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OUR LIGHT BRIGADE.

They Made a Splendid Dash for Success at the Opening of Their Fair Last Night.

The Rink a Bower of Beauty and Peopled With the Prettiest.

A Vast Throng Listens to the Opening Addresses and Help Give the Enterprise a Good Send Off.

A Glance at the Booths, Their Tempting Wares, and Their Attendants.

FAIT TO SEE.

A blaze of light and a flash of color flooded the gaze as you entered the Light Infantry fair last night. From the dark and rainy night outside to the warmth and glitter within was but a step, yet a startling one. Standing just inside the entrance the vista that swept on all sides before you was bewildering. No trace of the rink but the girders remained, and the taste of the artist had transformed them into lines of barbaric beauty. Swathed in color and flashing in light they sprang into mid air like huge coils of serpents writhing and twisting in multiform hues above some Indian temple whose worship was a glow of splendor, a spilth of flame. Around the sides of the rink, stretching to the east and south from the point of observation, there was a drapery of emblazoned fabric in which the strong, bright, primary colors predominated. Crimson banners, orange pennants, blue standards, red and green and yellow and indigo flags festooned the walls and hung in heavy folds above the booths. Shields of scarlet and crimson bunting, glistening like silk in the cool sheen of the electric light, spotted the sides of the room. The brighter, more glaring colors of the state coats-of-arms shone in fine contrast to the flags and streamers. Of these there were represented many nationalities. The German, the French, the English, and the American were twined and intertwined together. The golden harp of Erin shone out like a sunburst, indeed, in a field of soft, rich green. The girders were wrapped in blue, pink, white, yellow, green, and crimson bunting, while huge ropes of blue and white linen leaped from one beam to another like the lianous vines of a dense and matted tropical forest. And over all flashed a muddy, yellow, semi-golden glow from circlets of gas jets, and the white, moonlike radiance of the electric light, till the whole scene was bathed in splendor.

As your eye grew accustomed to the glitter and the glow, and your ear divided the soft hum of the promenaders from the resonance of the brass band music you began to particularize. Along the north wall, beneath the raised platform where sat the Marine band, was a long line of stoves, cooking stoves, ranges, radiators, and miniature furnaces. Right opposite the entrance, and in the northeast corner was a group of statuary silently looking down upon a cabinet organ. Sculpture and music, art and harmony, beauty and concord, are some of the ideas that flash through your mind, and you receive them as an auspicious augury of the Light Infantry fair. To your right, under a booth enfolded in heavy drapery and bright with all the colors of the rainbow, is the most attractive cigar stand you have ever seen. Not because the air is heavy with the fragrant tobacco; not that the garlanded folds of crimson and purple bunting intercept and throw back the soft glow of the electric light, not for all those, but for the many bright eyes that there flash brighter and softer radiance than the electric light; for the many blushing cheeks and scarlet lips that seem sweeter to your eye than the rarest Havana ever seemed to your taste; for all these do you stroll by and examine the arrangements of the booth a little closer. Further along is a model grocery store, with flour packed in quarter cedar barrels; and symmetrical hams wrapped in new, bright-colored canvas; little bags of salt whose outside cases are as white as the crystalline alkali within; and other staple groceries as clean looking as a new pin. And the clerks who wait upon you and call your attention to the familiar legend, "Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge," are more attractive than the goods. Curly, brown, and golden ringlets, blue and brown eyes, voices more liquidly sweet and vibrant than the tenor flute of the band are added to the irresistible attractions of silks, and laces, and satins, and other delightful mysteries of perfect toilets. You stand in front of the booth and recklessly order $20,000,000 worth of goods, to be delivered to your address, and request the privilege of riding in the wagon with the driver. Your cash giving out, you turn sadly away and plunge boldly into the living currents that flow up and down in refluent tides past the shores of the booths. The rustle of drapery, the hum of voices, the soft patter of feet on the floor are not unlike the murmur of the sea as its swells come shoreward in the moonlit silence to the ear of him who sits and listens with rghtly attuned ear. But never rolled and flowed a sea of such harmonious colors, and of such wonderful attractiveness of beauty as this one into which you have plunged. Its waves flow with the rhythm of perfect grace, and are made of soft, sheeny fabrics, silks and satins and velvets and cashmeres, whose hues combine all the tints that please the fastidious eye. You are struck no less by the beauty of fabric and the harmony of colors than by the exquisite taste with which these fabrics are chosen, these colors combined, and both fabric and color adjusted in perfect requirement to the form of the wearer. As for these wearers, themselves being a connoisseur in such matters, you come to the conclusion that Washington has more pretty girls than any other place in the world, and that the cream of these pretty girls is at the Light Infantry fair.

