A TELEPHONE TO THE SUN.

Frank Carpenter Visits the Wizard of Menlo Park in His Den.

WE WILL WHISPER AROUND THE WORLD.

Edison Reveals the Wonders of His Laboratory and Predicts Marvelous Discoveries for the Future —Many Yet to Come.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—"Our patent system puts a premium on rascality. I have taken out 700 patents for my inventions, but I have never had one minute's protection."

The speaker was the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison. The place was his experimental laboratory near Orange, New Jersey. The time was about 11 o'clock one morning a few days ago. Mr. Edison had had no sleep for thirty-six hours and during the seventy-two hours before this he had closed his eyes for less than six. Still he looked as fresh as a daisy when the morning sun strikes the dew on its petals and the sparkle of his eyes and the laugh which shook his frame from time to time were those of a boy. He was in the midst of one of these inventive periods when he takes but little rest and works away night and day to accomplish his ends. He had left his chemicals to talk to me and he came in his shirt sleeves with his vest of Scotch tweed open at the front and with his shirt bosom of white linen decorated with spots of all the colors of the rainbow. These spots were having a kind a polk-a-dot dance up and down his great chest. They went in and out between his gold studs, and some were stains of yellow and others of wax and melted brimstone. An odor like that of the hell broth of Macbeth's witches came from the chemicals in the room and all of the surroundings showed the simplicity of its owner. During these inventive periods Edison sleeps in his laboratory and his meals are sent from his magnificent home at Lelewellyn park. Upon a plain table covered with brown paper lay the remains of his breakfast. These were the bones of two mutton chops, the crumbs of a muffin and a glass fruit can in the bottom of which was a little coffee of the same brown color as that in the gloss beside it out of which Mr. Edison had evidently drunken instead of a cup. In one corner of the room was a washstand with a couple of well used towels over it and the remainder of the space was taken up with bottles, machines and other articles of an experimental kind. The room in which Mr. Edison sleeps when at the laboratory, is quite as simple, and his bed is a folding arrangement which you could buy anywhere for $25. Still this laboratory all told must cover several acres. Its original cost must have been more than half a million dollars, and it takes more than $100,000 a year to run it. It is the most complete laboratory, in the world, and no inventor in history has ever had anything like unto it. In its storeroom, which by the way is bigger than any country church in the United States, Mr. Edison has pieces of every known material substance from, as he says, a spool of cotton to the eyeballs of a United States senator. He has everything from moss of Iceland to the hippopotamus tooth, and he has pieces of every variety of vegetable, animal and mineral substances, so that he does not have to go out of his laboratory for anything. There are more than 25,000 different articles in the storeroom, and some of them cost as high as $1,000 an ounce.

Edison's Photograph Gallery.

The workshops of the laboratory cover, I judge, more than four acres of floor space, and the great brick building with its big windows looks more like a factory than a place for the making of experiments. Everything in it is of the most complete kind in the world, from its mechanical rooms to its musical department, and you will find no finer photograph gallery anywhere in the country. The head of this, Prof. W. L. K. Dickson, has an international reputation as a photographer, and he brings out every week some new wonder in his experiments. He has a wonderful skill in the use of the camera upon objects under the microscope, and one of Edison's great suits was gained lately solely through the photographs made of a slice of Japanese bamboo from which was shown the fibre out of which Edison makes the carbon for his incandescent lamps. This slice, consisting of a section smaller around than the smallest slate pencil, was magnified to the size of the bottom of a dinner pail, and a section of this photograph was put under the microscope and again magnified so that the picture showed the little fibers of the bamboo which, after experimenting with a thousand different articles from all parts of the world, Edison decided was the best for his light. One of the last experiments in this photographic department was a photograph of the head of a house-fly. This photograph lies before me. The head as magnified is as big as that of a Newfoundland dog and it has hair standing out from its center in all directions as though about fifty camel's hair brushes with hair two inches long had been driven into a place the size of a trade dollar, his eyes stand out from the head and in the photograph each eye of this fly, which in the original was not larger than the head of a pin, is bigger than the palm of my hand and it is made up of thousands upon thousands of little bits of eyes fastened together like a honeycomb, and Mr. Dickson, Edison's photographer, tells me that if you will lay your watch, face upward, down near the eye of a fly under the microscope you can read the time in each one of these 10,000 eyes.

