MISS DAVIS IN SYRACUSE.

Reception of the "Child of the Confederacy" in a Stronghold of the Abolitionists.

A pleasant sojourn was not assured Miss Winnie Davis in Syracuse until within the last two or three days, writes a Syracuse correspondent of *The New York Sun*. Ordinarily the guest of Mrs. Thomas Emery would be guaranteed such a show of courtesy as would leave no doubt of our city's hospitality, for there is no lady in Syracuse society who entertains more elegantly than the daughter of the late Senator Dennis McCarthy. The dinner parties at the Emory mansion in East Fayette street are famous for their excellence, and to be invited there is one of the tests of position in society here. Nevertheless, there was a feeling of resentment abroad when it was first announced that the "Child of the Confederacy" was to make her debut in northern society in Syracuse. No city in the land was heartier in its detestation of the rebellion than this. Some of the old feeling has doubtless survived the years that have passed since the surrender of Richmond. At least the coming of Jefferson Davis' daughter raised the question whether it would be loyal to accord her the welcome any other fair and accomplished girl would receive from a hospitable people. In the social gatherings antedating her arrival the the sentiment was freely expressed that it was not altogether proper for Mrs. Emery, entrenched as she is in society, to ask her friends to receive Miss Davis. Many hoped she would not come to Syracuse.

During the past week the ladies of the city have had an unusual number of afternoon teas, and at all of these gatherings the question of accepting Miss Davis certainly has had several valiant champions among new-made friends in Syracuse, and they have fought her battle for her before she had an opportunity of doing it for herself. A few ladies who have met her have gone bail for her ability to make her own way, once the field is open. It is due to the good sense of the city to say that the prejudice against her has been substantially overcome during the past week, and that in case Miss Davis decides to go out she will not want for invitations. Mrs. Emory is still in mourning for her father, and therefore the privilege of formally introducing Miss Davis will be denied her. Nevertheless, there are enough of Mrs. Emory's friends to make the time Miss Davis is to spend in Syracuse wholly pleasant.

Miss Davis has already been seen driving with Mrs. Emory. Last night she accepted the favor of a box at the theater where Louis James was playing in "Virginius." She attended in company with Dr. Thomas Emory, Lieut. William H. Emory of Roslyn, L. I., and Dennis McCarthy. The box was tendered by the tragedian's manager, G. A. Mortimer, who was an officer in the confederate navy. Miss Davis thus made her first public appearance here. She was the cynosure of every lorgnette in the theater, but the attention she received was not offensive or bold. On next Tuesday Miss Davis will accompany Miss Clara Beach, a local belle, to a dancing party given by Mrs. Ellis in honor of the coming out of her daughter, a beautiful girl of 17. The invitation list has been extended since it was known that Miss Davis was to be a guest. As most of the beaux and belles will grace this occasion the "Child of the Confederacy" will meet almost everybody worth knowing in the city, at least among the younger set.

Miss Davis has been not a little nervous about the reception she was to receive in the north. The invitation which she finally accepted had been pressed upon her for three years by Mrs. Emory, with whose father-in-law, Gen. Emory, Jefferson Davis was on terms of closest intimacy when Mr. Davis was a senator in Washington. But there are other ties of friendship to bind them. The families of Gen. Emory and Jefferson Davis were very closely knit in ante-bellum days. Mrs. Davis was the godmother of several of the Emory children, and their remembrance of her is of a courtly old lady of the most lovable disposition. Thomas Emory, at whose home Miss Davis is now a guest, was in Richmond when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter. Thrilled with the excitement of the moment he was on his way to the recruiting office to offer his services as a common soldier, when accosted by the wife of the confederate president. She was driving by in her carriage and hailed her young friend from the door. When she responded and told her of his intention, she persuaded him to postpone enlisting for a little while, in order that she might see if she could not do better for him. Young Emory had not even consulted his parents. At her solicitation he put off enlisting in the rebel army, and in due time was appointed to a position in the navy, in which he served with distinction.

Miss Davis has been described as a beautiful woman. This has led to much disappointment in Syracuse thus far, for she has been seen only at the disadvantage of a street view, which is anything but satisfying. She is tall, and her gait is airy and graceful, with something of the elasticity made popular by Ellen Terry. Her complexion is almost colorless, and when the face is in repose unusually sad. The features are all strong, save her nose, which is just a trifle pinched. She has, however, a store of loveliness in her eyes, which are of a lustrous black, and brilliant without being coquettish. When Miss Davis speaks her whole soul seems to be struggling for expression, the lighting up of her visage being irresistably sweet. No face could be more attractive than hers when animated. Miss Davis, though an heiress, with a personal fortune besides, has as yet made no show of costume. Indeed, her toilets have not even been plainly elegant.

