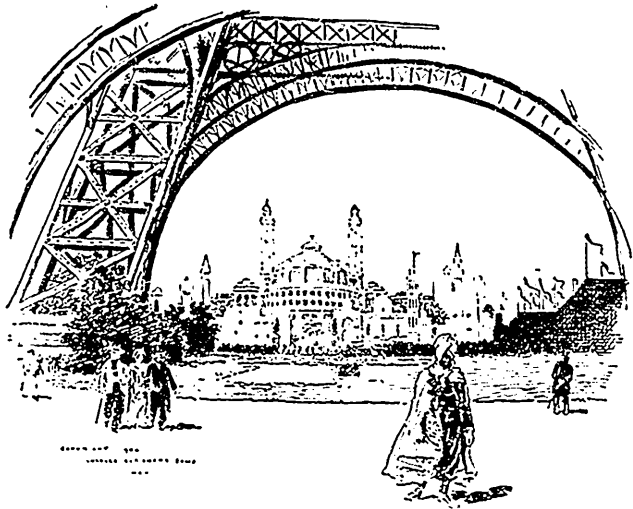


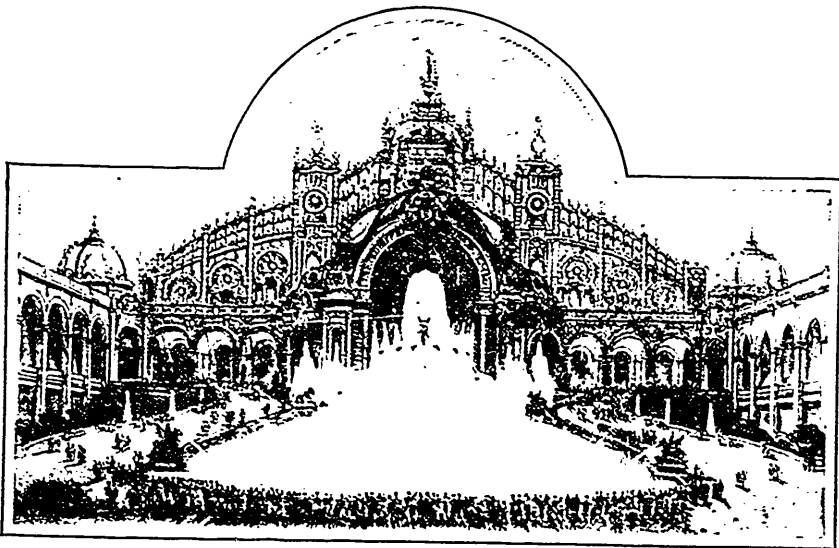
mer evenings, the fountain pulsating with light and throbbing with motion like a living thing, while the sweet music of a military band filled the air, and the broad beams of the search-light from the summit of the Eiffel Tower swept like a fiery comet across the sky.

Fine as is the view from the summit of the Eiffel Tower, the bird's-eye view from the car of the great balloon "Geant," which I enjoyed on a former visit, was finer still. The French manage this sort of thing admirably. A large space was enclosed by a high fence, above which the monster form of the balloon could be seen, tugging like a new Prometheus at his chains. Indeed, the huge swaying mass, over a hundred feet high, was a conspicuous object far and near. The balloon was tethered to the earth by a strong cable, as thick as a man's arm, which was coiled on a huge drum, turned by two engines of three hundred horse-power. Its diameter was thirty-six yards, and its contents of gas



UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER.

25,000 cubic yards. It ascended about 2,000 feet, and took up fifty persons at a time. The cable was carried from the drum underground, to the centre of a large sunk space, or pit in the ground, into which the car descended. The strangest sensation about the ascent was, to use a Hibernian privilege, the utter absence of all sensation. The car seemed to be perfectly motionless. In being hauled down the balloon tugged like a huge giant at his chains, and swayed about in the wind.



ELECTRICAL PALACE AND FOUNTAIN.