Testing Electric Lights.

Only an electrician can appreciate the wonders of the electrical appliances of this laboratory. In one large room the machines are so delicate that solid walls thirty feet deep have been built under the slate slabs supporting them. They rest on solid masonry and are so arranged that nothing near them can affect their motion either by sympathy or by vibration. In one room I found hundreds of these little globes with wires of light inside of them all blazing away though it was the middle of the afternoon. "These lamps," said Mr. McGuire, "are all made differently and we are testing them. Every one of them has its biography. It is closely watched from hour to hour and the brilliancy and the time it will burn without breaking or wearing out is carefully noted. Through this in time we hope to get the perfect lamp and the perfect carbon which will burn forever." In another room lamps were being exhausted and filled. In another the glass was being blown and in a third I found a chemical laboratory devoted to the assaying and reduction of metals and here Mr. Edison is working away on the reduction of iron and silver and gold. In our conversation he told me of the vast iron fields of New Jersey out of which the companies with which he is connected are now making fortunes and as soon as he completes his experiments in iron he is going to devote himself to the more precious metals of silver and gold. Other rooms are devoted to heavy machinery and there is hardly any kind of a machine from a steam engine to a pin that could not be made in this laboratory. It is Edison's pet. The inventor is worth millions but he prefers this to steam yachts, coaching excursions, polo and the amusements of other millionaires and his greatest delight is in his work. During our talk I asked him how he felt when he discovered a new principle or something important in invention, and he told me that it made him happy all over and that he grasped at it like the botanist does at a new flower or the bugologist at a bug which he discovers and knows is new to science.

Inventors and Pirates.

Returning to my interview and the patent system Mr. Edison went on:

"The people suppose I have made money out of my inventions. The truth is I have never made one cent out of my inventions. All I have made has been out of manufacturing. My inventions have not been protected by the patent office. The companies with which I am connected have spent millions in trying to defend them. I have spent about $600,000 myself and I believe I would be $600,000 better off if I had never taken out a patent. What I have made has been because I have understood the inventions better and have been able to manipulate the manufacturing of them better than the pirates. I could not have made anything had I not had large capital back of me and the ordinary inventor has no protection whatever. His certificate of patent is merely a certificate to the poor house and hundreds of inventors are ruined. They spend all they have in getting out their inventions and they die poor. Let me tell you how it works. The inventor has a good thing. He takes out his patent, thinks he is safe and organizes a plant to manufacture it. He has to have special machinery and he makes special experiments and like as not it costs him $200,000 before he is ready to begin to manufacture. The pirate sees he has a good thing. He decides to compete with him, organizes a company with no responsibility whatever, bribes his men and starts in opposition. He can in most cases put up for $50,000 what has cost the inventor $200,000 and he feels that in a few years he can make enough to retire, having gotten the cream of the invention. He begins to manufacture. The inventor prosecutes him but the court takes three years before it will hear his case. If it decides against him he carries it to the supreme court which is three years behind hand and it is from six to twelve years before he could get a final decision. By this time the pirate has made a fortune and the original inventor is in most cases bankrupt. If the case is decided in his favor the pirate is found to be irresponsible and there is no chance for the inventor. What the courts should do is to prevent the pirate from manufacturing until he can prove that he has a right to manufacture. The original inventor, the man who has the papers, the man who has spent his money should be given the benefit of the doubt. When this is done our inventors will have some protection. Then invention will increase in the United States. The country will jump a generation in a decade and everything will hum."

Great Inventions of the Future.

"Do you think, Mr. Edison," said I, "that the inventions of the next fifty years will be equal to those of the last fifty."