But the living tides flow on, breaking every now and then in foam of laces and shimmer of silks upon the central islands of flowers and ades. The flower booth is a marvel of beauty, where beautiful girls sell beautiful flowers in a bower of loveliness. The tasteful and charming manner in which this booth is arranged proclaims that an artist fashioned it. It is in shape an octagonal dome in blue and white, uprising from a sheath of lace and flowers. There are calla lilies there almost as white as the hands that sell them. There are bunches and bouquets of violets almost as sweet as the fragrant breath that "steals o'er you like the sweet south" when the fair vender pins a boutonniere to your lappel. You look and admire, and feel willing to turn gardener yourself, such is the effect of the flowers upon you, till the crowds gather deep around the booth—crowds in blue silk and violet velvet and webbed lace, like woven air—and you don't know which to admire most, those who sell or those who buy the flowers. You know just then how a bee in a ten-acre field of roses feels, or a butterfly over a pond of waterlilies. There is too gorgeous a waste of beauty for either bee or butterfly to alight and sip. And you escape at last, run the gauntlet of the lemonade fountains and the wheel of fortune, and finally lie stranded upon the shores of the island of "fancy goods," all of them beautiful, all of them delicate and dainty, flossy and filagred work, fearfully and wonderfully made, like man—too awfully pretty and sweet to understand, like woman, and which you can worship with sinless devotion, for they are not made in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. A woman made them, hence they are pretty. A woman designed them, and hence they are admirable, but not to be comprehended by man. They cannot be described save in vague terms. They might be pincushions, but they will not hold pins. They might be slippers, but the masculine foot could never get in them. They might be this, and that, but they are not, and men will buy them because they are dainty and lovely things.

Further up the hall you are struck by the apparition of a picturesque parasol, Japanese in design and general appearance, but with a picturesque American ornamentation, a rib of linked peanuts long drawn out. A great quantity of commonplace peanuts, but picturesquely arranged, look up in your face from a picturesque stand. A picturesque maiden in a picturesque dress sits behind the parasol—a picture of beauty in a quaint, odd frame. The brown hazel eyes of this picturesque peanut girl look at you from under darkly fringed lids, with a dusky splendor in their glances which, sure, no other peanut girl ever possessed.

The classic features, the shapely poise of the delicate head, the clear dark, rose-like beauty of face and the slender, graceful form elevated peanut selling to the dignity of a fine art, and positively lent a charm to the Japanese Dolly Varden dress she wore. Picturesque in every attitude, you were tempted to stem the tides of refluent humanity that passed you onward, and anchor near this one little isle of beauty whose lotos was the peanut and where Japanese monstrosities became lovely forevermore.

But as the night wore on, and the April rain fell on the slanting roof in quick and musical rhythm that chorded mournfully but sweetly with the music of the band, you gave up particularizing and floated along with the music, the light, the scent of the flowers, the hum of the talkers—with the joy and the happiness and the gaiety of the scene. All sights enraptured and all sounds enthused. The fair of the Light Infantry opened in brilliancy, prevising a triumphant success. The choicest articles, the clearest taste, the most courteous of managers—all made this opening night one over which a little rhapsody is pardonable, and which even the dullest mind would be inexcusable did it not pronounce a brilliant success!

THE FORMAL OPENING.

About 8 o'clock Col. Moore and Maj. Willett, the former in full uniform, and the latter radiant in full evening dress suit, with a brilliant boutonniere, escorted

MR. GEORGE C. GORHAM

to the music stand, and after making their way through the files of cornets, tubas, and other brass instruments, until they reached a space behind the bass drum, Col. Moore, in a few graceful words introduced Mr. Gorham, who, he said, would formally open the fair. Mr. Gorham said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been requested by the Washington Light Infantry corps to bid you welcome to this entertainment and to briefly state to you the object for which it is to be held. The gathering of so fair a company would of itself have been worth all the labor it has cost, and the corps must warmly appreciate the kindness which has prompted your attendance in such goodly numbers despite the inclemency of the evening.

The Light Infantry want an armory. They long for a homestead which shall be an ornament to the city, a credit to the generosity of its citizens, to whom they appeal for aid, and a memorial of the men who have marched in their ranks. The armory they propose to build will be one in which they can not only receive their friends from abroad, but can invite Washington people to assist in doing the honors on such occasions and others. I know you will be pleased to learn that their plan also includes a great public hall equal to occasions for which the main halls in all the great cities are provided—a hall in which Nilsson or Patti can sing, and in which famous orators and lecturers speak and be heard. And why should not our Light Infantry corps be well bestowed? Where on this continent or in the world can you find their superiors? What manlier or more imposing body of uniformed men of a like number can you see in any city? What call which soldiers should heed has ever found them tardy in response?

Organized as a company in 1836, they are the senior military organization of the district. Increased to a battalion in 1861, they were the first of the volunteer militia in the United States to be called into the union service for the defense of the flag. So you see our citizen soldiers, though invincible in peace, were *not* invisible in war. They were not like the home guards, which Mr. Sparrowgrass joined with the express understanding that they never were to leave home, except in case of invasion. They did serve in the defense of Washington for three months, and if their duties did not expose the enemy to their deadly fire it was no fault of theirs. They can at least apply to their case the words of a brave soldier friend of mine, now dead, who being asked how many rebels he killed, replied that he killed as many of them as they did of him.

