

POVERTY.

The people call him rich; his lands
Stretch very far and very wide;
They call him rich, yet there he stands
Ill-clad and bent and hollow-eyed.

The people call him rich; his gold
Is piled in many a yellow heap,
But he is all alone and old,
And when he dies no one will weep.

They call him rich, but where he dwells
The floors are bare, the walls are
bleak;
They call him rich; he buys and sells,
But no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich; he does not know
The happiness of standing where
Sweet winds across the meadows blow
And toss the verdant billows there.
—Harper's.

Only a Little Singer

No one knew where Dagley had come from. He turned up one day at the restaurant where I always took lunch, and after standing awkwardly at the door for a few minutes advanced to the table where I was seated.

He began talking to me as though he had known me for years, and although he was making a merry little bluff of being entirely at his ease, embarrassment was written all over his good-natured rural countenance.

It was my vacation time, and as I was a bit bored for amusement, I was immediately interested in Dagley. I offered to show him the town, and, as I expected, he joyfully accepted.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Dagley developed a decided taste for investigating dance halls, beer gardens and like places. But, most of all, he liked to attend all sorts of variety performances. He seemed determined to find something very, very bad.

I took him to a concert hall, and he sat quietly through the performance, merely remarking that it was not half bad. I had expected that he would find it very bad, indeed.

"Seems a pity, though, for all of them nice boys and girls to be going to the bad."

"What boys and girls?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, the ones as danced and sung," he replied.

"But they're not bad!" I exclaimed.

"We'll, I was always told they was," was his calm reply.

When Sunday came around I asked him if he did not want to include a visit to one of the fashionable churches in his city experiences. The flowers on the pulpit were always fine, and the music would be worth hearing.

"No, I don't care for the music," and there came into his face a look of hardness and bitterness.

"I used to go to church, but that was before my little girl—"

"Have you lost her?"

"Yes, lost her—five years ago."

"My! Look at that woman!" he exclaimed, as an elegantly attired lady swept past and entered the church. "Never saw such fine fixings before."

She was a famous singer, the idol of the concert-going public, who, during her short visits to her native city, graciously lent her sweet voice to the church where she had worshipped as a child. When I told Dagley all this he said, the bitterness coming back into his face:

"Oh! She is one of them singing people, is she?"

"Look here," said I. "You ought to be set right in one thing, at least, and I believe that I'll tell you a little story of an experience of my own."

"It was like this: One night I was coming home rather late from the theater. As I turned into my street my attention was attracted to a young girl who stood at the edge of the sidewalk. She was crying bitterly. I was about to pass, when she turned up and looked into my face. She was adorably pretty, and I stopped in answer to the mute appeal in her eyes.

"You are in trouble?"

"Oh, sir," she sobbed. "I have no place to stay to-night. I-I don't know where to go."

"Well, I took her to a lodging house kept by an old lady who, I knew, would care for the girl, and paid for a room for her. She did not seem to be used to that sort of thing, and I could not have done anything else, she was so fair and innocent. Thank God, I found her that night.

"I promised to look in in the morning and see what could be done for her, but I hardly expected to see her again.

"Well, the next morning I was met by the old lady, who told me the girl's story. She had run away from home to go on the operatic stage. It was the same old story of a few months' struggle and failure. Now her money was all gone, and she had been turned out on the street on the night I found her.

"The landlady was a motherly old soul and was quite touched by the girl's story. We arranged that she should stay with her for a few days, and that I was to try to find some employment for her."

"Where is she now?"

"Singing in that church there on the corner. The girl really has a sweet, sympathetic voice, and the choir director was delighted to secure her services."

"Why didn't she go home?"

"Her father told her when she left that he never wanted to see her again."

"Well, wasn't there anybody else she could go to?"

"No. There was a young man who seemed to think a good deal of, but he turned against her, too, when she left."

"I don't suppose she cares anything for him now?"

"Yes, she does. There! She is coming now."

Dagley glanced up at the girl; then he turned very white, and uttered the word "Jennie" very softly.

With a glad cry the girl sprang forward. "Oh, John, oh, John!" she sobbed. "Do you want me again?"

