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The Electric Light.

If high scientific attachments ought to confer a title to respect and attention, the opinion of Sir William Thompson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow on the subject of the electric light is worthy of the fullest consideration. The science of lightning by electricity has been so developed that the possibility of its general application is no longer a matter of doubt. It is at once the cheapest, safest and most brilliant illuminating agent that has yet been discovered. Sir William Thompson believes that its general introduction as a means of illumination in every position in which a fixed light is required will certainly take place in the near future. The most improved form of burner that has yet been devised is that constructed by Messrs. Siemens, of Woolwich, and used in their factory. It was this description of lamp that was exhibited by the Professor at Glasgow University and afforded the subject of his lecture. Sir William Thompson believes that it will shortly be adopted as the means of lighting streets, public buildings and the interior of all large rooms where much light is required. The Professor's enthusiasm on the subject may by some be thought to be tinctured with extravagance when he suggests the possibility of lighting an American continent with electricity generated by means of engines worked by the stupendous water power of Niagara. We clip from the London *Times* the portion of Sir William Thompson's remarks in which he refers to this subject:—

He was also of the opinion that a great deal of natural energy which was now lost might be advantageously applied in the future to lighting and manufactures. There was a deal of energy in waterfalls. in the future no doubt, such water as the Falls of Niagara would be extensively used—indeed, he believed the Falls of Niagara would in the future be used for the production of light and mechanical power over a large area of North America. The electricity produced by them might be advantageously conducted for hundreds of miles, and the manufactories of whole towns might be set in motion by it. Powerful copper conductors would have to be used,—conductors of a tubular form, with water flowing through them to keep them cool. There would be no limit to the application of the electricity as a motive power. It might do all the work that could be done by steam engines of the most powerful description.

As to the use of electricity by means of the Falls of Niagara, his idea was to drive dynamic engines by water power in the neighborhood of the falls, and then to have conductors to transmit the force to the places where illumination or the development of mechanical power was wanted. There would be no danger of terrible effects being brought about accidentally by the use of such terific power, because the currents employed would be continuous and not alternating.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—He has supreme authority. He has the prestige which comes of uniform success—unless his administration of Cyprus must be accounted a failure, where he had innumerable silk purses to make out of proverbially unsuitable material. For the first time, however, he will find himself in command of a considerable force—near 30,000 men of all arms and races. It would hardly help you to estimate his chances of winning glory if dilated on his social qualities; but I may say that he is personally popular, that he has the difficulty of attaching men to him, that his officers served him zealously and that his only very marked antipathy is to special correspondents in the field. I met him shortly before he went to Cyprus. He is a man of slight frame and middle height, quiet in manner, with something about him that marks in every glance and gesture his life of arms and adventure. The most striking feature of his spare brown face scantily fringed with whisker, in in the epes, which are rather small, but curiously reckless and keen. He is reckoned the most favored soldier in Her Majesty's service. Perahps no other man, not of royal birth, has had such chances, or risen so rapidly. He is so much in request that I heard an Englishman say recently, almost bitterly, that whatever had to be done there was but one man to do it. Another hinted at the same thing when he said that Sir Garnet Wolseley was liked by everybody except the officers over whose heads he had been promoted—a tolerably numerous compnay.

Tom Hood's clever tale of "Miss Kilmansegge and Her Golden Leg," is doubtless pure fiction, but a story, which is almost the exact counterpart of it, comes to us from Brussels by way of Australia and the Melbourne *Argus*, apropos of a lady with a diamond eye, which, having lost her natural eye, she wore instead of a glass one. The truly brilliant orb sparkled so brightly and was so suggestive of riches that a Parisian adventurer married the lady on sight, took her to the gay city with him, and there, having squandered all her property, he one night decamped, carrying off her diamond eye, which she used to keep in a glass of water by the bedside. The deserted wife is now suing the pawnbroker who advanced money on it to her husband for the recovery of the jewel.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"Mrs. A.—'Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing." (Looking wistfully at the keyhole.) "I've a good mind to peek." Mrs. B.—"Oh, I wouldn't; 'tisn't right." Mrs. A.—"I don't care; I'm just dying to know." (Puts eye to the keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.) 'Him! the key is in." Mrs. B.—"Yes; so I found before you came in."