Having confronted the adversary when grim-visaged war put forth his wrinkled front they have the more right to merry-making with their friends, and right merrily have they enjoyed it. They have received and entertained military organizations from many of the great cities, and have themselves reflected credit on Washington in visits to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and Atlanta. Wherever they have been the men have called them good fellows, and as to the softer sex—

"There's not a town they march through,
But the ladies, looking arch through
The window panes, will search through
The ranks to find their joy."

Whereby I mean, of course, only the unmarried and unpromised. If you would have proof of the unwavering constancy of the married members of the corps, go question the sea-sirens, to whose songs they turned a deaf ear when camping last year at Cape May. But let us assume that the corps will pass muster. As to the entertainment, let it speak for itself. Booths are crowded and tables are laden with the generous contributions of friends at home and abroad.

The spacious hall is yours. We give you music, light, and good cheer, and better than all, the ladies, who will aid us in giving you a hearty welcome. I am requested to say that the business will now commence. The fair is now opened.

At the conclusion of Mr. Gorham's address Col. Moore introduced

GEN. SHERMAN,

who said that he could not add anything in explanation of the objects of the fair to what had already been so well said by the orator of the evening. He complimented the corps by saying that he believed them to be the best drilled body of men, for their numbers, not only in this country but in the world. He had visited the principal cities of the old world as well as of this country; had seen all the crack military organizations, and had been something of a soldier himself, and from his observation and experience he had no hesitation in saying that for comely appearance, proficiency in drill, and all that goes to make up the citizen soldier, they were not surpassed by any body of men of the same number on earth.

He said that the security of life and property was a matter of the greatest moment, and that that could only be assured by knowing that if the occasion required there would be at hand a body of men like the Infantry ready to respond to enforce the orders of the sheriff, the judge, or the president. We were at present the most favored nation, at peace with all the world, and it was hoped that we should remain so; but if the time should come that the citizen soldiery were needed the Infantry would be found prompt in response. He said that he had always felt kindly toward the corps, while for Col. Moore he had entertained a warm friendship ever since he had been in Washington. There was nothing in his power that he would not do for the corps. He commended the enterprise for which the fair was being held in the warmest terms, to the generosity of those present and said that although he had limited himself in the amount he had to spend, as he always did on such occasions, he wished he had brought more money, but as for good will he would pile it up as high as the Washington monument would be when it was finished. After again bespeaking the generosity of those present for the enterprise and their liberal patronage, the general retired amid loud and prolonged applause.

Col. Moore then presented

DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORKHILL,

who said that he came wholly unprepared to say anything; that it would be folly for him to make a speech after the eloquent description of the qualities of the men who composed the Infantry and their valuable services in times of peace which had been made by the orator of the evening, and the high compliment by the general of the army. He sympathized with the objects of the fair and the hoped-for result, and urged a liberal patronage on the part of everyone, and paid a graceful compliment to the ladies who had given their hearty co-operation in the movement.

BUSINESS BEGUN.

When Col. Corkhill had concluded Col. Moore indicated that the speech making was over, and there was a general separation to the various tables. The young ladies with their books commenced the business of depleting the pocketbooks of the gentlemen, the male sex gracefully yielding up the cash.

"Why, what do you suppose we are here for?" said a bright-eyed girl with brown, fluffy frizzes, rosy cheeks, a small kissable mouth, and a figure which for willowy grace would perfectly charm a sculptor. She was attired in a wine-colored velvet suit with a bunch of Marshal Neil roses on her breast, and as she held the book in her hand and inquiringly looked into the face of a tall young man with a black moustache who was trying to beg off, promising to come some other night, she repeated the question: "What do you think we are here for, if not to ask you to take chances? This fair means business and we hope to realize considerable money out of it. We are just going to ask and ask, and we expect you gentlemen are going to give and give; so don't say anything more about it." Of course there was no resisting. The postoffice did a lively business, Mr. Ed Hay exercising a sort of general supervision in ascertaining who were desirable victims, while Mrs. R. K. Evans, Miss Mildred Brown, Miss Annie Sterling, and Miss Seal were the ladies who handled the mails.

Both lemonade stands were well patronized and the thirsty repaired frequently to seek the beverage, which was perfectly innocuous. At stand No. 1 the dispensers of the liquid were Mrs. Dennison, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Flenner, Misses Emma Carver, Ella Morris, and Kaiser, and at No. 2 Miss Thomas, assisted by Misses Hattie Carrigan, Mamie Larman, Bertie Adams, Hattie Lazenbur, and Bertie Gould held the thirsty travelers.

