GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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PART II.

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE SALON OUT OF WHICH one stepped on to the white marble balcony ..s a very pretty one. It had not been par-..ularly pretty when the lady in black and ..r friend first took possession of it. Then it ..d worn the usual ungarnished air of nearly ..l hotel rooms. Now it was quite bright and ..y. The curiosity shops had been levied upon ..r antique brocades, for rich, tenderly faded old vestments whose colors of a hundred or two years ago melted into wondrous shades, and which were draped on the walls and thrown over pieces of furniture. There were many cushions covered with squares of such brocade; there were draperies over the doors; ..re were Spanish fans and odd trifles ..re and there; there were studies of peasants ..l the Citta Vecchia and branches of orange ..s and olives and eucalyptus blossom; ..re were bits of Louis Quatorze silver and ..ina and painted and gilded fans on the man-..el; there were bowls and vases of jonquils and mimosa and narcissi and violets everywhere; ..here were many violets; the air was full of their breath, and wheresoever one's eye turned ..t rested on the pictured face of a boy who ..atched one with shadowy, velvet dark eyes. ..re were several pictures of him, and each ..had before it a cluster of violets.

"He had always been used to seeing me wear violets," his mother said. "When he was a little fellow he used to bring me all he could find in the garden. And the first time he was London he saw some crystallized bunches in a confectioner's in Regent street, and he spent all his pennies to buy me some, and brought them to me for a present with such innocent pride. When he was ill and people sent him ..owers he used to say to his nurse: 'Give all the violets to mammie. All the violets are for ..r.' When he went to sleep that last day I ..vered him with them. In the medallion with ..s miniature, which I always wear, there is ..ne shut inside with him. They mean so much ..me now."

When they were walking or driving together ..and the girl with the gray eyes used to sit ..this little salon among the flowers and soft ..olors and talk of their problems and dreams ..nd imaginings. They had a great many. Theirs was a very dear friendship. They loved and understood each other very tenderly ..d completely. They had the same emotions, ..same fancies. There was never any danger ..one could be too imaginative or subtle for ..other. They had the same tastes and ..mpathies, and the shades in which they ..aried only gave interest to their thoughts and ..ords.

The evening after they had met Giovanni was mild and warm and the windows on the ..lcony were open. The lady in black lay upon ..e sofa with many cushions.

In the midst of their quiet talk the strings of ..guitar were touched in the garden below. It ..s rather a good guitar and the opening bars ..a song were being played.

"Some one is going to sing," said the lady in ..ack, "but it is not Giovanni. He is always ..ith the harpist."

And then they heard the singer begin his song.

"It's far from being Giovanni's voice," ex-..aimed Gertrude. "Poor thing, how bad it is!"

Her friend raised her head to listen.

"And it is a boy's voice, too," she said, "but sounds all strained and cracked. Ah, how ..tiful! He ought not to sing at all."

"It is strained," said Gertrude. "Poor boy. ..t has been a good voice once—perhaps as good as Giovanni's. But he has been singing too much and has forced it until it is broken. What a cruel pity!"

It was a piteous enough thing to hear—the ..or voice rising from among the palms and ..oses below. It was so roughened, so strained ..nd broken.

"It makes me sad," said the mother. "It sounds so mournful rising out of the dark. Giovanni comes and sings in the morning when all the world is full of sunshine, and he seems like a happy young bird. This poor boy stands alone there in the darkness as if he knew his helplessness and did not care to be seen. I wonder if Giovanni knows him; if he knows Giovanni, and if it is not a bitter thing for him. Let us go and look at him."

They went out to the balcony and looked down, but they could not really see the singer. They could only imagine they saw a shadow, which might, after all, be part of the shade behind some orange trees. But the poor, hoarse voice struggled through the song to the end.

"No one opens the window to throw him money," said the lady in black. "They don't want to hear him. I do not want to hear him—it is too sad—but I shall throw him money. He needs it more than Giovanni. Everybody gives him something—every one wants him. No one wants the poor other one."

They put some silver in an envelope and threw it down. The shadow seemed to move forward slowly, as if with a dragging step.

"Do you know," said the lady in black, "I have a fancy that he really does not care to be seen. Let us go back to the salon." And they slipped quietly away.

This was the opening of the story of "The Other." It was a sad story and he was never more than a shadow. They always called him "The Other" and they never saw him. But they spoke of him even more than they spoke of Giovanni, whom they saw three times a week.

Somehow the poor cracked voice singing in the darkness had touched them very much. It was so evident that it had been a beautiful voice once and that only bad management, and, perhaps, bad health, had been its ruin.

"Do you know who the poor boy is who sang last night?" they asked the concierge.

"No, madam," was the answer—though the concierge usually knew everything. "He does not come often and it is always dark. It is very bad—his singing. The people do not like it. They say it disturbs them, it is so bad."

"It is too late to save his voice now," the two friends said to each other afterward, "but if we could do something kind for him it would be a comfort."

Only it was plain that he did not wish to be seen. He came only rarely and always at night, and always stood in the shadow of the trees. So they could only throw him money and go back to their salon and talk to each other about him pityingly.

Somehow they never could hear Giovanni or speak of him without speaking also of "The Other."

"No one but ourselves throws him money," said the lady in black, sadly, once. "Perhaps he is poor and comes just for what he gets from us. It makes it all the sadder. Think of going about from place to place singing in that dreary, piteous voice, and knowing that no one wishes to listen, and that if money is given it is only from pity or to rid one's self of the annoyance of hearing. To me it seems a sort of tragedy. It is tragic if he is a boy who feels and thinks. I cannot help hoping that he does not know Giovanni and so cannot feel the contrast. Giovanni is so rosy and strong and plump—I feel as if 'The Other' must be thin and haggard and pale."

"He is a story to you, too," said Gertrude.

"Yes, and I cannot make anything but a sad one."

Because it was a sad one her mind dwelt on it. She found herself wondering each day if at night the broken voice would sing in the dark. They did not hear it more than half a dozen times and it was heard on no stated day.

"Perhaps it is wrong even to throw the money to him," she said. "It may be that it encourages him to sing, and perhaps if he did not sing at all and give his poor voice a rest it might recover itself. Do you think it might, Gertrude?"

"I am afraid not," Gertrude answered. "I'm afraid it is too far gone."

The next day they sent the concierge to ask Giovanni to come to their salon to talk to them.

He came in the afternoon, evidently feeling a little awkward, but looking rosy and pleased. He had had too much simple success and good luck to be really shy.

It was certainly true that he was not the restless, yearning, ambitious musical genius of romance. He was a simple, well-favored, good-humored little peasant, fond of music in a primitive, unimpassioned way and appreciative of the good fortune which had given him a good voice. They found out that he had sometimes been to school; that he had once had three "mentions;" that he was rather tired of street singing; that he had been taught something of music by a certain "Maestro Mecheri," whose business it was to train choruses at the tiny theater. All that he knew of his singing he had learned from Maestro Mecheri.

"Does he tell you that you have a very good voice?" asked the lady in black.

"Yes, signora, he says it is a good voice."

"And he tells you, I daresay, that you must take care of it and not strain it at all."

"Yes, signora, he warns me of that."