To take spots of paint off wood, lay a thick coating of lime and soda mixed together over it, letting it stay twenty-four hours, then wash off with warm water, and the spot will have disappeared.

Character and Quantity.

C. S. Gosse, of this city, a well-known and highly-successful advertising agent, in a work of "Information for Advertisers," referring to the circulation of newspapers, says:

"The number of copies a paper prints, although an important point, is not the only one by which to judge of its worth as an advertising medium. The character, influence and standing of the paper in a community are all equally important benefactors in determining its value as a medium by which to communicate with the people of the section in which it circulates. Experience teaches that careful editorial guidance and superlative care given to statements in the news column much more valuable than a paper reckless in its assertions, and lavish in its endorsements of anything and everything under the sun.

The "influence" of a newspaper, commercially considered, is as the influence of an individual. A man careless of his statements is not considered good authority or a reliable source of information; so a newspaper with its editorial opinions at the beck and call of any one with a bank account of sufficient dimensions soon loses its weight with readers, who quickly discover its unreliability and are careless even of statements printed in the advertising columns—the advertising is then about equally valuable as so many hand-bills. The same rule applies to papers depending upon sales effected through making a specialty of low sensations; such papers are bought to gratify curiosity, are culled for their particular attraction, then thrown away, and a reliable newspaper is consulted for the news of the day, and the opinions of the latter are respected. This respect is to a certain extent extended to the advertising column, and a substile but influential indorsement is by the journal's character given to statements even though known to be paid for and in an advertising department. For instance a complimentary notice in a newspaper of known ability and careful of its assertions, as all advertisers well know, is worth more than the flippant statements of one whose praise is unlimited and whose unqualified editorial indorsement of anybody or anything is obtainable for a consideration.

One word from the columns of the former will weigh a ton in the scales of public judgement, where a similar statement from a less reliable paper is mentally alluded to as nothing but a paid "puff."

Mr. Gosse cites several instances in support of this, and among others says:

In this city, for example, the Boston *Journal*, with a circulation of about 50,000 probably reaches many who take no other paper, and many more yet who have read that paper since they can remember and who considered its teachings only a trifle less than infallible, hence its value as an advertising medium is thereby enhanced.

Advertisers sometimes forget these points when making contracts, and the success which this agency has met with both for itself and its patrons is no doubt largely attributed to the proper consideration of a newspaper's claims as regards not only circulation but the character of its circulation and its standing with the people.—*Boston Journal.*

The Water Hen.

During the last day or two before the great event comes off the birds are rarely visible, and for a day or two afterward the cock only appears for the matutinal crust, which he carries along with him, soaking it in the water as he crosses, so that it may be soft and pulpy for the tender young bills of the little chicks who have not yet quitted their cradle. These seven or eight hairy little balls are eager, however, to try the water, and one by one they scramble out of the nest, to which they never return. There are few prettier sights in this bad world than these tiny creatures gathered round their mother, when, having plucked a mouthful of the water-weed which they love, she holds it aloft over the eager little heads. How daintily they peck the sweet morsel from her bill. When quite young the water hen has a thoroughly aristocratic air, a Lady Clara Vere de Vere tone of high breeding and delicate upbringing; most young creatures have, indeed; the glories of the descent from aboriginal royalties not being as yet obscured by plebian surroundings and vulgar cares. The old bird herself quivers with excitement; she jerks her head, she flirts her tail; it is a St. Vitus dance, in which the movements, though characteristically abrupt and nervous, is not ungraceful. During this time the cock is constantly on the watch, for an hungry lot of vermin are about—hawks, hooded crows, weasels, magpies—and the little mites are juicy mouthfuls. One day we saw him engage a great gray-brown rat; he went at him in a fury of passion and routed him ignominiously. A bird in a panic of parental anxiety becomes a formidable antagonist; the flapping pinions, the strong beak and claws do wonderful execution. But unhappily his unwearied vigilance is rewarded with only moderate success. Night by night the covey grows smaller; we hear through the open window in the summer darkness an occasional chirp of fright from the other side of the brun—a weak, ineffectual appeal; and then, as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence." Next morning another member of the little breakfast party is absent, and in the end not more than two or three attain maturity. —*Good Words.*

Where He Obtained It.

"I believe in compulsory education," exclaimed a politician on the stump.

"Yes you do," yelled a man in the audience.

"Well I do," replied the excited speaker.

"That's what I said," interrupted the fellow in the audience, "and I know why, too."

"If you know it better than I do you had better take the stump," said the speaker.

"Not necessary, sir; you acquired it in States Prison."—*Car Pretzel's Weekly.*

The Crank of Cranks.