One of the most unique articles exhibited haugs upon the north wall, and is a corps autograph quilt which contains the names of 183 active and twelve honorary members of the Washington Light Infantry. It is made of blue and white silk, and in the center is an imperial portrait of Col. Moore painted in oil on white silk. The whole workmanship is of the most skillful character, and was executed and presented to the corps by Mrs. Susie M. Rice. It is to be voted to the most popular member of the corps.

The spinning jenny booth was a center of attraction, and the stentorian invitations of Johnnie Ellinger, George Scott, and Charlie Laird, were rapidly responded to by the votaries of Dame Fortune.

"Only one more paddle left—one more—one more and you can have it for ten cents. Think of it gentleman and ladies, on an investment of ten poor little coppers, two five cent pieces or a glittering dime, you may carry home any one of those beautiful French dolls, or that exquisite rug or one of those glorious bottles of wine. All sold—all sold. Let her go——Hopeful, and 16. Here are the two gentlemen side by side like the Siamese twins, one takes a doll and one a bottle. A wise selection, gentlemen, and ladies, a wise selection, especially that of the bottle holder." And so it went through the evening. The whirr of the wheel was continuous and the 10-cent contribution soon caused a pile of greenbacks to rise in the money drawer. There were some lucky customers, too. One young man seemed to be peculiarly fortunate in holding winning paddles and carried home numerous articles. Lieut. Arnold and four policemen viewed the proceeding for a while, but did not interfere. It was understood in the fair room that he had not interfered because season tickets for the fair entitling holders to a chance in the final drawing were not put up as prizes.

Several perishable articles were raffled before the close of the fair. Miss Genevieve Calvert won a huge basket of fruit, and her escort looked like the president of a fruit growers' association as he lugged it home for her. Bobbing in and out among the crowd were a host of pretty girls, bearing loads of boutonnieres as fresh and sweet as themselves. One susceptible young man, who was gifted with a plethoric pocketbook, looked like a peripatetic flower garden after the bright eyed insisters had disposed of their stock to him.

Mr. Clem Howard was one of the most persistent purchasers of spinning jenny paddles. He had his heart set upon winning a prize, and he squandered wealth with reckless earnestness; but luck gave him the go by, and while others hugged bottles of wine to their protecting bosoms, Clem stood morosely at the counter, drearily remarking after every turn, "Lost another time."

The flower stand will be a flame of beauty, around which the trousered moths will cluster for the next two weeks. Mrs. George Breitbarth has it in charge, and her assistants are Miss Steinle, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Ourand, Mrs. Powers, Misses Sadie Pinette, Emma Henderson, Rosa Henderson, Mamie Cowie, Maud Martin, Carrie Sweet, N. Sweet, Lon Herbert, Mamie Geisking, Lizzie Geisking, Clara Hodges, Ebert, and Lida Lesh.

The Marine band was stationed in the gallery at the north end of the room, and each selection it played was received with applause. Prof. Sousa wielded the baton, and the programme was as follows:

1. March....."Inauguration"....Sousa
2. Collocation....."Olivette"....Audran
3. Waltz....."Aulle Fois"....Waldteufel
4. Cornet solo ...."Young America"....Levy
   By Mr. William Jaeger.
5. Musale....."Iolanthe"....Sullivan
6. Gavotte....."Secret Love"....Resch
7. Caprice....."Irish Patrol"....Fuerger
8. Musale....."Mascot"....Audran
9. Galop....."Hollo Hollo"....Steinbagge

THE TABLES.

At tables 1 and 2 there was fruit to sell—fruit from all climes and of all colors, from the hardy apple with its northern redness to the pale banana from the tropics. It was piled up temptingly, and in waiting as the chief tempters were: Mrs. Schell, assisted by Misses Nannie Ryer and Gusta Irwin, Misses Delarue, Sallie Heitmann, S. Spanier, Bella Roddenberg, Sallie Davis, Edna Grubb, Annie Finlon, Kate O'Keefe, Kate Feely and Skerritt. They had plenty to do as the evening wore on.

Tables 3 and 4 were also conducted on the harmonious and doubled-up plan. They displayed tier upon tier of the fanciest sort of fancy goods. There were paints and perfumes; there were ribbons and laces; there were cushions, and a doll representing the combined beauties and frivolities of the entire outfit. Of the several ladies set down for these tables, there were on deck last night Mrs. J. T. Dyer, Mrs. Frances Hufty, Mrs. J. V. N. Huyck, and Miss Katie Roach.

At table 5 there were many beautiful articles of silver and glass, with a gold lined berry dish, made like a minature Roman chariot, as an irresistible center piece, while all around were toilet sets, silver epergnes, &c. There were in attendance Mrs. J. W. Drew and Mrs. C. W. Howard, assisted by the Misses Dougal, Annie Howard, the Misses Wilson, Misses Stansbury, Week, Lycett, Macarty, Allen, and Collins.

At table No. 6 were fancy toilet articles—pretty tidies and splashers, and soap and little bottles, and everything of that sort to be sold by Mrs. C. C. Duncanson, assisted by Mrs. James P. Willett, Misses Minnie Smoot, and others.