"Didn't I come after you?"

"And—and, father?"

"He's a-waitin' for you down at the farm."—Indianapolis Sun.



THE ISLE OF PINES

What is to be the final disposition of the Isles of Pines? According to the decision of Secretary of War Root Cuba is its guardian, but the islanders, especially the American residents, do not desire any such arrangement and want annexation to the United States.

This interesting situation is the result of the recent Spanish-American war. At the end of the conflict Spain relinquished her ancient sovereignty to the island, and the nations wondered as to its fate. Some said it would come into the possession of the United States; others seemed to regard it as geographically a part of Cuba. The island was omitted from the properly constituted boundaries of Cuba by the Platt amendment, which was ratified by Cuba, and its disposition was left to future adjustment by treaty between the United States and Cuba.

Leading statesmen in Cuba have all along taken the view that the de facto government of the Isle of Pines is only temporary, and that until its nationality is determined it should pay taxes to Cuba, as a part of the Province of Havana. The determination of Cuba to tax the inhabitants of the Isle of Pines brought the situation to a crisis. The 300 Americans who live on the island became defiant. They went to the alcalde, or mayor, of the principal city, and said that they would use force if necessary to prevent a tax levy by Cuba. They insisted that the country should belong to the United States, and as soon as the American flag floated over them they would pay their taxes to Uncle Sam; but never to any one else.

In its independence from governmental control, the Isle of Pines has been simply true to its traditions. For more than two centuries after Columbus discovered it this piece of the world was the home of fleets of pirates, who preyed on the commerce of the Atlantic as far north as the Carolinas and to the southward as far as Rio Janeiro.

The population of the Isle of Pines is distinct from that of Cuba, and is a mixture of the native Indian, the invading Spaniard and the negro slave. Before the advent of the Spaniard the aborigines were divided into two classes, one owning the lands, and cultivating them by means of negro slaves, and the other a shiftless, totally savage race, which subsisted on raw fish and fruits, and wandered naked up and down the coasts.

The Isle of Pines is about the size of Rhode Island. It has many valuable woods and extensive quarries of marble.

Famous Marquand Rug.
Thirty-eight thousand dollars was the price paid for a Persian rug at the auction sale in New York of the art collections of the late Henry G. Marquand. The rug was woven in the fifteenth century as a gift from the Pasha of Persia to the Sultan of Turkey, for the record held by Mr. Marquand showed that it had been found among the effects of the Sultan Abdul Aziz after his death.

Aside from the marvelous color and texture, which is over five hundred knots to the square inch, the feature of the rug is that the inscriptions throughout its border, as well as arabesques in the medallions of the design, are woven in silver thread.

It is a companion piece for the famous carpet owned by the Prince Alexis Lobanow-Rostowsky, which was shown in the Vienna Museum's exhibition in 1880. The Rostowsky rug was supposed to be without a parallel in the world, but this carpet, the most highly valued among the textile treasures of Mr. Marquand, contains positive internal evidence that it was made upon the same looms and in the same period, and doubtless for the same purpose as that of Prince Lobanow, which also passed into the possession of its present owner directly from the Seraglio in Constantinople. So far as can be ascertained this carpet is the highest class oriental fabric now in existence in this country.

What Bothers Him.
"Dis ole worl is bright enough," says Brother Dickey, "ter blaze de pathway ter de next; but de trouble is, de next worl is blazin' fer some er us most uncomfortable already!"—Atlanta Constitution.

POVERTY MADE HER SING



As a Child Patti Prevented Her Family's Starvation—When 7 Years Old the Great Diva Stood on a Hall Table and Sang—Her Great Wealth and How Earned

THE promise of \$5,000 per night has proven sufficient temptation to cause Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness of Cederstrom, to agree to leave her home in Sweden and her castle of Craig-y-nos in Wales, in the near future and revisit this country. During the few months she will be in America it is estimated that the great diva will increase a fortune already amounting to several millions by at least half a million more.