"You see," the lady went on, leaning a little forward and smiling, "you are growing. In a short time it will change into a young man's voice. And if you force it and go on singing while it is changing you may spoil it forever. But if you are careful it may become such a voice as—as everybody shall care to hear. Has Maestro Mecheri told you that?"

It was plain that Maestro Mecheri was not an imaginative person himself and that he confined himself to the present and his immediate surroundings principally. The limitations of his experience were perhaps good enough under the circumstances.

"He says that I must not sing in the streets much longer," said Giovanni. "And I must live well and not ramble about at night."

"He is quite right," said the lady in black. "Have you ever thought that you would like to choose music for a profession—to care for your voice and train it and be a musician, a singer?" She spoke with a sense of some inward uncertainty. He was so good-temperedly prosaic about it all.

He smiled and gave a little shrug of his shoulders. "I should like it," he said. "Sometimes they make fortunes, they say—those who have good voices and sing on the stage."

"Yes," said the lady in black. "A beautiful voice is a great gift and brings great fortune sometimes. When you stop singing in the street it would be a good thing for you to go to school again if you could. It would prepare you to learn other things better—to train your voice and study music more easily—if the time came when you wanted to do it. Maestro Mecheri would tell you that, too."

"It is possible," said Giovanni. "He tells me oftenest I must not strain my voice and that I must not vagabond about at night. There is a boy we know of who had a fine voice—it was very fine——"

The lady in black and the girl with the gray eyes leaned a little more toward him and looked interested, and rather eager.

"He used to sing as I do," continued Giovanni. "Maestro Mecheri says his voice was even better than mine. People gave him a great deal of money when he sang. But he was not like me. He was not so strong, Maestro Mecheri said, and he was not steady in his temper. He was always talking about music and having fancies of what he might do when he grew up. He had been talked to by some signore who came from America, and it had put ideas into his head. Me," with a bright, simple smile, "I have no ideas. The other—he had many—but they made him restless."

"The other!" exclaimed the lady in black, in English. And she and the girl with the gray eyes looked at each other again.

"They spoiled him," Giovanni went on. "He used to sing too much. Maestro Mecheri said he was too impatient and he ought to have let his voice rest. He was older than I. He got a cold and began to cough, and he could not wait until it was better. He was hoarse and he was afraid he had lost his voice, and he would keep trying it to see if it had come back. But it sounded cracked and harsh. And he lost patience and began to vagabond about at night. Often he did not go to bed until 2 or 3 in the morning. Now his voice is quite gone and Maestro Mecheri says it will not return."

"What is his name?" asked Gertrude.

Giovanni gave his shade of a shrug again.

"I do not remember," he said. "I do not know him. Maestro Mecheri told me as a warning."

"There is a boy who comes and sings before the hotel at night sometimes," said the lady in black. "We have noticed that his voice has been spoiled. Perhaps that is he."

"Yes, that is possible," said Giovanni. "The forestieri used to like to hear him and he went to all the hotels. They say there was a rich signora at one hotel who was a singer herself, and had made her fortune, and she asked him into her salon one night and made him sing for her; and he pleased her so much that she told him he would have a wonderful life, and she gave him 25 francs for himself. They say," with an innocently amused air, "that she also kissed him."

"And now his voice is quite gone?" exclaimed the lady in black.

"Maestro Mecheri says it is lost forever. He should not have had ideas—and strained it and become such a vagabond."

He said it quite simply and without any air of ill nature or severity. He seemed to be merely stating facts.

"Where does he live? I wish you knew his name," the lady in black said.

"I think he lives somewhere in the Citta Vecchia, but I do not know where. He is ill, they say, and seldom goes out now. He caught more cold. That was a bad thing for him."

He went away soon afterward. They had learned where his mother lived and that Maestro Mecheri might be found and talked to. They had not made any promises or suggested to him the possibility of their having plans. He went off with a present of money in his pocket and smiles on his good-looking face. A few minutes before he went, as he was being shown a book of Tuscan songs, he stood near a table which held one of the pictures of the boy with the shadowy dark eyes.

"Is this the signorino who sings Italian and is in America?" he asked.

The lady in black took up another picture and passed it to him.

"No," she said gently, "this is the one who is in America."

This boy wore a lace-ruffled fancy dress and had a brilliantly happy face and laughing eyes. He leaned carelessly against a carven cabinet and looked out at the beholders as if mere boyish life itself was a delightful thing. Giovanni regarded him with interest. It was evident to him that this signorino had been born to good fortune. He was smiling himself as he laid it down.

"And this other," he said, looking at the first picture. "Does he also sing—and is he in America?"

The boy in the picture—his noble young face turned slightly over his shoulder—seemed to meet the young peasant's eyes with a soft, questioning glance. For the moment it was as if they two had looked at each other almost as they might have done if they had stood face to face.

"This one," said Giovanni after a moment's silence, "is he the brother of the other signorine—and where is he?"

The girl with the gray eyes laid her hand softly on his shoulder and spoke in a low voice, even softer than her touch.

"This one," she said, "he died three months ago."

CHAPTER IV.

Brigitta climbed slowly up the steep, narrow streets of the Citta Vecchia—the streets which were so narrow as to be mere passages between the old, old houses, protected against the ruin of possible earthquakes by the many archways thrown across from wall to wall. It was these old houses and narrow, passage-like, steep streets and unexpected archways which gave Citta Vecchia—which means simply the old city—its picturesqueness and made the forestieri climb up to see it so often and make sketches of corners of it. It seemed a marvelous old place to the forestieri, and during the winter season, when the hotels and villas were filled with them, the peasants in the "old city" became quite used to seeing groups of two or three well-dressed people rambling about, stopping to look up the dark, narrow stone stairways or tiny, iron-barred windows, or delighting themselves with a tumble-down wall or a crumbling arch, with green weeds sprouting out of its stones, high in the vir. The forestieri had these queer ways. They who were rich and lived in the grand hotels and white villas and wore wonderful garments would stop and watch a serious mule or donkey, laden with faggots or sacks of olives, stumbling honestly up the hillside streets, its burden almost touching the walls on each side, and they would look at it as if it was a wonder, and as if the peasant woman walking beside it, with her weather-worn dark face, framed with a red or yellow and green handkerchief tied over her black hair and under her chin, as if she were a wonder, too. And sometimes they had been known to make sketches of both, as if there were not real and grand pictures of Madonnas and saints and angels in the fine picture galleries of the great cities they were always rambling about the world to visit. The peasants thought that all this came about because they had nothing to do and were so idle that it made them childish.

Brigitta—who was Giovanni's mother—did not suspect for a moment that she was picturesque. She did not know what picturesque meant. She knew that the young men had called her a pretty girl years ago, before she had married Cola and had had children and worked so hard. Then she had been plump and had had laughing white teeth and bright eyes, there had been red on her brown cheeks and a curl in her thick hair. But now she considered herself an old woman, though she was not one as the forestieri counted years. She had worked in the house among the children and the beasts, she had worked at the olive harvest and the grape gathering, and had done all sorts of things on the bit of land Cola rented in the campagna, and she had grown sinewy and there were lines on her face, and her black hair was always more or less rough under the red or yellow and green handkerchief tied over it. She had never owned a bonnet. It would have troubled her almost as much as a crown. It was on the forestieri—the signoras—who wore little things made of silk and lace and feathers and jowers.