"I see no reason why they should not," replied Mr. Edison. "It seems to me though that we are at the beginning of inventions. We are discovering new principles, new powers and new materials every day and no one can predict the possibilities of the future. Take electricity. When we get electricity direct from coal, a lump as big as this tumbler will light and heat a whole house for hours and a basket full would run a factory a whole day. In the generation of steam we only get 14 per cent of the energy of the coal. In electricity we get 96 per cent. When we get our electrical power direct from coal a few hundred pounds will carry you across the Atlantic and a few baskets full will take a railroad train from New York to San Francisco. I believe this to be one of the great problems of the future and I have no doubt but that it will be solved. I have been working on it for years but I haven't got it yet. When it does come it will revolutionize everything. It will cheapen everything and it will be the greatest invention of modern times. As it is now we have to burn the coal to get the steam and the steam gives us the power which runs the dynamo and produces the electricity.

"Will we ever have flying machines?"

"Yes, I think so," was the reply, "but it will not be on any of the plans now proposed. I have a different idea in regard to such matters, but I am not ready to experiment with them yet."

"How about the making of fuel from water?"

"I don't believe it will ever pay," replied Mr. Edison. "Water is the ashes of nature. There is nothing more like ashes. It took an enormous degree of heat to make the hydrogen and the oxygen combine to make water and it takes a great degree of heat to revivify them. I don't believe it will ever be commercially profitable."

His Telephone to the Sun.

The conversation here turned to the telephone and I asked Mr. Edison as to his telephone to the sun. This telephone experiment is the biggest thing of the kind in nature. There is in the New Jersey mountains a vast mass of iron a mile long and of about the same width which runs straight down into the earth for a number of miles. "The telephone," said Mr. Edison, "is you know made by running a wire around the top of a magnetic bar and this machine when charged with electricity enables us to register the sounds which come in contact with it." We are using this immense natural bar of iron of the New Jersey mountains as the basis of our telephone. We have wound miles of wire about its top and have formed an inductive circuit in which we will have the most powerful of electric currents. We expect through it to hear the noises made on the sun and the explosions which are supposed to be constantly going on there will, I believe, within a few weeks be heard right here. We have been working at the matter for some time and have it just about ready for testing."

A Whisper Around the World.

"We have by no means reached the perfection of the telephone," Mr. Edison went on. "Improvements are being made all the time and the day will come when everyone will have his telephone. Long distance telephoning is growing and the only restriction of the possibilities of the telephone is in the sympathetic contact of the electrical wire with the rest of nature. If a single wire could be placed so high above the earth that it would not touch the mountain tops, you could whisper around the world and you could sing a song in London and have it heard in Pekin. Wherever we get the wire comparatively free from contact with the earth distance seems to make no difference and on a government line 1,000 miles long over a treeless country in Arizona we get a better telephonic connection than we do now between New York and Philadelphia. If we could have a telephone from the earth to the sun—I mean a wire—we could send sounds there with perfect ease, and with the phonograph, were our language universal, we could make a speech here and have it recorded and reproduced in any of the great planetary bodies."

The Kinetograph.

I here asked Mr. Edison as to the phonograph and he told me that a large number of them were in use, and that he believed they would be eventually used everywhere. He took me out into his laboratory and showed me his last invention in connection with the phonograph which he calls by the name of the kinetograph and which is almost as wonderful as the phonograph itself. With the phonograph you can take a song of Patti's from the lips of the diva and can reproduce it before an audience in all its intensity and beauty a year later and a thousand miles away. By the kinetograph with the aid of a stereopticon you can throw upon a screen a picture of Patti just as she looked and acted at the time she was singing the song, and one of the great exhibitions of the future will be the reproduction of great speeches and songs in this way. You can reproduce a pantomime with the kinetograph and you can make Chauncey Depew deliver the same after-dinner speech a thousand times with the same gestures and the same smile if you can once get him before it. It is made by instantaneous photography of the man who is to be reproduced. The machine takes him in action and it so works that it takes 2,760 photographs every minute that he is speaking, or forty-six pictures of him every second. These photographs are taken on a long strip of gelatine film and in reproducing them they are made to revolve as fast before the eye as when they were taken. The result is that the eye does not see the forty-six photographs but it sees only the one with the motions or gestures of the man. I saw one of these machines in motion representing one of Mr. Edison's employes taking a smoke and you can see the man raise the cigar to his lips, turn his head and blow out the smoke just as naturally as though he were in life. Another set of photographs represented a boxing-match and it was as natural as though the men were actually fighting before your eyes and it sometimes took a dozen photographs to make a single motion.