At tables 7 and 8 there were confectioneries and [illegible] and twenty young ladies. The young men came around and made jokes about the sweet things and then bought taffy with money. At these tables were: Mrs. J. L. McGraw, Mrs. D. S. F. Newton, and Misses Pumphreys, Coutners, Redds, Mullen, Chapman, Chapline, James, Steele, Doleman, Daly, Garety, Whelan, Ritchie.

In the spaces on the east side, between the tables, were some beautiful articles of furniture, made up of contributions secured by H. O. Towles and Mr. Moses. A case of shoes, from Edwards; spices, yeast powder, soapine, whisky in cases, and champagne, secured through W. H. Crawford, and attended by W. B. Hartley, and a beautiful model Pullman car and a miniature engine, which Gen. Sherman particularly admired.

At booth No. 9 there will be found a great variety of fancy articles, among which may be mentioned a handsome table cover presented by Miss Ella Ward, numerous embroidered pin cushions, a hand painted placque, a beautiful fire screen given by Mr. Deter, a number of dainty handkerchiefs, a handsome dressing gown, and a valuable clock. The ladies who preside over these articles are Mrs. Galloway and Mrs. Johnson, assisted by Misses Pattie Beyer, Katie Prince, Mollie Coombs, Mamie Cooper, Delly Gilham, Fannie Post, and Mrs. Gilham, and Mrs. George Tucker.

Passing to the next booth, No. 10, at which were found Mrs. Hoyle and Mrs. Niederig, assisted by Mrs. McPynchoen, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Howard, Miss Norton, and Miss Emma Snyder, there was seen a beautiful satin banner, richly embroidered in silk, the design being graceful and the work exquisite.

There was also a printer's library, a rich Persian rug, a handsome doll, and many other rich and valuable articles presented by the Scranton Guards. Any quantity of handsome bronzes and capitally done crayons appeal to your taste and your admiration. Among the oil pictures worthy of notice—and there are several—is a landscape by Carter, the rising Boston artist, which was donated to the fair by the Emerson piano company. The low tones of this picture are deftly rendered, and his brush has a light, graceful touch that is very effective. An urn, out of which a tangled knot of feathery palms is springing, is an attractive feature of this table.

The art gallery, catalogued as Nos. 11 and 12, is under the direction of Mrs. George D. Scott, Miss Helen Beattie, Mrs. George A. Sheehan, Miss Julia Schneider, Mrs. S. B. Carrigan, Miss Lulu Rheem, Mrs. John A. Ellinger, and Mrs. Adams. It is appropriately named the "Art Gallery," containing as it does some very meritorious works of art, and many objects of simple virtu. Among these may be mentioned a magnificent bowl, genuine Satsuma faierce, to whose plastic clay the Kinsin potter gave the finishing touches 200 years ago. There are many unique weights and measures made of anchracite coal, and the stand, which is just at the end of the line on the west side of the hall and numbered 13, is abundantly supplied with fancy articles of every description, and here may be found the silver pitcher which is to be voted for.

There is a fine set of Dickens's works, a violin, and coming to the useful time are undershirts and many other things of wearing apparel. Mrs. Mellach and Mrs. Cowie have charge of this booth, and they are assisted by Mrs. M. E. Urell, Mrs. Lillie Cooney, and Misses Mamie Freis, Kate White, Lizzie Holden, Anne Deitrich, Mary Ackerman, Allie Smith, Sophia Dietrich, D. E. Lange, Katie Richmond, Bessie Gulick, Lillie Keudig, and the Misses Robinson.

The adjoining table is also filled with fancy goods, and the large number of ladies who flitted in and about No. 14 showed that a large amount of business was being done. Mrs. J. A. W. Clarvoe and Mrs. E. G. Wheeler have charge, assisted by Mrs. A. E. Johnson, Mrs. G. R. Koontz, Miss Kate Tatsapaugh, Miss Fannie Tatsapaugh, Miss Maria Jones, Miss Mary E. Hogan, Miss Alice Woolridge, Miss Alice Taylor, Miss Kate Fitzgerald, Miss Lillie Clarvoe, Miss Cora Spangle, Miss Annie Johnson, Miss Aggi Dow, Miss Katie Young, and Mrs. W. S Johnson.

Between this booth and No. 15 is the display of furniture from Mr. Wash B. Williams, which was surrounded by crowds during nearly the whole evening, all praising the beauty of design and elegance of finish. The richly furnished baby's crib, the conversational chair, and the other articles were all commented upon, and not the least was the large Persian rug which hung at the back.

At booth No. 15 there was a fine display of fancy articles, including a number of fancy embroidered pincushions, some beautiful laces, and some very fine hand and stand mirrors. Mrs. Hickling and Mrs. Spottswood have charge, assisted by Miss Dannenhower, Miss Josephine Taylor, the Misses Wiltshire, and Miss Emma Connor.