And if she did not know that she was a picturesque object herself how much less did she suspect that her donkey clambering by her side with a burden of fodder twice as large as himself was a sort of picture also. He was a little shaggy, gray, patient-faced beast, with soft, furry, long ears and long black eyelashes, and his grave little face and slow, toiling steps and big load were exactly the things to put in a sketch of the narrow, steep streets with the ancient, irregular houses on either side of them and the unexpected arches, silk and lace and feathers and flowers.

Brigitta had been to the campagna to help Cola with the olive gathering. Giovanni, though he was her eldest son and of working age, had not been with them, because they had found out that he could be more useful to them if he were allowed to use his time and strength in another way. His singing was a good thing for them, and Maestro Mecheri had said it was better that he should not be put to labor that would tire him, because it was not good for his voice. And it did not matter so that he brought in help one way or another, and, upon the whole, his voice brought in much more than his labor in the fields or vineyards would have done.

When she had climbed up the street to her own door and unloaded the donkey and driven him into his rough stable, with the iron-barred windows, she gave him some food and mounted the steep, dark stone stairway which took her to the rooms where she lived.

When she opened the door and entered the living room a wiry little elderly man rose from a chair at her entrance.

"Good day, Brigitta," he said. "I have been waiting for you."

It was Maestro Mecheri.

"Good day, Maestro," she answered. "I have been at work at the olive gathering with Cola. There is quite a good crop, but the olives are small. There has not been enough rain."

"That is true," answered Maestro Mecheri. "We have needed rain for many weeks. I have come to talk with you about Giovanni."

"Has anything gone wrong with him?" she asked.

"No," said Maestro Mecheri, "he has good luck, that ragazzo. He has a fine voice and is strong and not troubled with ideas. And he is good looking. Often I believe money is given as much to his merry eyes and white teeth as to his singing. The forestieri like his cheerful, handsome face. It is good luck to be born looking like that. It has possibly made his fortune for him."

"In what way, Santa Maria?" exclaimed Brigitta.

"The forestieri have ways of their own," said the maestro. "There are two signoras who have heard him sing and have taken a fancy to him."

"Yes," Brigitta interrupted, "they sent the concierge of their hotel to tell him to come to their salon the other day. Giovanni told me about it. It was all hung with old brocades and pictures and fans, such as one sees in the shops for antiquities, and it was filled with flowers, and there were many pictures of a boy who is dead. His mother was the one who sent the concierge to Giovanni."

"Yes," said Maestro Mecheri, "that is it, and that is the point. That is why I say they have ways of their own, the forestieri. Most people when a child dies—if they are rich—bury him finely and have masses said and hang black and white bead wreaths on his tomb. They are very handsome, those bead wreaths with 'mio figlio' or 'ma modre,' and other sentiments upon them. I have even seen a little weeping willow made of green beads bending over a headstone. There are beautiful ornaments for the dead made of beads. And this signora must be rich, but she seems to have queer ideas; she did not explain them much to me, but I gathered some of her fancies from some few things she said. It seems as if she was not content that the boy's life should be ended on earth and continue only in Paradise. She has a strange wish that he should seem still to live on earth and do things for other boys. It is singular, but it is a good thing for Giovanni. She came to see me about him."

Brigitta made a gesture of amazement. Her eyes had been wide open before, now her mouth opened.

"Yes," continued the maestro, scratching his grizzled, curling poll, "she has a wish that this boy of hers—who is in Paradise—should help Giovanni. She did not say it exactly, but I could see she had some fancy—I guessed it from her face and from her voice, which trembled when she spoke. I am not a dull fellow."

"What does she want to do?" said Brigitta. "It makes one feel strange—such an idea. I am not sure I like it. It might bring ill-fortune—like the evil eye—to have a person who is dead watching over one."

Maestro Mecheri shrugged his shoulders.

"That is stupid," he said. "It is the idea of a peasant." He knew that Brigitta was a peasant, and quite a common and ordinary one, and he, who was a professional person connected with the theater, did not shrink from speaking his mind to her. "It is a good thing for Giovanni, and her plans are sensible in spite of her fancies. She says that he has a voice which might bring him fame and fortune if he does not strain it by singing too long and if it is trained afterward. She says that out of the fortune of her son she will pay you a sum which will make it possible for you and Cola to afford to let him stop singing in the street, and he shall go to school for a year or so until his voice is changed. I am to watch over him and let her know when it will be safe to begin training him. And I am in the meantime to teach him all I know about music, that it may help him when he can begin practicing."

"It is like a romance," said Brigitta, staring. "They have ideas—the forestieri. It is well they have money also."

Maestro Mecheri rubbed his chin and looked at her with a superior scrutiny. It was of course natural that a peasant woman should not understand all this might mean.

"It may make a rich man of him," he said. "If his voice is a very fine one—as I think it will be—he may make a great fortune. He may sing in great cities, perhaps before the king, and the impresarios will pay him immense sums every night. It was so with Mario, it is so with Patti. There is nothing so valuable as a voice all the world wants to hear."

Brigitta laughed a little.

"One cannot bring one's mind all at once to thinking that of one's own child," she said. "It would be queer enough to think of Giovanni singing before the king!"

"If he has good fortune," said Maestro Mecheri, "that may all come in time. The signora wished me to see you and Cola and explain to you and ask you if you were willing. She is going away soon herself and wishes it arranged."

Brigitta laughed a little vaguely again.

"You must come and see Cola," she said.

"You will not be such imbeciles as to refuse?" said the Maestro.

"What one has, one has," she answered, "and one cannot be sure of what his voice will be when he is a young man. But as she will give something to make up to us for losing his work now, I do not think Cola will care. And as for me it is all the same so that one has something in one's hand."

"He could not sing more than a year," said the maestro. "You know how the other boy's voice was lost and how he broke down. His was magnificent," with another rub at his grizzled curls and a queer look and tone of regret. "It was magnificent. He would have sung before the king—it could not have been otherwise. It was a great misfortune for him."

"You mean the son of Lisa?" said Brigitta. "He died last night, and she is almost mad, they say."

Maestro Mecheri's look of regret took on a sudden spasmodic deepening.

"Did he?" he said. "Poverino! Poverino!"

"He has been dying for months," said Brigitta, "but she would not believe it. He coughed until he was worn to a skeleton."

"Ah!" sighed Maestro Mecheri. "And he might have sung before kings! It was a wonderful voice."

"But he is dead," said Brigitta, unemotionally. "He died last night."

(*To be continued.*)

Lowell Defends His Americanism.