For over forty years Patti's marvelous voice has thrilled hundreds of audiences and she has passed from one triumph to another, adding, year by year, to the fortune which she started to lay by in the earlier days of her career. And what could be more striking than the contrast between the picture of the Patti of to-day—scoring a last triumphal tour at 60—and the picture of the little girl who, at the age of 7 years, stood on a table in a concert hall and sang trashy songs to a commonplace audience? Little did the parents of the child Patti dream, when her first earnings in this way actually saved the family from starvation, that the cultivation of her marvelous voice would in after years be the means of earning vast fortunes. And now, with all her sixty years upon her, it is said that the voice of the diva retains most, if not all, of its original melody, and even at this late day has the power to earn about half a million dollars within the short limits of a six months' engagement.

The contract under which Patti comes to this country is an ironclad one. She is to sing at sixty concerts; is not to appear more than ten times in any one month. At the conclusion of each concert she is to receive \$5,000. She is to get, in addition, 50 per cent of the box office money in excess of \$7,500. A conservative estimate places the average receipts at \$10,000 a performance; therefore, Patti's total income for each concert will, in round numbers, amount to about \$9,200 and her gross receipts for the entire tour will mount up to \$375,000. The balance of the box office receipts will reach another \$100,000, so that it is no exaggeration to place the earning capacity of Patti's voice during her forthcoming tour at the half-million mark. "During the two hours of the performance the divine Adelina will be upon the stage from a half to three-quarters of an hour—possibly an average of thirty-five minutes. This means that, all told, she will sing for just thirty-five hours, or at the rate of \$10,000 an hour.

Patti, the child of Italian parents, was born in Spain, in 1843. Her first appearance before an English audience took place when she was 18 years old, at the Italian Theater, in Covent Garden, in "La Sonnambula." For twenty years she toured Europe and then, in 1881, came to America. For three years she traveled from city to city, in a triumphal tour. During this and subsequent tours Patti received \$5,000 a night. A tour made to South America in 1889 was conducted on the same basis, with the additional agreement to a share of the gross receipts when they amounted to over \$10,000. When the great Auditorium at Chicago was formally opened in 1889 Patti received \$4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti married the Marquis de Caux, a French nobleman, in 1868, but the matrimonial venture was an unhappy one and divorce followed in a few years. Her second husband was Signor Nicolini, the tenor. More recently Patti married the Baron Cederstrom, a member of the Swedish nobility, several years her junior. The union is said to be a happy one.

OUR Immigrants

THE remarkable prosperity which this country is enjoying is blessed with the effect of bringing to our shores hordes of immigrants in ever increasing numbers. Last year the army of immigrants numbered over 648,000—an increase of 100,000 over the year before—and the present year will probably see a considerable increase in the voluntary emigration yearly set out from the old world to better their conditions in the new.

The great port of entry for the thousands is New York, and here the Government assumes jurisdiction of the aliens as soon as their steamers have been passed at quarantine. Spectators go aboard from the revenue cutters down the bay and obtain manifests of alien passengers, which the steamship companies must supply. These manifests must show: Name, age, sex, whether married, single, calling or occupation, whether able to read or write, nationality, residence, passport for landing in United States, final destination in United States, whether having a ticket through to such destination, whether the immigrant has paid his own passage, or whether it has been paid



RUSSIAN JEWS JUST ARRIVED AT NEW YORK TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.

other persons, or by any corporation, society or government, whether in possession of money, and if so whether upward of \$30, whether going to join a relative, and if so what relative and his name and address, whether ever before in the United States whether a polygamist, whether under contract, expressed or implied, to perform labor in the United States, and whether deformed or crippled, and if so from what cause. The census is a searching one and the questions must be all answered.

At Ellis Island. When the steamship reaches her pier the inspectors discharge such immigrants as they may deem it necessary to examine—usually not over 15 or 20, says a writer in the World's Work. All the rest are transferred to barges and taken to Ellis Island. There on the main floor of the big immigration building they are divided into groups, according to the manifests, and separated. Each immigrant is questioned to see if his answers tally with the manifests. If they do not, he is detained for "special inquiry" by boards of four inspectors, who decide all questionable cases.

Only the Secretary of the Treasury can overrule their decision. The immigrants are kept in a big detention room until the railway agents take them to Board trains to their final destination.