Table No. 16 is also filled with fancy goods, among which is a handsomely embroidered table cover, by Miss Estelle Bartle, a finely painted toilette set in blue satin, by Mrs. E. B. Hay, and a beautiful blue satin perfumery sachet, in the center of which is the monogram of the corps richly embroidered. This is the work of Miss Kittie Spear. A wax cross by Miss Kate Shomo is also much admired. The ladies here are Mrs. George E. Hale, Mrs. George S. Boudinot, Mrs. W. H. Harrison, Mrs. A. A. Marr, and their assistants are Misses Rosie and Pinkie Thomas, Julia Murray, Rosie and Pinkie Williamson, Mrs. M. A. Upperman, Misses Alma Ebert, Mamie Engel, and Mrs. C. H. Watson.

Tables Nos. 17 and 18 are the substantial places of the fair. Every article of groceries from corned starch up to canned meats, from flour to sugar cured hams, from a cracker to a broom may here be found, while there is also every kind of liquor, including champagne and other wines and every brand of whisky. There was a land office business done at these tables, the ladies using their powers of persuasion with substantial effect. It may be stated that these goods will be delivered to any part of the city free of charge, and there is no better way to aid the fair than to buy one's groceries of the bright and pleasant ladies who preside here. Mrs. Matt. Goddard and Mrs. Ed. Neumeyer, who were assisted by Miss Neumeyer, assisted by Misses M. Shields, A. Neumeyer, M. E. Drainec, McEtwain, Mrs. Rice, the Misses Dant, Miss Rice, Miss Speake, Miss McKeon, Miss Tennyson, and Miss Maggie Reagan.

The cigar and tobacco tables are Nos. 19 and 20, on the east side of the room, and are presided over by Mrs. John H. Miller and Mrs. R. H. Atkinson, assisted by Miss Ella McGuiggan, Mrs. A. Floyd, Mrs. Todd, Misses Katie and Alice Nokes, Miss Katie Frey, Miss Fannie Bennett, Miss Annie Ourand, Miss Nannie Bowerman, Miss Ruby Johnson, Miss Cora Hamilton, Miss Goldsborough, Miss Kate Shomo, Miss Linda Hobbs, Miss Ballbach, Miss Speare, Miss Katie Hilton, Miss Annie Farrisse, and Miss McGill.

The pretty young ladies inveigled numerous young men, who never before puffed a puff, into purchasing smoke making articles last night, and the anti-smokers' society will find its ranks sadly thinned during the next two weeks. Miss Katie Frye and Miss Ruby Johnson have a tantalizing way of offering cigarettes for sale that would make a sphinx smoke.

At the pickle stand, in the southern end of the room, there are a bevy of pretty girls. The average young man does not care generally for pickles, but the fair pickles are sweetened by the fair girls, who dispose of them for money. The handsome Miss Kaufman drove a brisk trade and turned heads as well as pennies last night. Mrs. Adrian Jones has charge of the stand, assisted by Misses Wolf, Kaufman, Campbell, and Schroeder.

WHO WERE THERE.

Among those noticed among the visitors who promenaded the fair room were:

Mr. Charles Schneider, the Misses Callan, Mr. Will Short, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Marshall Forsythe, Miss Bene Triplett, Mr. and Mrs. George Hale, Miss Mattie Fristoe, Miss Hattie Stewart, Mr. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Drew, Miss Katie Roach, Miss Daisy Ricketts, Mrs. A. A. Wilson, Miss Mary Wilson, Admiral and Mrs. Clagett, Mr. George W. Cochrane and the Misses Cochrane, Mr. Charles Jones, Mr. John Cochrane, Miss Nettie Reeve, Mr. Hubell, Miss Genevieve Calvert, Miss G. Smith, Mrs. Dugonne [illegible] Morrell, the Misses Hall, Mr. Medill, Mr. Frank Aldercock, of Wheeling; Miss Aldershot, Mr. Robert Lerner, the Misses Coutnor, Mr. Edward Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Howard, Mr. Arthur Morsell, Mr. D. G. Ahern, Mr. W. F. Holtzman, Mr. Frank Hufty, Miss Mary James, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boteler, Mr. Oscar Cissel, Mr. Will Newton, Mr. George Charant, Miss Ella Mulliken, Miss Laura Hodges, Miss Cole, Miss Mollie Arnor, Miss Annie Watson, Miss Lillie Sientz, Miss Mamie Naylor, Miss Florence Cox, Mr. Gilbert Hart, Mr. E. E. Yates, Mrs. W. M. Bass, the Misses Kaufmann, Mr. Frank Sydnor, Mr. W. P. Cole, Mr. Harry Cole, Miss Hattie Ellwood, Mr. Dingman, Miss Kate Ball, Mr. C. C. Duncanson, Mr. H. B. Richmond, Mr. O. Roper, Miss Emma Detweiler, Miss Kate Sewell, Miss Brawner, Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson, Miss Julia Lusk, Miss Carrie Cranston, Mr. Fred. Maury, Mr. J. V. N. Huyck, Mr. and Mrs. Whit Wilson, Mr. John Boss, Mrs. Hoover, Miss Margaret Henderson, Mr. Byron Waters, Miss Sydnor, Miss Lily Acker, Mr. Frank Acker, Mr. King, Mr. Arthur Mitchell, Miss Anna Waite, Mrs. Ricketts, Mr. A. Clements, Mr. Seufferle, Mr. Meador, Mr. G. L. Gordon, Mr. James E. Waugh, Mr. Bartol, Mr. Leech, Mrs. and Miss Dannenhower, Comdr. Robley Evans, Lieut. and Mrs. Cowie, Mrs. J. T. Bivins, and Miss Ella Ross.