The Century for November prints a new portrait of Lowell, a review of his works by Prof. Woodberry, the poet, and a letter from Lowell, written in 1876, in which he explains privately his motive in writing his historical patriotic poems of "The World's Fair, 1876," and "Tempora Mutantur." In that letter Mr. Lowell says: "I had just come home from a two years' stay in Europe, so it was discovered that I had been corrupted by association with foreign aristocracies! I need not say to you that the society I frequented in Europe was what it is at home, that of my wife, my studies and the best nature and art within my reach. But I confess that I was embittered by my experience. Wherever I went I was put on the defensive. Whatever extracts I saw from American papers told of some new fraud or defalcation, public or private. It was sixteen years since my last visit abroad, and I found a very striking change in the feeling toward America and Americans. An Englishman was everywhere treated with a certain deference; Americans were at best tolerated. The example of America was everywhere urged in France as an argument against republican forms of government. It was fruitless to say that the people were still sound when the body politic which draws its life from them showed such blotches and sores. I came home and instead of wrath at such abominations I found banter. I was profoundly shocked, for I had received my earliest impressions in a community the most virtuous, I believe, that ever existed. In the commonwealth that built the first free school and the first college I heard culture openly derided. I suppose I like to be liked as well as other men. Certainly I would rather be left to my studies than meddle with politics. But I had attained to some consideration and my duty was plain. I wrote what I did in the plainest way, that he who ran might read, and that I hit the mark I aimed at is proved by the attacks against which you so generously defend me. These fellows have no notion what love of country means. It is in my very blood and bones. If I am not an American, who ever was?"

He (joyfully)—"And you will be mine?"

She (aggressively)—"No, I won't."

He (surprised)—"Why, you just said you would marry me."

She (dogmatically)—"That's different."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HEADS OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

Sketches From Life by a Barge Office Physician.

PICTURESQUE HEADGEAR FROM ALL QUARTERS—IT GETS AS FAR AS THE BATTERY, BUT MUST THEN GIVE WAY TO THE BOWERY DERBY AND THE MILLINERY OF DIVISION STREET.

From the New York Sun.

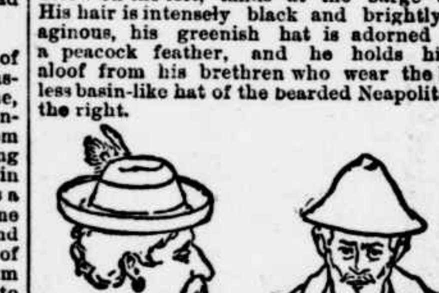
There is usually nothing particularly striking about the dress of cabin passengers of foreign nationality who land from ocean-crossing steamers. They are generally cosmopolites, and the attire of one civilized person of wealth and fashion is pretty nearly the same as that of another. We must look in the steerage for national characteristics in dress, manner and speech. Some of the peasant immigrants bring with them the simple—and sometimes resplendent—dress, and a suggestion of the local color and atmosphere of the far-away places in which they passed their lives up to the time the allurements of life in the western world tempt them hither. A few of the plebeian women of Europe yet weave their own headdress. There are bonnets and caps that indicate nationality just as surely as faces and dialects. But they are not so numerous as they used to be. Civilization is the deadly foe of picturesqueness. The clatter of the sabot, frequently heard on the floors of old Castle Garden less than twenty-five years ago, creates surprise and remark when heard nowadays. The dress of most of the immigrants is not very different from that of poor folks in nearly all civilized lands. But there are exceptions to the rule, and that is what makes the barge office interesting. Dr. Newborn, the assistant to Dr. Toner, chief of the barge office medical staff, probably pays more attention to the quaint, peculiar and pretty things that the immigrants wear than any one else in the granite building. That is because he is an artist as well as a physician. Sketching heads and their adornments is the doctor's forte, and those that embellish this article are from his facile pencil.

Of all the immigrants that pass before the doctor's eyes the Italians probably are the most interesting from the standpoint of an artist. This is especially true of the women. They have the barbaric love for ornament and color, and some of them are almost prismatic enough to be taken by an imaginative person for incarnated rainbows. In the following pictures we have the Italian woman as she occasionally appears among the dusky, gesticulating, chattering throng of her countrymen and women and as she usually is seen.

OCCASIONALLY. AS A RULE.

The headdress on the right is familiar to all New Yorkers who have been in the neighborhood of the "Bend." Very often the woman who carries it, as she emerges from the barge office, also has several pieces of baggage in her hands and a brood of toddlers clinging to her skirts. The head of the family follows her, carrying nothing except the burden of his lazy thoughts.

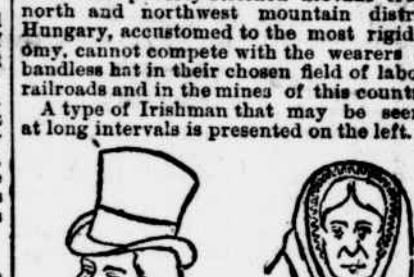
It is not often that the ear-ringed, spruce-looking kind of Italian, whose head is pictured below on the left, lands at the barge office. His hair is intensely black and brightly oleaginous, his greenish hat is adorned with a peacock feather, and he holds himself aloof from his brethren who wear the bandless basin-like hat of the bearded Neapolitan on the right.



A PATRICIAN. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

The bandless hat is the cheapest made, and the cheapest laborer who comes into the port of New York is the man who wears this hat. Even the poverty-stricken Slovaks from the north and northwest mountain district of Hungary, accustomed to the most rigid economy, cannot compete with the wearers of the bandless hat in their chosen field of labor, the railroads and in the mines of this country.

A type of Irishman that may be seen only at long intervals is presented on the left.



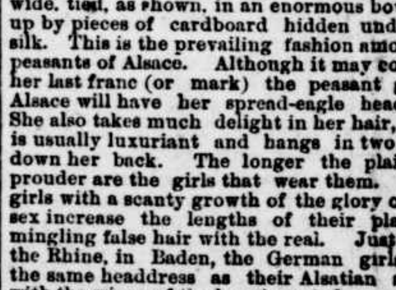
EXILES OF ERIN.

He was a specimen of the fine old Irish gentleman. His bell-crowned beaver resembled the one that made Benjamin Brewster famous. It was white and fuzzy, and its possessor was proud of it. He carried the blackthorn indispensable to true Irish gentility, and spoke with a delightful brogue. The old lady on the right has been caricatured in a thousand theaters by variety artists. Everybody who has ever visited an Irish settlement is familiar with the crooning old creature.

SICILIANS.

This pair of Sicilians were more gorgeously arrayed than most of their countrymen. The cap of the rather pleasant-looking young man on the left was made of black braid—probably by his dark-eyed sweetheart—and the tassel was formed of knotted silk cord. The cap of the theatrical, elderly man, who was muffled in an inky cloak, was embroidered in gold. He was very willing to be sketched and took an immense delight in posing, to which he was, apparently, much addicted by nature. He had the grand, gloomy and peculiar air of a Napoleon born out of his time.

The peasant women of Alsace, with the distinctive headdress of which they are all proud, are seen only once in a long time among the untidy hordes that crowd into the land of opportunity. The Alsatians are not a migratory people. They are permeated with the home-loving, patriotic instincts of the French nature and will not leave their native villages unless they are absolutely sure of bettering their condition. The headdress of the Alsatian woman in the picture was made of black silk. It consisted of a ribbon about twelve inches wide, tied, as shown, in an enormous bow, held up by pieces of cardboard hidden under the silk. This is the prevailing fashion among the peasants of Alsace. Although it may cost her her last franc (or mark) the peasant girl of Alsace will have her spread-eagle headdress. She also takes much delight in her hair, which is usually luxuriant and hangs in two plaits down her back. The longer the plaits the prouder are the girls that wear them. Some girls with a scanty growth of the glory of their sex increase the lengths of their plaits by mingling false hair with the real. Just across the Rhine, in Baden, the German girls have the same headdress as their Alsatian sisters, with the wings of the bow inverted.



ALSATIANS.