One of those who recently came over to become one of us was Florio Vincenzo, who hailed from Palermo, Italy. He was 14 years old and traveled light. When he opened his cheap paper valise it was apparently empty, save for a pair of discredited and disreputable old shoes. Florio bowed, cap in hand, and his white teeth flashed as he suavely smiled: "I am a poor man, nobleman, seeking my fortune."

There was an odor that the old inspector knew. He picked up one of the old shoes and extracted from it a creased and crumpled hunk of Bologna sausage. The other shoe was stuffed with a soft, sticky and aggressively fragrant mass of Italian cheese. These articles and a sum of Italian money equivalent to about \$1.80, and the clothes he stood in, formed the basis on which Florio expected to rear his fortune.

Another immigrant, Pietro Viadilli, was gray-haired, round shouldered and weakened. He, too had come to make his fortune. His impediment consisted of a canvass valise, lined with paper and containing two striped cotton shirts, one neckerchief of yellow silk, a black hat, a waistcoat, two pairs of hose, one pint of olive oil and half a peck of hard bread biscuit.

At the examination the immigrants are asked to show their money, which, after being counted and a record made of it, is restored to them. In one recent year the French led all the others, with an average of \$39.87. The Hebrews stood at the foot of the list, bringing an average of \$8.68. After the French came the Italians from Northern Italy, with \$23.53 per capita; Bohemians and Moravians next, with \$22.78; Scandinavians next, with \$18.16, and the Irish next with \$17.10. Next to the Hebrews the Italians from Southern Italy were lowest, with an average of \$8.67.

At the battery an employment bureau is conducted for the benefit of the immigrants by the German Society of the City of New York, and the Irish Immigrant Society, and here from

Impossible. "Gentlemen burglars" who enter in the broad light of day must pass the scrutiny of the attendant at the door and the elevator boy, and the tenure of these functionaries in their jobs depends partly on their ability to keep undesirable characters out of the building, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Then there is the fixed rule that packages cannot be delivered or taken out of the front door. This makes it awkward for the burglar to leave with his plunder, necessitating as it does embarrassing explanations and delays in leaving the premises. A police captain said that most of the thefts committed in apartment houses are to be traced to servants and that these were few in number. Family rows in apartment houses, he also says, are rarer than in separate dwellings. Flat dwellers seem to fall in with the unwritten laws of neighbors' rights more quickly than those who live in individual family houses. Quarrels are heard more easily through walls than across lots. Hence, against their wills sometimes, wives and husbands keep their tongues between their teeth, and during this enforced period of self-restraint recover their tempers. As a civilizing and refining agent the flat no doubt does many other things which will suggest themselves to dwellers therein. The observations are given forth because this phase of modern city life shows itself more prominently in New York than elsewhere.

She Had Her Wish.
A little girl who had noticed on various houses about the city the cards



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by which the board of health announces the presence of contagious disease, asked her mother what they meant. Her mother explained, and the child said, regretfully, "We never have anything like that on our house."

"You would not want it, would you?" said the mother.

"Yes, I would!" replied the little girl, decidedly.

Some weeks afterward the little girl was taken sick with chicken-pox, but was not confined to her bed. On Sunday morning the mother noticed that people passing on their way to church turned to gaze at the house and always went away laughing. Her curiosity was aroused, and she went to the front parlor to investigate. In each of the front windows was a large placard made, evidently, by the little daughter from the side of a pasteboard box. On the cards she had printed:

I HAVE GOT CHICKEN-POX BAD.

Where Miscegenation Is Prohibited. A marriage between whites and persons of negro descent are prohibited and punishable in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia. Marriages between whites and Indians are void in Arizona, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon and South Carolina. Marriages between whites and Chinese are void in Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon and Utah.

What a surprising number of tragedies happen in the bible in which the principal was not a "society leader!" There is nothing in a name unless it is well advertised.

OBSTACLE TO THE BURGLARS.

