

AN ETCHING.

A Pathetic Scene Sketched at the Columbian Exposition.

By ANNETTA JOSEFA HALLIDAY.

It was night in the White City, after a day of color, riot and ponderous heat, and the fierce sunshine had given place to the electric splendor which etherealizes each architectural motif in the village of palaces, and dresses the fairy-like structures in pearl until they glisten, while the waters of the canalways, bearing in their laughing a suggestion of the careless revellers of Venice, glided along dimpling, like a maiden at her first dance.

In the long reaches of mellow shimmer, the snowy outlines of buildings realized the purest and most requiring of classical ideals; the grass, the masonry, the drooping flags, the picturesque curves of thoroughfares, the bizarre panorama of oriental, European and American life, all united in the magic brilliancy to form the embodiment of some dream legend vaguely whispered, but never intruded to canvas or song.

Just inside of one of the four great portals which form the main entrance to the Art palace, a man paused and looked thirstily at the figures of a woman whose apparel bespoke perfect taste and wealth, and a beautiful, gypsy-eyed little girl, vested in pure white, who had been obliged to wait an instant while the great throng pushed forward.

The man was most disreputable-looking. His attire showed mud-spots in some places, the coat-collar, lapels and cuffs were badly frayed, and the color of the suit might once have been black, but the electric light revealed only a rusty brown. His shoes had been innocent of blacking for many months, and what served him for a hat had been stepped upon so many times that it had forgotten its original shape and hung stupidly to the matted locks it encircled, in whatever caprice of the moment it had been donned. Drink and dissipation had bleared eyes that had once been handsome, the growth of a week's beard grizzled the outlines of chin and cheeks, and a variegated appearance of the skin gave token that the man was a hard drinker.

"Marian!" he cried in a low tone, and the woman, who was tying the child's white hat more firmly under her chin, turned quickly.

"You!" she exclaimed, while a pallor caused by pity and horror stole slowly over her countenance.

"Marian!" he began, eagerly, "I had fifty cents and I followed you in. I have been near you all the evening, just to hear you again the tone of your voice, and—ahnd—her!"

His voice broke huskily, and the woman turned away her head.

"Mamma!" interrupted the child wonderingly, "who is that man, and why does he cry, and you too, mamma?"

He drew nearer to the little girl and would have touched her, but she shrank from him in affright and clung closely to her mother.

"Speak to him for a moment, my darling," said the woman with tremulous lips and wet eyes.

"Who are you?" asks the child, holding her mother's skirt tightly with one hand.

"The wreck of a man," he answered shortly and bitterly, while the bloodshot eyes, that bore a strange resemblance to the innocent ones into which he was looking, grew hard and defiant.

"You don't look like a good man," said the child reflectively, after a second of silence; "are you a good man?"

"Oh, Ethel!" remonstrated the mother, while the man laughed again miserably as he answered: "No, I am a bad man, a regular thorough-going bad man. I am not a man for such little ladies as you to look at."

Her sympathy and compassion were touched, and she left her mother's side and approached him slightly.

"Maybe," she began, doubtfully, "maybe you'd be gooder if you had a little girl like me. Haven't you got any little girl to take care of you?"

The inflamed face quivered agonizingly, as the sallow-looking man faltered:

"She doesn't know, Marian?" and as the woman exclaimed "Certainly not!" he answered the child's question:

"No, I haven't any little girl, and there isn't one who would care for me."

"Yes, there is," persisted the child seriously, "she would, if she was your very own little girl. Didn't you never have one?"

"Yes," he said hoarsely, "I had one; she was like you—years ago, centuries ago, wasn't it, Marian?—and because of her I would like to kiss you once."

The daintily-dressed child hesitated a second, then she looked inquiringly at her mother.

"You may kiss him, Ethel," said the woman.

"My mamma never lets me kiss strangers," exclaimed the little child, holding up quite fearlessly her plump cheek, like the healthy blood tinged like clear, pale carmine, "but you may kiss me because you used to have a little girl like me, and because you didn't had her any more."

The child's voice sounded in his ears like long-forgotten music; all the wasted scenes of a squandered life crowded in remorse, fear and shame upon the man's memory, as his lips lingered hungrily on the soft flesh.

"There comes papa!" cried the little girl, suddenly, as she drew away and ran forward a few steps to greet a middle-aged, fine-looking man, who pinched her dimpled chin with tender playfulness.