AN EPISODE.

In her delicate hand was a little brown book,
From her melting blue eyes beamed a soft, pleading look;
"Oh please take a chance?"—like the gurgle of wine,
Her voice sweetly purred an appeal most divine.
"'Tis only a dime, sir, and I am the prize."
'Twas partly her voice and 'twas partly her eyes;
And 'twas partly the fact that his pocket immense
Contained only seven old battered up cents;
That he fled from the prize and her dangerous look,
And left her alone with her little brown book.

ARTICLES TO BE VOTED FOR.

The voting for the various articles did not get under way, but by to-night the blackboards will be in position, and the various candidates will begin to importune their friends. The voting will be conducted under the direction of Maj. James P. Willett, at the north end of the hall. The following is a list of the articles to be voted for:

Diamond pin, for the most popular member of the Washington Order of Elks, 25 cents per vote.
Lawn tennis set for local tennis club, 10 cents.
Gold watch and chain for ice wagon driver, 10 cents.
Base ball outfit, including silk foul flags, half dozen balls, bats, and leather bat bag, bases, &c., 10 cents.
Letter carrier's uniform, 10 cents.
Barber's chair and shaving kit, 10 cents.
Pearl mounted billiard cue for local billiard parlor, 10 cents.
Set of tailor's shears for cutter, 10 cents.
Gold watch and chain for drug clerk, 25 cents.
Butter merchant's scales, 10 cents.
Newspaper man's desk, 10 cents.
A complete set of fishing tackle, competition open to all comers, 10 cents.
Silver plated policeman's badge, 10 cents.
Gold pen and pencil for bank employe, 10 cents.
Gentleman's double-barrel shot gun, 10 cents.
Diamond corps badge, presented by Brooks Bros., New York, 10 cents.
Gentleman's trotting buggy, presented by Joyce, 25 cents.
The King composing stick for printer's apprentice, 10 cents.
Cart and set of harness for contractor, 25 cents.
Gold headed cane for honorary member, presented by Levi Woodbury, 10 cents.
The Kimball organ for wife of honorary member, 10 cents.
Capital City Guard punch bowl for local saloon keeper, 10 cents.
Silk umbrella for member of the corps, 10 cents.
Set of harness, open to all, 10 cents.
Fire screen for lady connected with the fair, 10 cents.
Fatigue cap for officer, 10 cents.
Silver pitcher, salver, and goblet for lieutenant of the corps, 10 cents.
Set of butcher's scales, 10 cents.
Single scull racing shell, presented by Messrs. Morgan & Kennedy, 25 cents.
Gold headed cane for most popular florist, 10 cents.
Violin for most popular musician, 10 cents.
Autograph quilt for member of the corps, 10 cents.
Silver plated bath room fixtures for plumbers, 10 cents.
Set of steam whistles for steamboats, 25 cents.
Sword and belt to the captain of the corps, presented by F. J. Heiberger, 10 cents.

Raiding New York Gamblers.

NEW YORK, April 16.—Inspector Byrnes and his men to-night raided seven gambling houses, mainly in Ann street. A great deal of property was captured, but no arrests were made. Although the police made no arrests the property seized will pay for the raid, as it is valued at not less than $15,000. The gamblers had evidently been warned.

The places raided are No. 11 West Twenty-fifth street, No. 13 West Twenty-eight, Nos. 1 and 25 Ann street, No. 32 West Twenty-ninth street, No. 56 West Thirty-ninth street, and the famous No. 8 Barclay street. This old house was never raided before. It, too, was deserted when the police arrived, but they found a large quantity of costly apparatus. Warrants will be obtained in the morning for the known proprietors of the houses raided.

"A Tariff for Revenue Only."

CHICAGO, April 16.—Congressman William R. Springer, of Illinois, who has been in this city since Thursday, was interviewed to-day in regard to a published statement of the democratic leaders present at the Iroquois banquet favoring Tilden for president in 1884. He said the meeting was not in the interest of any candidate, and as far as he knew no preference was expressed. The only object of the meeting was to enunciate democratic principles and to voice the sentiment of the party on the great questions of the day. There was an overwhelming sentiment, however, in favor of a tariff for revenue only, and he was convinced that the representatives of the northwest would demand the insertion of this plank in the platform of the next national democratic convention.