From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

"Of all cranks," said Patent Solicitor Rees "the patent crank is the worst, he is incurable. A quiet, staid man, probably a hard-working farmer, will go soberly along until some day he will discover some pressing necessity. Then he goes to work and evolves something wild, visionary and impracticable; he works on the model in fear and trembling lest it should be seen, regards his neighbors with suspicion, grows nervous and never sleeps until it is finished. Then off he rushes to a patent office to secure the benefit of his unparalleled invention. After he once secures a patent, he is incurable, gets out patents on every possible subject, and finally ruins himself without ever getting a cent for his trouble. More curious people come for patents than can be imagined. One day an old farmer came into the office with a large basket on his arm. He said, 'Where is the patent man?'

"I intimated that I was the individual. He looked at me suspiciously for a moment and said: 'Young man, you look powerfully youthful for a patent lawyer. Do you understand the business?' I informed him of my many years experience. He then got up, closed the door, let down the curtain over the window, and said: 'I have the most wonderful invention of the nineteenth century. It will bring down upon my head the blessings of all the people in the United States.'

"Then he opened the basket, took out a large roll of calico, a pair of shoes for his wife, a suit for his boy, and there at the bottom of the basket lay a miniature churn. 'There it is, young man!' I said there seemed to be no difference between it and any ordinary churn and washer. 'Now, young man, you know what difficulty it is to secure a good washer for clothes. I have tried them all—there must by sixteen or seventeen different machines, ain't there? Well, the cheapest of them is about $14, and now by a simple invention of mine, a person is enabled to secure a churn, and for the slight sum of twenty-five cents more, he can have a washer also. I will sell the seat $10.25.' 'Let us see,' I said. 'There are about 30,000,000 families in the United States, every family will want one of your patents, and probably want a new one every three years, so during the run of the patent 30,000,000 of them will be sold. They will probably cost you twenty-five cents, and so you will gain in ten years a clear profit of $300,000,000. Why, you will be the richest man in the world.'

"The old man began to grow exited, his hands trembled and his eyes grew larger. 'Let us see this wonderful invention,' I said. He took it out and showed an ordinary churn, with little knobs on the bottom of the dasher, so that in cleaning clothes these little knobs would rub against each other and clean out the dirt. 'Yes,' I said, that is the grandest invention in the world. You had better take it to some lawyer who has more experience than I, because I probably could not do it justice.' 'That's what I think myself,' said the old farmer, and he bundled it up and went out.

Then again I had a man come in who had put a sliding panel in the head of a bed so that it was impossible for the heads of the two sleepers to touch. He said it would be of great service to nurses, as they could lie with a sick man and not catch the disease from his breath. Also when a man comes home drunk he could pull out the panel and his wife would not smell the liquor.

"In sending in an application for a patent it is customary to describe the evils proposed to be remedied and how the invention will obviate them. 'Now, young man,' he said, 'I want a darn fine send-off for this patent. Make it nice, I will not stand on money, only make something fine.' I tried once and he did not like it; again, and still it did not please him.

"Then I got mad and began in this wise, 'When it may happen that some pestilential disease, some contagious affection to which the human race is heir, may come like an unexpected thing, striking down in the prime of life the noblest of our human kind in sickness; and also since the days of the Grecian gods all mankind has indulged in the flowing bowl'—

"And on I went, gushing for pages. This pleased him very much, and he sent it on to Washington. In a few days a letter came saying that the preamble was too long and life too short to be able to peruse it; and more than that, it would keep all the printers in Washington setting up patent notices if many inventors sent such descriptions.

"I had a man who had discovered perpetual motion and didn't know it. There is considerable difficulty in running a stamping-mill in some parts of the country from lack of fuel or water power. This man came to me and said he had figured that it took six-man power to run one stamp. 'Now,' said he, 'I have arranged a rock shaft and on the end a large pendulum, with which, by having two men stand and keep it vibrating, I can generate sufficient force to run five stamps.'

"'Let us see,' I said. 'You can generate power enough to run five stamps. Well, then, with only four stamps you would have six-man's power left. Now, you could fix some shafts and utilize two-man's power to run the pendulum, and then have four-man's power left.'

"'Why, that is perpetual motion!' he said.

"'Exactly so,' I replied.

"'Young man, you are a [illegible]' he returned and stalked out of [illegible] office."

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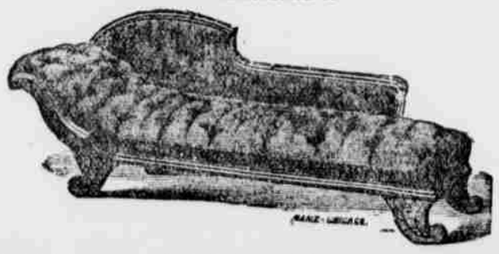

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