Flat Houses a Humanizing Element in Domestic Life. Sociologists who study criminal life in large cities say that an electric light is as good as a policeman, the presumption being that crime is a creature of darkness. The flat building is now coming in for some study on the same lines. Certain kinds of crime, at least, are almost impossible in the modern skyscraping apartment building. "Forch climbing" is almost a lost art, and ordinary cases of house breaking are rarely reported from these socialistic domiciles. Men who follow the profession of burglary find many discouragements in plying their calling in a modern flat building. Surprising entry is practically

Science AND Invention

A late British investigation has shown that 13 per cent of manganese makes iron practically non-magnetic. Alloys more magnetic than commercial iron may be produced with nickel, silicon and aluminum.

A recent series of experiments made in Germany on the vibrations set up in gun barrels by the effects of firing, indicates another allowance that the expert marksman should make for the individual peculiarities of his rifle. The shock of firing sets the particles of the gun barrel oscillating in elliptic curves, producing deflections of the barrel. The periods of vibration in different barrels vary between one twenty-fifth and one five-hundredth of a second, and the experiments indicate that a small-bore gun is to be preferred to one of large caliber because the bullet can leave its muzzle before the deflection of the barrel has become considerable.

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshun, or Lop-nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward from the place where Prjevalsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.

The precious pearl is produced, at least in many cases, by the presence of a minute parasite in the shell-secreting mantle of the pearl-oyster and other mollusks from which pearls are obtained. A spherical sac forms around the parasite, which becomes a nucleus about which the substance of the gem is gradually built up in concentric layers. Sometimes the parasite remains at the center of the pearl, and sometimes it migrates from the sac before it has become hopelessly imprisoned. Reasoning upon these facts, Dr. H. Lyster Jameson, to whose efforts the discovery of some of them is due, suggests the possibility of the artificial production of marketable pearls by infecting beds of pearl-oysters with the particular species of parasites that are known to attack such mollusks with the effects above described.

The body changes that take place as we grow old, Metchnikoff and other physiologists suppose that an important part is taken by the phagocytes, or devouring cells. Some years ago it was made to appear that some of these cells are color eaters, and that they whiten the hair by seizing the pigment grains and conveying them into the skin or out of the organism. On further study the theory has been evolved that old age itself is due to phagocytes that destroy the nerve cells. The nerve-eating cells have been found in the brains of many old people and old mammals, as well as in persons suffering from nervous disease, but in no case have they been known to reach such development—or to have so nearly taken the place of the nerve cells—as in the brain of a parrot that died at the great age of eighty-one, after some years of feebleness and senility.

A Narrow Escape. An amusing wedding incident occurred recently in a country village. The bride, evidently anxious at the near approach of the ceremony hour, sent the bridesmaids (one of whom was the young man's sister) on to await her at the church. This action nearly lost her her husband. When the bridesmaids reached the church they observed the punctual bridegroom patiently waiting at the chancel steps. The lonely misery of his position touched their hearts, and instead of waiting in the porch for the heroine of the day, they good-naturedly walked down the aisle and stood beside him in silent sympathy. Whereupon the organist opened the proceedings, the clergyman began the service, and the bridegroom was nearly united in matrimony to his own sister before any one had the presence of mind to utter a word of warning. The momentous question, "Will thou have this woman?" had been reached, when the bride opportunely appeared, and, after explanations and apologies, the ceremony was begun again.

Where He Fell Down. "Tell me what people read and I will tell you what they are," said the self-confessed philosopher.

"Well, there's my wife," rejoined the dyspeptic party. "She's forever reading cook books. Now, what is she?"

"Why, a cook of course," replied the philosophy dispenser.

"That's where the spokes rattle in your wheels," said the other. "She only thinks she is."

On at the Custom Officer. The great actress had just returned from abroad.

"Miss," said the custom officer, sternly, "you must tell me what are in those trunks."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the great actress, carelessly.

"But I insist!"

"Well, I told you nonsense. They are filled with love letters."

Professional Jealousy. "I stand at the head of my business," remarked the professor of phrenology, "while you sit at the foot."

"You have said it," rejoined the chiropodist. "But just the same, the language of the corn is more forcible than the lingo of phrenological bumps."

The smaller a man's vocabulary, the more oaths he finds necessary to get along.



BOARDING A TRAIN FOR THE WEST.