daughters of Mr. Albert Miller, of Church Hill, and granddaughters of Senator W. T. Miller, of Michigan.

Music was discoursed by the East-Richmond Band with very fine effect, and Mr. Bingle gave some solos with organ accompaniment which were enjoyed. He possesses a clear, rich tenor.

The cakes and other refreshments disposed of afterward went far to prove that the Eastenders could fully vie with the Westenders in the sweets of life as well as in the "feast of reason and the flow of the soul." May the rector of this little church long live to see his earnest efforts crowned with Heaven's blessings.

March 27, 1891. A. H. P. O