The reason the boy about a printing office is called the devil is because he is to become an imp-oser.—*Whitehall Times.* and very often he makes one imp-ious.—*Meriden Recorder.* Because he is so impervious to all imp-ressions that it is impossible to check his imp-ertinence.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mary Anderson was booked for Utica and Auburn on the same evening last week. Mary and her son should be more careful in the future.—*Oswego Times.*

Unlucky Marriages.

The truth is that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of a woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness.

A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and a man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not as bad as to live the eat-and-dog live, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners and the disregards of those little things upon which the self respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who files into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn and sour tempered, though he never went to his mistress except on his best behavior.

The faith is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life and oblivion of the fact that while men have the world women have only their home. Those grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lean to visible catastophe nor grow into absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentence can ever pay back.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

THE FIRST SETTLERS.—The picturesqen lines of Mrs. Hemans about the dashing waves breaking high on a rock-bound and sterile coast were not applicable to the placid waters of the classic Jeems and the sunny shores of the Carolinas. Our illustrious ancestors, in crossing the Atlantic, were, no doubt, animated by the noble purpose of having a good time. Their medical advisers told them they wanted a change of air, and that they musn't work too much with their brains. Life was heavy in Europe. There wasn't such a Paris then as there is now. The continent contained the fatness of the ages in its soil. Virginia was a vast park filled with red deer. The rivers were flush with fish, the air was full of canvass-backed ducks and honey-bees, the bays were paved with oysters, the soft-shelled crabs tickled the seaweed, and the point clams bored the sands, while the diamond-backed terrapin ambled away over the salt meadows. The fragrant sassafras tree gave its buds and roots to make tea delicious as the beverage of the Celestials—and in the deep woods were autumnal rains of nuts on the tinted leaves—walnuts, hickory nuts, beech nuts and butternuts—and the papaws and persimmons, richer than Spanish figs, grew mellow and yellow in the white frosts, and fattened the succulent opossum—a providential preparation to soften the aspersities of life for the approaching African. Half of the hardships of the pioneers! They had a variety of sea food and forrest game that would have confounded the old Romans. They lived on the cream of the universe, and licked it up to the utmost of their highly-cultivated capacity.

RUINED BY GUM.—The State of Maine is also in a state of violent Ætna at present. It is really feared that it is on the verge of revolution, anarchy, despotism, communism, and ever so many horrible things. Indeed, if President Hayes doesn't want the State of Maine to be hereafter represented in this glorious country by a hole in the ground where it is now, he had better hurry and send the army up there in double quick time. Gov. Garcelon is manfully trying to keep things from going to wreck. Like the scantily clad chromo maiden on the rock in the raging sea, or like the boy who stood on the deck which was consumed by the "firefiend," he is standing at his post of duty, and has sounded the note of danger by issuing a "message, manifesto, ukase, hatti, or some other decree on the subject, in which he declares that the people largely indulge in 'the disgusting habit of chewing gum.'" Yes, the army must be sent. Meanwhile the State of Maine plants herself on the rock of her rights, flings off her bonnet, lays her chewing gum on the table, seizes the rolling-pin and defies them:

Gum one, gum all; this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

"SHE'S OUT."—"Didn't you know you were lying when you said your mistress was out?" asked the judge of a servant girl in a New York court. "Yes, I did," was the reply, "but it is the custom with all ladies; they are always out to some people." It would have been most unfair had the servant been held in any way responsible. It was not her lie at all, and it is doubtful if the lie was anybody's. Lie is not the word for it. Being "out," means often simply engaged. It is a necessary equivocation. Without it we would be at "sixes and sevens" all the while. Refuse to see a visitor and you make her your enemy. Say you are out and she is not offended. She may suspect the ruse, for she practices it herself, but she cannot know it. The uncertainty saves her feelings and keeps your friend.

A new paragraphist after wrestling three hours to build a conundrum to the answer, "One is a date seed and the other is sedate," gave up the task in despair.

Cooper & Bailey's great show travels by rail. Its ten elephants are allowed to carry only one trunk each way.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Birds of Paradise.