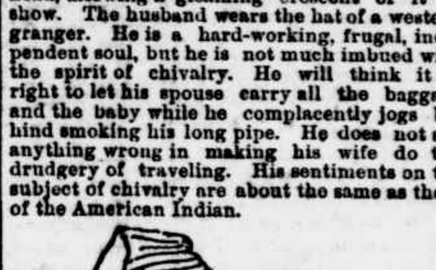
Folks who have been in the market towns within easy access of Alsace have noted that the peasant girls with the peculiar headdress are invariably attired in either green or red skirts. Absurd as it may seem to an American girl, this fashion in colors is due entirely to the difference in the religious belief of the wearers of the skirts. The girls in the green skirts are Protestants and those that wear the red are Catholics. Most of the Alsatian maidens are blondes of decided beauty. Unlike the average American girl, they think more of their religion than they do of the æsthetic necessity of making the color of their dresses match their complexions. They wear their colors ostentatiously, so nobody may think that they are ashamed to be what their dress indicates they are. Over in Lorraine religious differences are not marked by apparel. Most of the peasant girls there wear pretty linen caps, something like those affected by the nurse maids of fashionable New Yorkers. The girl drawn by Dr. Newborn wore a green skirt. It is safe to say that within a month after she settled in the west with her young husband, pictured on the right, she doffed her queer costume and donned plain American clothes, just as he did. His hat, as may be observed, suggests a Tam o'Shanter in shape. It was of soft blue felt, and wabbled whenever its wearer moved.

RUSSIAN HEBREWS.

Anybody who has passed through the populous Jewish quarter on the east side of town has probably seen the types outlined above. The tall, conical hat of the gray-bearded old man on the left was made of wool. He came from a cold district, and often saved his ears and his nose from frost bite by pulling his hat down over them so far that his head looked as if it were all beard. The other old fellow wore a military cap that is more frequently seen in the barge office than any other except the derby. This bearded pair left their country because of the persecution of the Russian government.

HOLLANDERS.

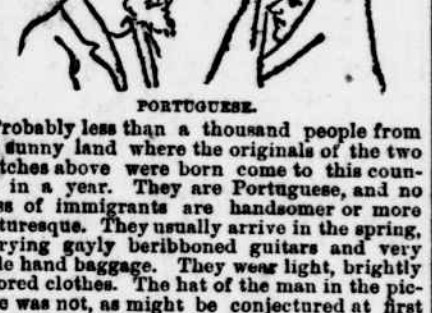
Here we have two ancestors of future Knickerbockers, perhaps. The woman wore two lace caps, the under one fitting close to the head, being held in place partly by a gold band, the ends of which terminating just in front of the ears were adorned with square gold plates. Sometimes the Holland housewife wears a hemisphere of gold under the cap next to the head, allowing a gleaming crescent of it to show. The husband wears the hat of a western granger. He is a hard-working, frugal, independent soul, but he is not much imbued with the spirit of chivalry. He will think it all right to let his spouse carry all the baggage and the baby while he complacently jogs behind smoking his long pipe. He does not see anything wrong in making his wife do the drudgery of traveling. His sentiments on the subject of chivalry are about the same as those of the American Indian.



PORTUGUESE.

Probably less than a thousand people from the sunny land where the originals of the two sketches above were born come to this country in a year. They are Portuguese, and no class of immigrants are handsomer or more picturesque. They usually arrive in the spring, carrying gayly beribboned guitars and very little hand baggage. They wear light, brightly colored clothes. The hat of the man in the picture was not, as might be conjectured at first sight, of the kind popular in the French revolution. It was circled with stripes of red, blue and yellow, and was much too gaudy even for the semi-tropical taste of some of its wearer's companions. He probably put it away in his trunk for use in the house as a smoking cap when he got to Fall River the day after he landed at the barge office. His wife wore as a headdress a gauzy olive-tinted shawl. All the Portuguese seem to be dreamy, indolent and happy.

A trio of heads that are often seen are presented below.



POLE, SCOT, HUNGARIAN.

The young man at the top of the group was a Polish peasant. He was bound for the Pennsylvania coal mines, where hundreds of his fellow countrymen are now toiling. The hat he wore is worn by hundreds of immigrants who land every day from eastern and central Europe. The jaunty young fellow on the left is, as is apparent from his cap, a Scot. A happy Hungarian—not a poor and gloomy Slovak from the hills—wore the round fur cap with a button on it. That is popular with a large class of Hungarians.

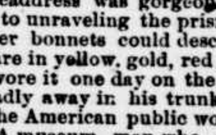
AFGHAN. HINDOO.

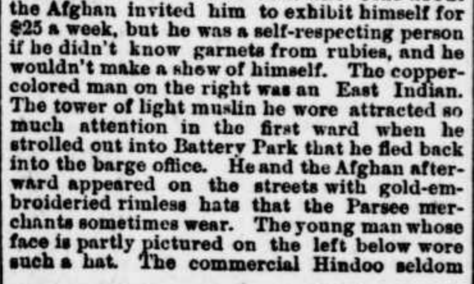
An Afghan, who brought a trunk filled with inferior garnets to this country under the impression they were rubies, was rigged aloft like the man on the left of the foregoing cut. His turban-like headdress was gorgeous. Only a woman used to unraveling the prismatic mysteries of Easter bonnets could describe it. It was a nightmare in yellow, gold, red and white. The Afghan wore it one day on the street and then laid it sadly away in his trunk with the garnets that the American public wouldn't buy for rubies. A museum man who read about the Afghan invited him to exhibit himself for $25 a week, but he was a self-respecting person if he didn't know garnets from rubies, and he wouldn't make a show of himself. The copper-colored man on the right was an East Indian. The tower of light muslin he wore attracted so much attention in the first ward when he strolled out into Battery Park that he fled back into the barge office. He and the Afghan afterward appeared on the streets with gold-embroidered rimless hats that the Parsee merchants sometimes wear. The young man whose face is partly pictured on the left below wore such a hat. The commercial Hindoo seldom

ANOTHER HINDOO. TURK.

dwells long with us. He brings a lot of Indian goods in his trunk, disposes of them at a handsome profit and then returns to England, whence he sails back to his native land.

ROUMANIAN.





SWEDE. FINLANDER.

The hat of the Roumanian at the top of the picture was made of sheepskin with the woolly side out. Like the hats of all immigrants from cold countries those of the Finlander and Swede could be turned down to cover the ears in frosty weather. The Roumanian is not a frequent visitor at the barge office. He usually goes west and begins farming. The stalwart and industrious Swede and the hardy Finlander are among the best of the immigrants. They generally add their muscle to the building up of future states in the west.

GREEK. MONTENEGRIN.

These types are seldom seen by the artistic doctor. The Greek was a blond and the hat he wore was the color of terra cotta. It was adorned with three little black buttons on a horizontal line in front. The doctor could not find out what the buttons signified, but he said he was sure they meant something. The Montenegrin's fez was of black velvet with a circle of decorated red in the middle of the top. Montenegrins are so scarce at the barge office as to be almost curiosities.

