

of its success. Ocular proof must be afforded, which would place its perfection beyond dispute. Indeed, I am authorized to offer you the very best place in the Fair, the most prominent and conspicuous position, if you can make good your title to what you claim, by flying through the air from Schraalenburgh to our Fair in Logan Square, in Philadelphia. Do this and your name will be immortal. Unless proof like this be offered, we must decline to receive at the Fair a Flying Machine that cannot fly.

Hoping to hear of your success, if not to see it,

I remain, yours, &c.,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS,
Secretary.

FAIRINGS.

At length the solemn days of preparation are ended, and the veiled glories of Logan Square open to the searching gaze of the eager public. Not yet, however, has the vulgar eye of the "common herd" rested upon the marvelous wonders of the place, for only those privileged ones, who held in hand the "open sesame" of a two dollar ticket, could partake of the original beauty and freshness of the great exhibition on the first day. So the hungry, gaping crowd gathered around the outer gates and peered wistfully through the iron bars to catch a glimpse of the splendor within, while a large detail of that essentially American element, "small boy," did voluntary picket duty wherever a neighboring fence offered a transitory perch. Tuesday afternoon the incessant human tide rushed from all avenues of the city in the direction of this last great wonder.

Once fairly inside the charmed gates, and a spell of enchantment seemed to pervade the place. Up and down the long corridors poured the never-ending stream of active life. The low murmur of voices rose on the air, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Dazzling draperies in national colors lined the walls, beautiful fabrics and articles of varied manufacture loaded the tables on every side, and the ladies reigned supreme over all. The ladies! dear, delightful creatures, how they did possess and pervade every nook and corner of the place. Rosy faces, wreathed in smiles, beamed invitingly behind the counters, dainty fingers toyed with ribbons and laces, and bright, bewitching eyes gleamed saucily out from every sheltering pillar, bush or flower. Very charming they were, (though very unconscious they appeared, (in their neat white waists with gaily colored scarfs. The "presiding angels" of one department wore tiny muslin caps with trimmings of lovely blue, little fluttering, fairy-like creations, half girlish, half womanly, sending palpitations to the masculine heart, which obstinately refused to

be comforted. About the fair group gathered the fascinated occupants of broadcloth, in a crowd so dense as to be almost impenetrable.

But I should not in these days do justice to the ladies should I neglect especial mention of the "coiffures." In fact, the manner in which the feminine head is developing into hair, recently, is positively alarming. "Alps on Alps arise" in the present *mountainous* style of arrangements for this "crowning glory" of womanhood. Rippling waves, forced into unnatural channels by cruel crimping pins, are tressed up high above the brow, and at the back depends a stupendous "cataract," or at the least, a moderate "waterfall." Of course that original developments of natural scenery were not wanting at the Fair. Coiffures I saw which seemed the embodiment of the dying agonies of a race of defunct hairdressers, but the most remarkable development of this art was achieved by a young lady of light complexion in an entirely successful representation of that state of "untrammelled nature" usually acquired by wearing tresses which have been undisturbed by comb or brush for three consecutive weeks.

But to return to the Fair. In the department of Arms and Trophies, the warning placard, "hands off," was everywhere conspicuous, and so, of course, many a man, as he passed along, tried his knuckles gently on the great cannon, essayed to lift the heavy iron balls, laid his fore-finger cautiously on gilt sword-handles, and raised the little sand-bag which completed the northeast corner of the miniature fort, until the white muslin of the latter was turned to blackness by contact with polluting fingers. In vain I tried to force an entrance into the coveted Floral department. The stout youth who guarded the portal, eminently fitted for his post, with Spartan firmness denied the potency of my season ticket until the opening exercises should be concluded. So I pocketed my chagrin and my card, and beat an inglorious retreat to the Union avenue. High up in the regions of air, (very bad air,) a manly figure, with outstretched arms, was just discernible, and the occasional accents of a "still small voice" reached our ears, borne above the ceaseless hum of conversation. There was a burst of martial music—an ominous silence—a startling crash—a concluding cheer—and the "Great Central Fair" was open.

NUTMEG.

THE COST OF SANITARY SUPPLIES TWO YEARS AGO AND NOW.

Of every \$100,000 worth of supplies sent by the Sanitary Commission to the army two years ago, \$90,000 worth came directly from the people, without any money cost to the Commission.

At the present time, of every \$100,000 worth of supplies sent by the Sanitary Commission

to the army, at least \$80,000 worth must be bought with ready money. This condition of things arises from the fact that the homes themselves, by constant giving from material on hand, have become exhausted, and the people, who have contributed so largely to the "Sanitary Fairs," feel much less called upon than heretofore to go outside of their homes and purchase material.

Hence, assuming that during the coming six months the Commission find occasion for distributing an amount of goods equal to that distributed last year, in the corresponding term of time, the money derived from all the Fairs, will do no more than carry the Commission through the coming summer.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR:—I ask your advice on a literary subject. I am writing a poem in praise of the greatest General the war has produced, and as I have no weak partiality for any man, and only desire to please the public, I am obliged to make such changes that it really worries me exceedingly. My poem originally began in September, 1861, thus:

Oh! George B. McClellan,
That great little man,
Is marching on Richmond
As fast as he can!

After a while I changed it to:

Oh! George B. McClellan,
That great little man,
He holds back from Richmond
As hard as he can.

I had before long to make another variation:

Oh! General Burnside,
Thou very big man,
Our Lincoln will keep thee
As long as he can!

Before I could get to my second stanza, I found the first would not do, and I wrote:

Oh! fighting Joe Hooker,
That fine dashing man,
He'll drive all before him,
For that is his plan.

In a few weeks it was all over with him, and now I am stuck between two great men, who have really, beyond doubt, distinguished themselves.

Which shall I celebrate? Shall I say:

Oh! Gettysburgh Meade,
That modest, brave man,
He came, saw and conquered,
The Rebels all ran.

Or

Oh! great U. S. Grant,
That wonderful man,
He'll crush the rebellion,
I say that he can.

Now you see, I have through the whole war, stuck at the first stanza. You must allow it to be a striking and extraordinary one. Pray help me to settle on my hero, that I may come to a conclusion by the time peace is proclaimed.

CALLIOPE SMITH.

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