Southern Maryland Railway.

BALTIMORE, April 16.—The directors of the Southern Maryland railway concluded a contract to-day with Charles H. Middleton, of Philadelphia, for completing and equipping the road to Point Lookout, on the Potomac, and Drum bay, on the Chesapeake. The main line of the road runs from the District of Columbia, through Prince George, Charles, and St. Mary's counties, to Point Lookout. From Mechanicsville, in St. Mary's county, a branch road will be built to Drum bay, giving a terminus at deep water in the Chesapeake. The road is to be completed to the latter point within one year and to Point Lookout in two years.

Three Smart Boys.

NEW YORK, April 16.—While three boys were playing ball near the Kings county penitentiary this morning a smooth-faced, well-dressed young man engaged them in conversation. He asked if they would like to enter the prison and see the prisoners at work. The boys were delighted, and when the young man said that they had better leave their watches with him for safe keeping they handed their time pieces over to him. He then told them to wait, and went around the corner, but forgot to return.

For Louise's Arrival.

TORONTO, April 16.—Another posse of eight policemen left to-night for Ottawa. The probable reason for strengthening the Ottawa police staff is the expected arrival of the Princess Louise to-morrow or next day.

Lost at Sea.

ST. JOHN'S, N. B., April 16.—A telegram received here by Mrs. J. E. Simpson states that the American bark Pride of the Sea, of which her husband was first mate, had been lost at sea. The fate of the crew is unknown.

The Tammany Sachems.

NEW YORK, April 16.—The annual election of the Tammany society was held to-night. The usual and well known John Kelly, Augustus Schell, Richard Croker, &c., were elected Sachems.

A Train Dispatcher Killed.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—Elmer Thompson, a train dispatcher on the Pennsylvania railway, was run over by a train at Powelton avenue this evening and killed.

Base Ball Game.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—Philadelphia, 8; Athletic, 1.

TANNING HUMAN SKINS,

And Other Atrocities Developed at the Tewksbury Almshouse Investigation.

BOSTON, April 16.—At the Tewksbury investigation to-day Mrs. Jennie E. Pope testified that as an employe of the almshouse she saw Mrs. Marsh bring out large quantities of clothing from the baggage room; that much had been made from the clothing, and she had seen blankets and other materials sent away to Easter, N. H. She had seen Mr. French take an insane woman by the back of the neck and kick her along the yard until out of sight, the woman meanwhile screaming loudly; that upon a visit of a committee Capt. Marsh apologized for the preparations as having been made in half an hour, when in fact a week had been spent getting ready for the visitors. It was the custom to take all children except small babies from their parents when received, and one Canadian woman was punished for crying after her child. She was put into a cell for three days, and after that in the insane hospital. A woman about to be confined was kept steadily sewing, and died in labor. It was said she would have lived had exercise been granted her. Mrs. Marsh has visited the foundling hospital and the insane building but once during witness's stay. Witness was sure Mrs. Marsh had appropriated the clothing of the inmates.

Frank Barker was recalled and emphatically denied that he had ever taken stockings or any property from the almshouse when employed there, not even from the dead bodies.

Dr. Sanborn testified that while he was a student at the dental college at Tremont street in 1878 a man with a covered wagon had offered him the body of a female from Tewksbury for $14, and the body was accepted.

John F. McGovern, who worked as a tanner at Woburn, said that the skin of a negro was tanned was brought to the tannery by W. Morrison, who wanted it tanned. The latter said he brought it from Harvard, and that it had come originally from Tewksbury. Morrison claimed to be a student.

Pieces of the skin were shown and Mr. Brown asked for a bit of it, which the governor cut off and gave him.

Frank Barker was recalled, and said that Margaret Hennessy, a patient, was put in a cell hardly ventilated. Dr. Lathrop paid her no attention. Capt. Marsh said that if Lathrop didn't attend to his patient to let her die. She was taken out in September and rubbed with oil. She was set up where Lathrop couldn't help seeing her. When he did see her he said: "Hullo! who's this?" She was finally sent away so crippled that she could not walk straight. Another patient was put in a cell, and Marsh said: "Let her stay there until she would eat." She was not insane, the witness thought. Other inmate was noisy, and Dr. Lathrop said he kept "Lathrop's" wife awake and bade them give him medicine which would quiet him, and if it failed to choke him until he stopped. One woman was chained to a post and kept there all day. There were fifteen or twenty women who were crying for clothing. Capt. Marsh said he guessed they had enough clothing. One woman had to be carried up stairs, and Dr. Lathrop helped her along with the toe of his boot harder than it (the witness) would want to be kicked. It was understood that the trustees visited the almshouse to get a good dinner and go home, and in fact one of them had acknowledged that such was the duty.

A BALTIMORE TRAGEDY.

Shoo