It will not be long before immigrants from all lands will come to us clothed not unlike our own people. Peculiar costumes are becoming rarer every year. Hundreds of immigrants who have landed within the last six months exchanged their old world garments at the city whence they sailed for clothes that, they were told, would not attract attention on this side of the ocean. You can tell these immigrants readily, because they look and feel uncomfortable in their new suits. Those who come in strangely garmented are soon forced, by the ridicule of their friends who were once dressed in the same fashion, to put on American attire. Another reason why some immigrants are impelled to doff the apparel of their native places is because their friends in America write to them that they will be stared at if they do not wear more cosmopolitan dress.

VANILLA AND ITS USES.

Some Points About an Interesting Vegetable Flavoring of Semi-Tropical Origin.

In the window of a great confectioner's shop on Broadway, New York city, is a statue of the Venus of Milo. It is of colossal size, like the original—in fact a cast—but the remarkable thing about it is that it is composed entirely of chocolate. A most appetizing female this is, but she would not be really good to eat as she stands, because she lacks vanilla.

Chocolate is not very good without vanilla for flavoring. There are plenty of other delicious things which would not be so at all without its aid. It enters into the manufacture of candy, pastry, ices, liqueurs, cordials and even perfumery.

The bean is of Mexican origin, although found in almost every tropical country. It is a vine of the orchid kind, with sea-green foliage, thriving best in dense forests, where its branches climb and interlace with the trees. That is when it grows wild, but it is cultivated with profit. The plant begins to yield in its third year and continues to bear until its thirtieth year, the beans being gathered in a green state before they have matured.

There are two ways of curing vanilla. One is to lay the beans on cloths spread upon the ground and expose to the sun. Thus treated they attain a dark brown color at the end of two months, when they are bunched in bundles and packed in tin boxes for exporting. The second method consists in immersing the beans in boiling water until they become white. They are then exposed for a few hours to the sun, after which they are covered with oil of the cashew nut.

There are four qualities of vanilla and these are determined by the length and size of the bean, it being found that the flavor and perfume are in direct ratio to the weight and measurement. The best and largest beans exude a sort of crystal frosting, which covers their surface. These crystals are found to be almost pure benzoic acid.

When one buys chocolate it is found of varying prices. If you go to a first-rate confectioner's you will find it at 50 cents a pound, 75 cents, $1, and even higher. However, the quality of the chocolate is about the same. The difference is in the amount of vanilla. This difference is not sufficient to be of any importance in the cost of production, but the flavor is improved proportionately and the price is put on with a due respect for the imagination of the consumer. All the same the Venus of Milo in the candy maker's window would be flavorless indeed without the aid of this humble bean from the south. It is said that when a confectioner employs a new hand, usually a woman, he turns her loose among the candies and requests that she help herself. Thus her appetite becomes immediately cloyed by surfeit. If the most avid devourer of sweetmeats were asked to consume in her lifetime a Venus of Milo containing, like the one described, 1,925 pounds of chocolate and deliciously flavored with vanilla, it is likely that she would lose offhand and forever her appetite for all such delicacies.

THE CHILDREN OF DICKENS.

Nothing in Their Careers to Show the Heredity of Genius.

From the Chicago Graphic.

The second son of Dickens was Francis Geoffry Dickens. And some of us who have mixed the newspaper life of London and Chicago and Calcutta knew him well, for one must write the sad past tense. Dear Frank Dickens was born in the year 1841—he was the fourth child. In his note book the novelist wrote: "'A plump and merry little chap, this second son of mine.'"

Poor little chap!

He caught the Fleet street fever and went ink mad; he caught the Dahooley fever and flashed and fleshed and blooded his sword in India; he fought Louis Riel in Canada—aye, and captured Big Bear; he came to Chicago and gambled away his money in a Clark street gambling house; he died one windy, sleety night in a grim little Illinois town—Moline. There he is buried.

But his brother Henry did well; won the second scholarship at Trinity Hall at the age of twenty and was twenty-ninth wrangler in a fair year, when the wranglers were over forty. He is now a successful barrister, with a wife and five children.

And the daughters of Dickens? The oldest is unmarried; the other is Mrs. "Kittie" Perugini, a deservedly well-known portrait painter. Mrs. "Kittie's" fame—if one must be fairly accurate—is a wee, small affair, but then she has done something; she has painted the portrait of that baronet of baccarat, Sir. William Gordon Cumming.

Mr. Junior Charles Dickens has three daughters. Two of them run a typewriting establishment off Covent Garden, the third, Mary, is playing small parts in a stock company touring the provinces.

No—genius is not hereditary.

A Song for All Seasons.

Ah! little one, it is a merry world:
Say so and be not thus forlorn!
'Tis all in say-so.
Dare the sharp thistle and the prickly thorn,
And make thy lay so:
If 'tis a merry world, then I
Will pluck the thorn, and whistle though I cry.

Thou, youth, since life is all in love, thou too
Say so, and be not thus cast down;
'Tis all in say-so.
And if on thee a maid doth nought but frown,
Yet make thy lay so:
Since life is still in loving, I,
When my love frowns, will whistle though I sigh.

Nay, man, a kindly and a merry world!
Say so, when thou art near thine end;
'Tis all in say-so.
Murmur good-bye to life, as thy best friend,
And make thy lay so:
Best life, if I must leave thee, I
Will speak thee fair and whistle though I die.

—*The Century.* —JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

The Old Fight On Again.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Been traveling far?" asked one passenger of another on an east-bound Chesapeake and Ohio train the other day.

"From the west."

"The far west?"

"Mississippi river region."

"St. Louis?"

"Sir! do I look like a St. Louis man?"

"Well, really, I don't know just how a St. Louis man looks."

"I thought not. I accept your apology."

"Further up the river, I suppose?"

"Certainly. I'm from Minneapolis, sir."

"In trade?"

"Wheat."

"Good churches out there?"

"The best in the country."

"What question is exciting them the most now?"

"Well, sir, the woman business has got us by the ears."

"How so?"

"Well, I'm in favor of women taking an active part in church matters."

"Quite right."

"But I was not always of that way of thinking."

"No? What changed your ideas?"

"Well, sir, a strange minister spoke in our church one day and went through a great rigmarole about how St. Paul was opposed to women in the churches, and I'm too loyal a Minneapolis man to knuckle to any St. Paul dictation."

Why a Preacher Should Ride a Bicycle.

From the Vancouver Telegram.

John Bertram, ex-mayor of Dundas, Ontario, is in the city. Mr. Bertram is a shrewd, sharp man, and his conversation is marked by a well-defined vein of dry humor. He was passing down the street today with his friend, Mr. Dunn of Granville street, who knew him in Dundas, when they passed the Rev. Robert R. Maitland, who was speeding along on his bicycle.

"That's the way clergymen go around in Vancouver," said Mr. Dunn.

Mr. Bertram looked at the speeding form, and without a smile replied: "Well, he can save soles that way for a certainty."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT TRUFFLES.

Delicacies of High Value That Grow From the Bite of an Insect.

UNITED STATES CONSUL KNOWLES AT Bordeaux has sent to the Department of State a very interesting account of the truffle industry of France. Few people know what truffles really are, beyond the fact that they are a sort of fungus, but naturalists have discovered that their origin is very curious indeed. During the months of July and August a little blue-winged fly makes its way into the soil at the base of oak trees. With its sting it pierces some portion of the root, makes an incision and therein lays its eggs. From this incision or scar there exudes a viscous substance, which, clinging to the root, grows into a truffle.