The shabby, dissipated individual shrank back with a groan towards the crowd that surged backward and forward up the broad flights of steps, where he could see without being observed.

"Marian, my dear," exclaimed the man whose arm she took, "you look very pale; I came as soon as I could, but this crowd is too much for you. I will try and find you a resting place inside."

They moved away, and the child held her stepfather's hand, walking slightly in advance of him, and looking up into his face as she described the "tramp who kissed her," while the man listened with indulgence, gazing alternately at his wife's white face and telling the little chat-box she must not make mamma tired.

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IMMENSE WAVE FORCE.

Some of the Wonderful Feats Attributed to the Angry Billows.

To appreciate wave force and what may be termed the throwing power of a wave let it be understood that in the winter of 1860, at Bishop's Rock lighthouse, the bell was torn from its fastenings, although situated 100 feet above the high-water mark. At Unst, in the Shetland Islands, a door was burst in at a height of 195 feet above the level of the sea. The most wonderful effects of wave force recorded were witnessed at Wick Harbor breakwater. Blocks weighing from five to ten tons were built in above the line of high water, first with hydraulic lime, then with Roman and last with Portland cement. This great work was considered by most learned engineers in England to be capable of withstanding the assaults of the ocean forages, but in October, 1864, over 300 feet of this giant barrier was swept away. In 1872 a monolithic block, weighing 1,350 tons, was lifted bodily and carried to leeward of the breakwater, and in 1873 another and heavier concrete mass, weighing 2,600 tons, which had replaced the former, was swept away intact and carried to a point equally distant. The marine dynamometer, for measuring the force of waves against an obstacle, was invented by Thomas Stevenson, and one of the results obtained was at Skerryvore lighthouse in the Atlantic, where a force of 6,083 pounds per square foot was measured. At Dunbar a force of three and a half tons per square foot was recently registered.

Do Swans Sing Before They Die?

The story that tells of swans singing before death is very old, and of course is founded upon fancy. The idea has been brought down from the ancient myths. The voice of the swan is extremely harsh and disagreeable, without a single musical note in it, and no good reason can be found for likening some of the world's sweetest poets to this unmelodious-voiced fowl. If not intended as a bit of sarcasm, calling Pindar the "Heliconian Swan" or Thebes, "Virgil the "Swan of Mantua," and Shakespeare the "Swan of Avon," seems ridiculous. The only approach to a verification we have ever seen is the following clipped some years ago from a Virginia newspaper:

A sporting friend, recently returned from a foray upon the Potomac river, below Mount Vernon, was the guest of a venerable and highly intelligent lady, who has always lived on the Potomac. Speaking of the swan she gave it as her decided opinion that this bird was in the habit of singing or making a plaintive noise when dying. The reason she gave for entertaining this belief was that on many occasions in the last fifty years she had been awakened at night by a sweet and exceedingly sad noise, something like the tones of a flageolet, coming over the water, and that on every subsequent morning a dead swan was found to have been washed ashore.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Strong Constitution.

Hyker—Do you think Thiny's constitution strong enough to permit his undertaking this work?

Dr. Bolus—Of course it is! I ought to know; I've doctor'd him for twenty years.—World's Fair Puck.

Which Won the Prize?

To tell an ingenious falsehood may sometimes redound to the credit of the narrator—until he is found out; but there seems to be no sense in willful lying, when the listeners are not in the least deceived, unless it may be for pure sport. Three French art students were one day talking in a cafe about their respective achievements. "My dear fellow!" said one, "I painted the other day a little piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water." "Pooh!" said another, "Yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the case that holds my 'View of the Polar Regions.' It fell at once to twenty below zero." "That's nothing!" said the last. "My portrait of the marquis is so lifelike that it has to be shaved twice a week."

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A HEROIC ITALIAN GIRL.

Her Hard Struggle to Earn Money for a Noble Purpose.