Mr. Edison expects to show this machine in its perfection at the Columbian exposition. The machine I saw was a nickel-in-the-slot machine and it will probably be on the market in a short time. The strip on which the photographs are taken is about as wide as a tape measure, but the figures are magnified through a glass to look at them.

The Future of the Phonograph.

I asked Mr. Edison as to the profits of the phonograph. He replied that the invention had not been managed as well as it should be, and he spoke of Mr. Lippincott of Philadelphia, the man who sometime ago had the contract to manage the phonograph and graphophone. Said he during the talk on this subject:

"Lippincott is suffering from a clot of blood on his brain. The doctors say this clot is about the weight of a gram, but however big it is it has lost Mr. Lippincott a million dollars. A million dollars a gram. Sixty million dollars an ounce. That's the most expensive material I have ever heard of. I don't know whether he will ever recover or not but the phonograph will eventually pay and pay well."

Electricity and the Newspapers.

Mr. Edison takes pride in having been a newspaper man. He likes to talk of the days when as a boy he edited and printed the Grand Trunk Herald. He tells me he was a newsboy on the train when he did it and he believes it is the only newspaper that has ever been published on a newspaper train. He ran it for more than a year and by virtue of it he says he is now a member of the New York Press club. He talked with me as to the newspaper reports which he sent out while a telegrapher and told me that the worst copy he ever handled was that of George M. Bloss of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He said:

"I was a telegraph operator at Cincinnati at the time he was editor of the Enquirer and his copy sometimes came into the office. I remember one piece which none of us could translate and we sent it back to the Enquirer office and had them copy it for us. It was worse writing than that of Horace Greeley and I remember that we tacked a piece of it upon the wall of the telegraph office and left a standing offer below it of $10 to the first man who could decipher ten lines of it and the money was never claimed."

"Such a thing will never happen," said I, "when newspaper reporters turn in their copy on the phonograph."

"No," replied Mr. Edison, "it will not. The phonograph and the telephone are now considerably used in newspaper work and we may have newspaper phonographs in the future, and newspaper pictures may be sent from one part of the country to the other by electricity."

"Will it ever be possible, Mr. Edison," said I, "to take the page of a newspaper as set up in New York and telegraph such a photograph of it to the other great cities of the country as could be placed at once on an etching plate, and one setting up in this way do for the whole country?"

Mr. Edison thought for a moment and then said, "Yes, that could be done, though I don't know whether it would be profitable, and the day may also come when a man sitting at a typesetting machine in New York may by tapping the keys of a typewriter set up the press dispatches by means of similar machines in every newspaper office in the United States. There is no doubt but this could be done now, and when we have perfect typesetting machines our press telegraphers can do the setting up of their own dispatches."

The Iron Fields of New Jersey.

Mr. Edison's new processes of iron reduction have brought a vast deal of new ore into the market. Himself and his partners have secured miles of iron territory in the mountains near his home, and Mr. Edison says there are $60,000,000 worth of iron ore in sight. The first order taken by the company was for a 100,000 tons of ore at $5 per ton, and he tells me that they can produce some of the finest iron to be gotten in the United States right here within an hour of New York. They not only can produce it but are producing it, and they have enough ore before them to last them for many years. He showed me an instrument for determining where iron is. It was shaped like a compass and a needle upon it points to figures showing the character of the magnetic ore below it. This is known by the dip of the needle, and Mr. Edison's surveyors now make maps of mining countries and tell just about where the veins of iron ore are located. I saw such a map of a county in Michigan and it located with certainty the various deposits. There is no doubt but there is a big fortune in these New Jersey iron mines. They have been worked for years, but heretofore the rock had to contain 60 per cent of iron or it was no good. By Edison's process if it contains 25 per cent it pays well.

Edison's New Electric Road.

Before I left I looked at Mr. Edison's street railroad, upon which he is working. The car and track are in the yard surrounding the laboratory, and the invention I understand is ready for use. It is intended for large cities which will not permit the use of the overhead wire. It will be much cheaper than the cable but will be more expensive than the trolley system, and it may be used on a regular railroad as well as on a street car. Its locomotive will have 1,000 horsepower and it will take up the electricity from a rail which runs along through the center of the track and between the two rails on which the cars move. It will not be expensive to put down and Mr. Edison says the streets will not have to be torn up as they are for the cable. He believes it will be the street railway for cities of the near future and says he is making the invention for Mr. Villard.