The ancient Romans, at whose sumptuous banquets truffles played an important part, supposed that they were brought into existence by thunder. However, there are certainly three species of truffle found in France—the black and most common, the white and the truffe a l'ail, which has a flavor of garlic. They are found in all soils, but chiefly in oak forests or where the earth is damp and calcareous, thriving best in an almost sterile soil.

WHAT A TRUFFLE LOOKS LIKE.

In appearance the ordinary truffle is about the size of a walnut, with a rough, brown, warty surface, closely akin to the potato, which it likewise resembles in consistency, though not in color. Not yielding to cultivation, they must be sought for in chance places, nor is the method of obtaining them the less interesting.

It is known that the pig has a vigorous appetite for this subterranean morsel, so that, as the day dawns, out he is led to perform a duty which, though disappointing to him, is lucrative to his master. As the scent of the fox leads bounds to the trail, so the odor of truffles attracts the porker to the cherished bed. He sniffs about this way and that until he locates the desired object, when he immediately begins to root up the earth with his snout. He is closely watched during the operation by his owner, who, upon the swine uprooting the truffle, whacks him sharply over the nose with a stick. The soft, moist fungus is dropped from the animal's jaws, and, before he can again pick it up, it is bagged by the hunter. The beast then proceeds to another spot, where, hidden a few inches below the surface of the ground, are more of the epicurean dainties. And thus, after numerous repetitions of the same performance, the animal gives up in disgust and submits to being led back to his pen; but on the morrow, thanks to the pig's short memory, the occurrences of the day before are completely forgotten, and he experiences again the same hope and disappointment.

DOGS TRAINED TO HUNT THEM.

Recently it has been found that dogs could be trained to perform the duties that are instinctive to the pig and so great is the demand in France for the truffle that many of the canine species are now, in certain districts, possessed of this estimable talent. To begin with, finely cut or sliced truffles are mixed daily with their food, until at length they develop a liking for the flavor. Afterward their owners conceal, in some portion of a field where truffles are supposed to exist, a little tin dish of filet aux truffes, covering the same with a few handfuls of earth. The dog is then brought out and urged to hunt for the dish, goaded by an empty stomach. When he at length finds it he is caressed by his master and thus in the space of a few weeks he will readily learn to hunt for the vegetable itself.

Truffles are seldom found twice in the same place. A field that may yield a great quantity this year will be quite fruitless the next. Though Alexander Bornholz, a German scientist, claims to have transplanted and raised the article in question, repeated experiments to that end have proved but failures. The very fact that the truffle is a rarity and that it grows only in certain districts has been enough to make it an object sought after clandestinely by peasants or those who carry them to market. There are poachers for truffles as well as for game, who hunt by night with their dog or porker, a plague to landowners. Scarcely is there a canning establishment at this moment in France that does not, among other alimentary products, preserve this dainty. It has become as indispensable to the dinner table of the noblesse as the aromatic sprig of garlic to the frugal repast of the peasant.

THE ANNUAL PRODUCTION.

The annual production is valued at about $3,000,000. The article is sold in the departments where found at $1 per pound and at almost double that price at the principal markets of the larger cities. Not alone do truffles thrive in France, they are found in Italy, Spain and Holland, but are of different quality compared with the French, lacking the delicate and incomparable flavor.

In the United States, especially in California, some attention has been given within the past few years to the gathering and preserving of truffles, and a number of western packers have gone to Bordeaux in order to inform themselves regarding the canning process. It is a very simple one, the truffles being partially boiled, as tomatoes, asparagus and other vegetables, and then jarred and sealed in their own diluted juice. All sorts of meat and game products are also "truffled," the vegetable being cut into small squares and inserted into the substance of the article preserved.

His Means of Support.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"This makes the third time that you have appeared before me charged with begging on the streets of Atlanta," said the judge, "and although you are a woman I will have to send you up for thirty days."

"Please don't do it, judge," sobbed the woman. "I have a large family to support and what would my husband and my children do if you were to send me up?"

"Your husband? Have you, indeed, a husband?"

"Yes, your honor," said a man stepping forward from the crowd. "I am her husband, and I want to ask you to be lenient with her. She makes out like she's too sick to work, but if you let her off this time I'll see to it that she works in the future and supports her family."

"I don't think you will," said the judge. "In fact, I am going to let the woman go and send you up for six months as a vagrant. You have no visible means of support."

And the man muttered as he was marched out: "No visible means of support? Good Lord! Ain't my wife in court?"

Their Quarrel Made Up at Last.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Josephine Lashier, accompanied by her daughter, left Atchison, Kan., on the 8th instant for Spokane Falls, Wash., to join her husband, after a separation of nineteen years. They were married in Atchison twenty-one years ago. They had some little jars incident to married life, and one day, when their child was six months old, the husband left without warning, going to California. In a short time he wrote asking his wife to join him, but she disliked to leave her aged parents and declined. Later she was willing to go to him, but then he was in a miff, and she did not go. Meanwhile he kept sending her money for the support of herself and child. Recently they made up and a few days ago he telegraphed her money to get ready to come to him. There is much quiet rejoicing in Atchison that the foolish quarrel has been made up, for both the parties to it are highly respected. Mr. Lashier was formerly a traveling man out of Atchison, and is said to be rich. Their child is now a young lady and has no recollection of her father.

The Intruding Turk.

From the Forum.

The "Turkey" of diplomatists and mapmakers means, not the land of the Turk, but those lands—Greek, Bulgarian, Servain and Albanian—in which their enemy the Turk is still encamped. On no spot of Europe, on no spot of the coast of Asia, is the Turk really at home. He is everywhere a foreign intruder, a burglar who has thrust himself into the houses of other men. While other conquests have in time changed into lawful possessions, either by the conquerors assimilating the conquered or the conquered assimilating the conquerors, the Turk remains as much a stranger in Europe as he was when he first came in, more than 500 years back. And so it must ever be as long as the Turk remains a Turk; for no Mahometan ruler can, without casting aside the precepts of his own law, become what a ruler is bound to be toward the subjects of other religions. It is his first duty as a Mahometan to keep men of all other creeds—the Christian in Europe, the Fire Worshiper in Persia, the Hindoo in India—in bondage to the men of the dominant faith. He therefore cannot reform; promises of reform made by the Turk are in their own nature worthless. They are nowhere carried out, unless when the Turk is afraid to break them under the eye of more powerful Europeans. To talk of a "Turkish government" is therefore a mere diplomatic conventionality. There is no "Turkish government." The object of a "government" is the protection of its subjects; and that the Turk does not give. The so-called "Turkish government" is an organised system of brigandage with a chief brigand called a "Sultan" at its head.

BULBS WERE HIS PASSION.

But He Struck Two That Were Deceptive—The Only Black Tulip.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN WHOSE PASsion was for bulbs. He lived in Washington last autumn—in fact, he does so yet—and about this time in the year he laid in a big stock of bulbs for planting. Two of them were particularly large and fine; they were a new variety of tulip, the seedsman told him when he bought them. He regarded these two with especial joy, anticipating the floral wonders to which they would give birth. To his wife's eyes, however, they looked very much like onions. Therefore she was not surprised, though considerably disturbed in mind, when she found them gone from the shelf where they had been put to dry, and learned that the cook had taken them by mistake and cut them up for soup.