In the summer of 1890 a bright Italian girl came to New York and secured employment as a servant, having in view the saving of money enough to pay the passage of her parents from Italy to this more favored land. A brief experience showed her that, at the low wages she was able to obtain, it would be a long time before she could hope to see her parents here, and she decided to adopt the garb of a man, in order that she might obtain a man's wages. She did so, and readily found employment on a railroad which was being built in Pennsylvania. Despite the blistering of her hands, and the hardships of the labor, she toiled faithfully for months, living by herself in a small hut not far from Hazleton, and as much as possible avoiding association with her fellow laborers, by whom the supposed effeminate young man was not held in high regard. She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the parents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old country was given employment on the railroad, and placed in the same gang with the strong-hearted young woman. He immediately recognized her, and the fact of her disguise was reported to the foreman; but the latter, on hearing her pathetic story, did not order her discharge. He simply consented that she should go on with the work she had been pursuing, and at last reports she was morosely yielding the pick and shovel, happy in the assurance that her parents would soon be with her.—Good Housekeeping.

How Cigarettes Are Made.

The details of the manufacture of cigarettes are kept to a greater or less degree a secret by the manufacturers, each of whom has his own peculiar combination of tobaccos. None of the brands on the market are composed of one kind only. The recipe is not divulged outside of the firm. But this is not all. The original mixture is merely a basis for artificial flavoring. To begin with, various essential oils are added.

The list of these includes rose, geranium, vanilla bean, Tonka bean and licorice root. These ingredients are added after the tobacco has been chopped into shreds in readiness to be rolled into cigarettes. Finally the particular drug chosen, in the shape of a liquid solution, is sprayed on the material with an atomizer, while the tobacco is stirred and mixed. The quantity employed is very carefully judged, so many drops being carefully weighed for each cigarette. For obvious reasons I cannot mention all the drugs that are used in the manufacture of cigarettes, but there is no doubt that opium, valerian and cannabis indica are utilized to the largest extent. Each manufacturer may be said to create a special drug habit among those who use his brand, so that they are not satisfied with any other.—Troy Times.

A Relic of Old London.

One of the most interesting relics of Old London is St. John's gate, Clerkenwell, which, because it does not happen to lie in one of the main arteries of the big city, is not so well known, even to Londoners, as it should be. It is the only remaining portion of the important priory of St. John, which dates from the fourteenth century. The old gateway has a literary interest attached to it, for in the room above the archway Dr. Johnson worked for Cavo the printer for a small weekly stipend; and the Occasional Magazine, which to this day bears a picture of the archway on its cover, was first printed here. The archway had latterly become much defaced and weather worn, but it has recently been restored as a memorial to the duke of Clarence, who was first superior of the Order of St. John. The order as now revived embraces the St. John Ambulance association, and is busy in other good works.

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SWEET REMINDERS.

Tender Associations Connected with Chromos and Bottles.

"I see you have a great many pictures," I remarked to the mistress of the farmhouse where I had stopped to await the passing of a heavy thunder-shower which had overtaken me while out driving. "Yes; we set great store by them chromos," replied my hostess. "They give a very attractive appearance to your parlor," I said with polite mendacity.

"Yes; I think they do," she answered, with a little gleam of pride. "We think they're pretty; but we value them chiefly on account of the associations."

"The associations?" "Yes; they're all we've got to remember our son, Rube, by."

"Ah! did he select the pictures?" "N-N-No; not exactly. He had to take 'em as they came. You see he was sick with consumption, and for about two years afore he died he used to take 'McDuff's Sure Cure for Lung Complaints' for it. And we'd save the wrappers off the bottles, and when we got a dozen of 'em we'd take 'em down to the store and exchange 'em for one of them chromos."

"So that's why we all set so much store by them pictures."

"It was mighty hard to lose Rube! He was a good son and one of the best workers on a farm there ever was in this town. But, land's sake! everybody has their troubles, and we've got chromos enough for every room in the house; that's one consolation."

"And them's all we have to remember Rube by; that's excepting the bottles," said the good lady, correcting herself. "And them I uses to put up tomato ketchup in!"—Harry Remaine, in Puck.

The Voice of Experience.

"One would think that it would not be unsafe to attend such a thing as a church fair."

"I cannot see how it can be unsafe."

"Well, I've noticed that when you go to one you've got to take a good many chances."—N. Y. Press.

Stationery a la Mode.

According to an authority the favorite decoration of the moment in stationery is the address engraved across the top of the sheet in plain "block" letters and a small monogram or crest on the envelope. Provided the crest or monogram is very small its use is permissible on the letter paper in conjunction with the address, the two in opposite corners.

Gorgeously colored note paper in flaming red and vivid blue, stamped with a white monogram or address, has found its way to this country, and it is occasionally used by one or another of the particular set; but, in the words of the authority already quoted, "it requires a good deal of nerve to do it."

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