The Stomach a Chemical Laboratory.

As we talked in this way running rapidly from one subject to another my wonder as to Mr. Edison's wonderful vitality increased. As I said above though he had had only six hours sleep in seventy-two he showed no signs of weariness and his health seemed to be perfect. What man of fifty-two who reads this paper could act and feel fresh after thirty-six hours out of bed? Edison is 52 and he looks as though he would live to be 100. Said he in response to my question:

"I feel that I am in my prime and I suppose I am a better man than I have ever been. I have the knowledge and experience of the past to go upon and I don't know why I should not do good work in the future."

"How about your stomach," said I.

"Thomas Carlyle you know says he did not know he had a stomach until he was 22. How about you? Do you know that you have a stomach?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Edison with a laugh, "I am like Carlyle in that I have discovered the fact. I find that I have indigestion sometimes, but I can easily cure myself. I do this by change of diet. The stomach is a chemical laboratory and digestion is merely a chemical operation. If I find that my stomach is not working rightly I know that the right chemical action is not going on inside of it and I change my food. If I have been eating meat I drop flesh foods altogether and confine myself to vegetables, and in a short time I find myself all right. If I've been eating more vegetables than meat I drop the vegetables and the meat brings me back to my normal state."

"How do you get along with so little sleep?" I asked.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Edison, "that man needs as much sleep as is generally supposed. I think we sleep too much and eat too much. Six hours or six and a half are plenty for me and I seldom take more. If I sleep eight hours I find that after breakfast I want to go to sleep again, whereas five hours puts me in splendid condition and I am ready for anything. I inherit a very good constitution. My grandfather lived to more than 100 years of age and my father is 93. Neither of them were long sleepers and I think sleep after all is more a matter of habit than anything else, and that in the far future if we should have an artificial light which would make the world like day year in and year out, we would never sleep at all."

This remark concluded my interview and after a walk with Mr. Edison through his laboratory I drove to the station past Llewellyn park, where Mr. Edison has one of the most beautiful residences in New Jersey. Here simple and unpretentious he lives comfortably with his family, devoting the most of his time to his life work of invention. His greatest happiness, he tells me, comes from his work and among the millionaires of today his life stands out as a lesson for the young men of the future.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Mary's Annual.

A tall, angular-looking woman walked up to Conductor Joe Collins of the Southern Kansas road at the union depot yesterday, says the Kansas City Evening Times, and attempted to board the train.

"Let me see your ticket, ma'am," said the conductor in his characteristically polite manner.

"I won't do it; I know where I'm going," replied the woman rather tartly.

"Oh, but you must. You cannot get on the train unless you do it; it's the rule," said Collins. "You must let me see your ticket."

"I don't travel on a ticket. I have a pass," exclaimed she loftily, and again she attempted to pass.

"I must see your pass, then."

"Well, you haven't sense enough to tell whether it's a pass or a ticket, I guess."

But she showed him the pass. It was all right—an annual pass. It was issued to Mrs. Mary Lease, denouncer of monopolies, female orator, the oracle of the Farmers' Alliance.

GRAND ARMY—DEPARTMENT.

General Palmer Rebukes the Use of Rebel Flags in Processions.

TABLE OF ENLISTMENTS AND DESERTIONS.

A Remarkable Rifle Duel—A Northerner's Estimate of the Life and Character of Stonewall Jackson.

General Palmer, commander-in chief of the Grand Army, was asked whether he had issued an order against Grand Army of the Republic men parading in processions where confederate flags were carried. He said:

"After careful consideration and meditation I have decided not to issue any order to that effect as yet, but I will do so immediately after the coming election. If I issue the order now, parties would claim that it was a campaign issue and the order was issued for that purpose. There are democratic members of the Grand Army of the Republic who are just as much incensed over the matter as republican members, and I think it is a shame that any member of the Grand Army of the Republic should parade under that rebel flag which we gave four of the best years of our life to wipe out of existence, and which we did. What we desire to imprint upon the minds of the rising generation is that the only flag is the Stars and Stripes, and that no other flag should be recognized whatever."