Knowing that her husband would be much distressed if he should learn of the accident, she replaced the departed bulbs with two lovely fresh onions from the grocer's shop. He never noticed the difference, but planted them carefully in pots, digging them up regularly every other day to see how they were sprouting and otherwise bestowing upon them great attention. In due time green leaves appeared above the earth and the good man was delighted to observe the rapidity with which his new tulips sent up towering stalks. They were so peculiar in their manner of growth that he perceived it was indeed a fresh variety that he had secured. How precious a thing this is to an amateur in bulbs can be well imagined.

Strange to say, no blossoms appeared. He thought for a while that it must be a very late-flowering variety, but, when finally each stalk developed a pod full of seeds at its apex, he was amazed. When the seeds had ripened he gathered them, and last spring he planted them out in the garden. There were enough to make quite a patch, and, when they came up, three different neighbors congratulated him upon the fine appearance of his onion bed.

"They're not onions," he said. "They are tulips of a new variety. I did not get any flowers from the bulbs last year, so I am experimenting."

"Tulips your granny," replied neighbor No. 3. "Pull one up by the roots and smell it."

The amateur in bulbs did so.

"It does smell like an onion," he admitted.

An appeal to the grocer's man settled the question, and the affair was a subject of controversy for three months afterward between the seedsman and the victim of his wife's little bulbous deception.

IMPORTED BULBS THIS SEASON.

This is the season of the year when the bulbs imported from Holland arrive in this country for market. They are mostly tulips, crocuses and hyacinths. Considerable quantities of bulbs also come from the south of France, particularly early Roman hyacinths. Daffodils and white narcissus are grown in England mostly, but also in Holland to some extent. Easter lilies are cultivated largely in the south of France, but the demand is mostly supplied nowadays by the Bermudas, because those obtained from thence ripen and flower earliest. Many calla lily bulbs come from California, where the growing of them is becoming quite an industry, extensive fields being planted out. North Carolina produces most of the tuberose bulbs. Lilies of the valley are nearly all from Germany.

In Holland vast tracts of dike lands are devoted to the growing of bulbs, and the fields of them in that country and elsewhere in Europe afford at the season of blooming a most beautiful spectacle. After the bulbs have been gathered they are dried for months in a cool place, being cured in this manner to render them dormant and prevent them from sprouting until the time shall arrive when they are wished to do so. In this condition they are imported, and the seedsmen who deal in them on this side of the water keep them with great care in an even temperature, packing some of the smaller kinds, like anemones, in sawdust to prevent them from becoming too dry. A cool loft, cellar or any spot where they will not be frozen is a good place for keeping bulbs. The crocuses are particularly energetic and disposed to sprout on slight provocation prematurely. A good many bulbs are now brought from Japan. The white and sweet-scented Japan lilies are becoming very familiar here, and there are other beautiful varieties, such as the golden lily, from the mikado's empire.

The most curious thing about bulbs is the manner of their reproduction, which varies to an extraordinary extent. Many of them are multiplied in the soil, so that by separating the roots of one plant a dozen or more are obtained. Others, like the hyacinth, are sown as potatoes are, with pieces of the bulbs cut up. Others again germinate from peelings of the bulb, while the tuberose, brought from Italy originally, sends out little shoots from the stalk, which, when cut off and put in the earth, form bulbs themselves.

A story is told of a tulip fancier, in the time when the tulip fever raged in Holland, who secured after years of cultivation what had up to that time been deemed unobtainable—namely, a black tulip. He got only a single bulb, but it was worth thousands of dollars. Leaving it on his table he left the room for a few moments and coming back he found a friend waiting for him. The tulip bulb was gone.

"Where is my black tulip bulb?" he inquired anxiously.

"Do you mean that thing I found on your table a moment ago?" replied his friend. "I thought it was some sort of an apple, and I ate it."

There has never been a black tulip since.

It Was a Woman.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A man was standing on the curbstone looking at a street vender's sale yesterday afternoon, when a horse's head appeared over his shoulder.

"Shoo, there," he said, catching the animal by the neck rein. "I'll bet a jewsharp that a woman is driving you."

"Get up! Let go my horse! I'll call the police!" screamed an excited woman's voice.

"I don't want your horse," said the man, "'n' I don't want to be driv over, eyether. Why don't you take to the sidewalk and give folks in the street a chance for their lives?"

Then he jumped back as a whip struck the horse, and as he looked after the retreating vehicle he chuckled:

"That's right! Mash 'em! Run 'em down! Drive over them! There ought to be a law to compel folks to stay in the house when women go out driving. It'd save lots of lives."

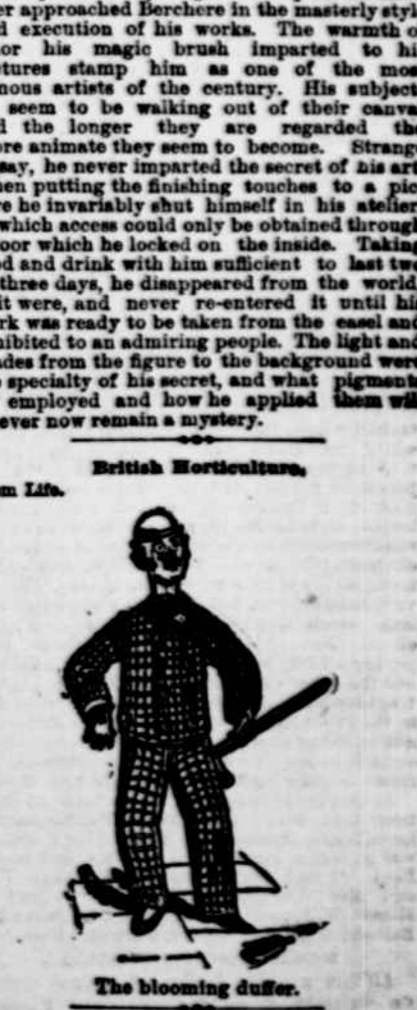
A Painter's Secret.

Paris Letter to Chicago Herald.

The hand of death has been busy again this week. The last victim in the artistic world to answer to the unrelenting call is Narcisse Berchere, the famous painter of oriental subjects, who was born at Étampes in 1819 and died in this city a few days ago. Few painters have ever approached Berchere in the masterly style and execution of his works. The warmth of color his magic brush imparted to his pictures stamp him as one of the most famous artists of the century. His subjects all seem to be walking out of their canvas and the longer they are regarded the more animate they seem to become. Strange to say, he never imparted the secret of his art. When putting the finishing touches to a picture he invariably shut himself in his atelier, to which access could only be obtained through a door which he locked on the inside. Taking food and drink with him sufficient to last two or three days, he disappeared from the world, as it were, and never re-entered it until his work was ready to be taken from the easel and exhibited to an admiring people. The light and shades from the figure to the background were the specialty of his secret, and what pigments he employed and how he applied them will forever now remain a mystery.

British Horticulture.

From Life.



The blooming duffer.

Polly—"So you are really and truly engaged—how did it come about?"

Patsy—"Well, papa said he didn't care, mamma said she didn't care, Jack said he didn't care and I'm sure I didn't care, so we became engaged."—*Puck.*

FOR NERVOUSNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. C. HANSCOMB, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."