The birds of New Guinea present a larger proportion of brilliantly plumaged species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of Paradise greatly contribute. Of this family twenty-four species are known, all confined to the Papuan Islands with a single exception, a Manucodia, which has extended its range to North Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumes of the true Paradise birds. Whether for singularity or beauty of plumage, the birds of Paradise are without rivals in the bird world. Most of them have superb tufts of feathers issuing, not from the wings, but from each side of the body, forming sometimes wavy, silky plumes of considerable thickness, sometimes fans which spread on each side of the breast, sometimes shields or long trains behind the wings, while the central tail-feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated by lustrous spatules, and all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In the sub-family *Epimachinæ*, instead of tufts from the sides of the body, the accessory plumes spring from the head, the back, or the shoulders, while in the species which strays into North Australia these peculiarities are absent. There is scarcely a hue among the colors of nature which is not found in the endless variety of the painting of the Paradise birds; not only the lustrous metallic tints of the humming bird, but yellows, reds, blues and greens, of every degree of intensity. Yet these fantastic freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males; the females are all clad in the most sober browns, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a protection from observation during the incessant labors of the nestling season. Strange notions formerly prevailed among the vulgar as to the birds of Paradise. As until recently no European has been able to observe them in life, all our specimens were supplied by the natives, who always cut off the legs from the skins, on which account they were reputed to be without feet, whence the name of the best-known species, *Apoda*. Peculiar and strange as are these creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their nearest allies in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sombreness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the starlings the Paradise birds are naturally placed.

HOW CHEAP LITERATURE PAYS.—It is said that the late G. W. M. Reynolds had made more money by his sixty or seventy cheaply sensational novels than many of the most distinguished authors in Great Britain. His earnings from his stories have been estimated as high as £60,000, which may be an exaggeration, although that would not be much more than £4000 a novel, and some of his novels are reported to have brought him in $8000, $9000, $10,000, and even $12,000 apiece. Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley or Carpenter has, we venture to assert, never made one-third as much by his life-long devotion to science. Matthew Arnold, considered one of the most cultured and intellectual authors in Great Britain, could not count, it is said £10,000 as the direct product of his pen. Carlyle, ranked by many as the first thinker of his time, and by all as the master mind, has, after a career of continual activity, and the publication of 40 or 50 volumes, acquired in his eighty-fourth year, an income of a little more than £1000. Robert Browning, held by a number of critics to be the first of living poets, would not have been able to support himself had he not had a private fortune. It is questioned if even George Eliot has, notwithstanding her much-talked-of literary rewards, gained as much by her famous novels as Reynolds is credited with. One cause of the extraordinary popularity of his stories among half-educated people is, that he almost invariably represents the nobility and the upper classes as supremely sensual, shamefully depraved, brutally selfish, and panders in every way to the passionate prejudices of the poor and humble against the rich and titled. He worked this vein most energetically, and, whether honest or not, found it very profitable. Hardly any of his literary contemporaries except Tennyson and Dickens can be mentioned, who have dabbled in ink to so much pecuniary purpose as he. The most liberable compensations for literature are often given to those whose productions scarcely deserve the name of literature at all.—*New York Times.*

A PEDESTRIAN BRICK.—"Look here," said one Gannon, a real estate agent of San Francisco, to one Hussey, who was complaining of hard times," "if the New Constitution is adopted, and you don't get a job, I'll hire you at $2 50 a day." "What to do?" "Light work." "Well, what is it?" "You know what a brick is, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, I'll give you $2 50 a day to pack one brick from one side of Clay street to the other nine hours a day, with one hour for lunch, or you can still on the corner and hold it during that time." "How long will you pay the wages?" "As long as you can hold out." "Done." The New Constitution was adopted, and Hussey has held Gannon to his bargain. Day after day crowds of people gather on Clay street to gaze upon a man trudging from one side of the street to the other with a brick in his hand. He says it is monotonous work, but "there is nothing disgraceful about it." He walks in this manner about twenty-five miles a day.

MEN know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they went to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rain, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and resounding in the heaven, and that the oak should be crushed to pieces which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction around them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow-men.

Observe any number of trees growing in the woods or orchards, and notice how few are exactly perpendicular. There is only one tree which always grows exactly plum.

Dramatic Dots.

Rose Eytinge is 43 years old.

The music executed by a creaky boot may be said to be a sol-o.

Minnie Hauk is the only singer who can stand the London climate.

The flower of the Pinafore troupe—Little Buttercup. But in name only.

The daughter of Fechter, the actor, is a pretty brunette with a dramatic education.

The recognized "leading" juvenile of America, Mr. Lester Wallack, is three times a grandfather.

The "Banker's Daughter" is drawing crowded houses at Mr. Abbey's Boston Park Theater.

A near relative of Jean Paul Richter will probably be heard on the New York stage next season.