Enlistments and Desertions.

The New York Sun publishes the following table, giving the percentages of enlistments of foreigners in the Federal armies during the rebellion, and a table giving the percentages of deserters:

ENLISTMENTS, 1861-1865.

		Per cent
Native Americans	1,523,000	75.48
Germans	177,810	8.76
Irish	144,200	7.14
British Americans	54,500	2.60
English	45,500	2.26
Other foreigners	74,800	3.76
Total	2,018,830	

DESERTIONS.

	Per cent
Irish	72
Germans	16
Americans	5
All others	7

A Rifle Duel.

When the opposing armies of the American civil war lay near each other, says Pearson's (London) Weekly, it was common for the pickets to exchange friendly conversation, an informal truce being meanwhile observed. After a while the confederate would call out, "I'm going to shoot, Yank! Hunt your hole!" and the federal would answer, "Look out, Johnnie, or your hide won't hold water a minute!" and then whiz! whiz! would fly the bullets.

One Johnnie fired, day after day, with great rapidity and precision, from behind a tree that stood a little way back from a stream which divided the opposing forces, and which was so bent as to afford good rest and cover. The Yankee soldiers whom he had saluted with his leaden cards grew chary about exposing any part of their persons within range of his rifle. If an old hat was raised into view his bullet was expected to go through it or uncomfortably close to it.

One bright evening the rifle music resounded all along the stream, and scarcely a trace of Yank or Johnnie could be seen from either shore.

Colonel Brown chanced to be passing along the line, and the men called his attention to this confederate marksman, so frightfully accurate and so hard to find with their bullets. They had been fired at, and had fired in return, till the affair had become monotonous.

The colonel listened to their statements, then taking a soldier's rifle he stepped promptly on the bank and stood motionless as a statue in full view. It seemed an act of madness, but the gallant Johnnie understood it as it was intended, and accepted it as a personal challenge. He, too, stepped promptly from behind his cover.

Both men quickly raised their rifles and fired, the ball of Johnnie going alarmingly close to Colonel Brown, who cooly handed down his gun to be loaded, while his adversary, with all speed, loaded his. Evidently he was an expert in loading as in firing, for he again obtained the first fire, after taking the most deliberate aim at the living statue. The bullet had just passed when the Colonel took aim, Johnnie keeping his position, busily loading his piece. Neither shot produced any effect.

It was steel to steel, brave men looking straight and calm into the face of death. Intense interest in the drama stopped the firing along the whole line, while awe silenced every lip.

Johnnie, for the third time, gained the first fire, when Colonel Brown leveled, aimed and fired at his adversary, who was again loading. The bullet hissed across the river, and, without any sign whatever, the gallant soldier stepped back under his cover, and the strangely dramatic duel was ended.

If it be true that a man has a higher regard for another after fighting with him, Colonel Brown, no doubt, felt a touch of sorrow on learning that Johnnie's rifle was never more heard; and the station at the bent tree was thereafter vacant.

Stonewall Jackson.

Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., writing of Stonewall Jackson in Harper's Magazine for November, says:

The midsummer of this year witnessed a scene in the mountains of Virginia that recalled the events of a past generation. The 21st of July was the thirtieth anniversary of Bull Run, where north and south met in the first real battle of the war, for the engagements in West Virginia, near the Ohio, hardly rose to the dignity of battles. But Bull Run was a conflict of armies, in which both sides took their first lessons in war, and out of which came at least one great soldier, who stood so firmly while the battle raged around him that others who were broken and dismayed took courage as they saw his unshaken column standing "like a stone wall," from which he received the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. This was the hero to whom a monument was now to be unveiled in Lexington, where he is buried. Of those who stood beside him on that bloody day, thirty years ago, almost all had followed him to the grave; but the survivors, the shattered wrecks of war, came from far and near to do honor to him who once led them to battle, and wept with overpowering emotion at the grave of their beloved commander.

The demonstration furnishes an occasion for a northerner to give his opinion of this extraordinary man. The years that have passed have removed us so far from the great tragedy of the war, and from the passions it aroused, that we can do justice even to those who were in arms against us; and no one can read the history of Stonewall Jackson without recognizing in him all the qualities that go to make a popular hero. As a soldier, some competent critics rank him as the first that the war produced on either side. Not that he was at the head of the largest army, or undertook the most extensive military operations, but that with the means that he had he accomplished more than any other commander. He had made a study of the campaigns of Napoleon, and saw that success lay not merely in having "the strongest battalions," but in secrecy of design and rapidity of execution. In the latter he outdid even Napoleon himself, training his men to such a pitch of endurance that he could "rush" them twenty-five miles a day over a broken country, across rivers and over mountains, and fight a battle as the sun was going down. Nothing in the war gave more decisive proof of military genius than the campaign in the Shenandoah valley in the spring of 1862—the only one which he conducted absolutely alone, with no interference from those above him—where he was pitted not against one army, but four (under Banks, Fremont, Shields and Milroy), advancing upon him from different quarters, and outmaneuvered them all, attacking and defeating each in turn, till he drove them, one after another, out of the valley, when he gave them all the slip, and crossing the Blue Ridge in one of his rapid marches, suddenly appeared on the flank of McClellan's army before Richmond. That decided the Peninsular campaign, when he turned north, and by a bold movement threw himself between Pope and Washington, and the second Bull Run proved far more bloody than the first. All this is matter of history which it is not necessary to recall, nor to follow the tireless soldier to Harper's Ferry, to Antietam, to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fell at the very moment that the great flank movement, which he had conceived and conducted, had struck the union army with a shock from which it reeled and could not recover, but sought safety on the other side of the Rappahannock, which it had crossed only a few days before in all the confidence of victory. This is a record of continued success of which it is hard to find another example in our own history, or, indeed, in any other.

THEN AND NOW.

Chamber's Journal.

In fables of the Golden Age
  No more delight our poets seek,
For, now the North has waxed so sage,
  The Goth is wiser than the Greek.

Before the might of Learning's powers,
  The myths and wisdom of the Past
Have perished like the Autumn flowers
  Before the icy northern blast.

The scalpel and the microscope
  Demand the laurel of the lyre;
Alas! what later bard can hope
  To wake for these the ancient fire!

Sweeter it is to shut our eyes
  To all that we have lived among,
And seek in dreams the sunny skies
  And hills that saw the birth of song;

The time that held the poet's name
  As holy, and the native vale
Heard sweeter notes than ever came
From any thorn-strung nightingale;

When every youth whose soul was moved
  To poetry from early years,
Was by the muse well beloved,
  And held in honor of his peers;

And every maid with mind above
  The level of the vulgar throng,
Was priestess of the queen of love,
  Or sybil of the lord of song.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bldg.

Detroit Free Press: "I can't understand why you haven't as amiable a temper as James," said the proprietor to an office boy, referring to another.

"James never had to answer the telephone," replied the abused young man.

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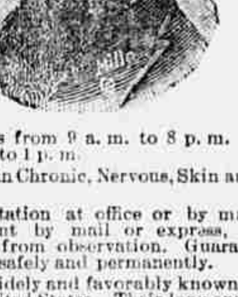

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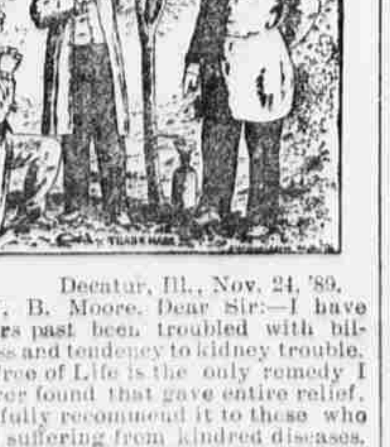

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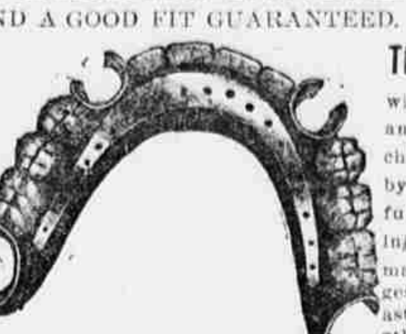

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