Correspondents of the *Dramatic News* have been instructed to refrain hereafter from reference to Mrs. James A. Oates.

A Paris paper, speaking of Miss Thursby says: "She is not a mere singing machine—she is the incarnation of song.'

Bob Miles, having refused to travel with Mrs. Alice Oates next season, it is said has signed a contract with Miss Emily Melville.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is announced to make her first appearance in London this season at her Majesty's as Aida in Verdi's opera. Campanini will sing Radames.

Edwin Booth and family went to the pier to see the banker-poet, E. C. Stedman, off for Europe, the famous actor presenting his friend with a meerchaum pipe for use on the voyage.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been giving a reading with Ristori in Rome, for the benefit of the Gould Home. The reading was from "Marie Stuart," Ristori taking the chief part in English.

George Fawcett Rowe has offered the principal female part in the play of "Wolfert's Roost, or Sleepy Hollow," to be produced at Wallack's in August, to Alfa Merrill, a New York lady of some talent and great beauty.

Two well-know variety star performers are now serving a term in the Missouri Penitentiary.—*Item.* When one looks at their stripid suits he thinks what an inglorious combination of Stars and Stripes. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

It is stated that when Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his full-length figure of John Kemble, in the character of Rolla, the head was that of Kemble but the body that of Gentleman John Jackson, an English pugilist, and one of the finest formed men of his day.

Mrs. Judah, an aged California actress, was to have a benefit performance on her retirement from the stage. Shrewdly calculating on the inspiring effect of music, she combined a free concert with the auction sale of seats, and the result was a financial success.—*N. Y. Sun.*

James Ryan's adaptation of George Eliot's novel, "Daniel Deronda," was produced for the first time at the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco, on May 25, James O'Neill appearing in the title role. It was not a success, lacking compactness and continuity, while the characters were sketchy and imperfectly drawn.

Once, when Beethovan was hard up, he wrote a letter to a friend, asking a loan of $5. He didn't get the money, but perhaps it would cheer him up to know that that letter sold for $22 50 last week.—*Free Press.* Things have changed. Nowadays if a musician should succeed in borrowing $5, and give his obligation therefor, it probably wouldn't be worth a cent. —*Richmond Baton.*

The *Dramatic News* says: "In her two seasons here, Mme. Modjeska—at the time she was taken up really a penniless adventuress—made $65,000, after all expenses paid. Not a penny of this would now be hers had she not been placed in the hands of a man, who, knowing the desire of the American public for sensation, placed his star on a purely sensational basis, and humbugged the people to the top of their bent."

A London correspondent does not agree with a well known actress that Henry Irving is the ugliest man on the stage. "There isn't a man in London who walks down the Strand with a carriage more dignified and erect, or with a surer or princelier step than Henry Irving. And then, as to his face—well, of course, the face is long and thin; so is the nose, and possibly the mouth is somewhat wide, and the lips thin; but plain—never. Henry Irving's is the most strikingly and conspiciously intellectual face in London; his eyes are wondrously expressive and beautiful, his smile is marvelously winning and sweet.

London *Mayfair* is responsible for the following: "Miss Neilson, who has hitherto received in England only the ordinary attention which is due to a good actress, is rapidly becoming the lioness of of the season, vice Mrs. Langtry, snuffed out. People will go to the Adelphi to see £15,000 worth of diamonds who would not go there to see Julia. I don't know how Miss Neilson managed to bestow those diamonds about her dress, but Mme. White, the *coutouriere*, flatly declined to trust her young ladies with stones of such value, fearing probably that even the ease and opulence of a milliner apprentice would not place them quite beyond the bounds of temptation." Again: "The black horse, black habit and raven tresses of Miss Neilson, which now appear so attractive to the *jeunesse doree* of the Row, will perhaps succeed in altering the hours for riding. Miss Neilson's professional engagements force her to leave the park about 5 o'clock, and when the light goes out it can hardly be expected that many will remain to grope in darkness.

A Buffalo church bell went through three floors without injuring its ring any. Ring in a pun on that if you can.—*Detroit Free Press.* All right; just say where we shall clapper in.—*Richmond Baton.* Clapper on the lips of the belle.—*Alpena Frolic.*

We read that a Berlin professor frequently drinks two quarts of beer at a sitting, and it occurs to us that a faculty of more than ordinary capacity could be formed for some kind of institution right here in Stillwater.