SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1889.

UNDER OTHER SKIES.

How Christmas is Observed in Strange Lands.

XMAS IN LITTLE RUSSIA.

Jovial Celebration of the Day in the Australian Bush.

SPENDING THE DAY ON SHIPBOARD.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Even the remotest of Russian villages assumes a cheerful appearance at the approach of Christmas. The huts and sheds are whitewashed and things about the "door," in general, indicate that the hard-working peasant woman has her hands full for some time.

The celebration of this great holiday is observed by the Russian peasantry in a manner that charms the eye and inspires

Russian Peasants Singing Christmas Hymns.

the soul. The broad "Russkaia native," (or Russian nature), of which every true Russian is proud, shows itself upon such occasions in all its charming simplicity. I shall never forget my peasant friend Gordei and his kind-hearted family, nor will the sweet traditional kutia (a dish prepared of barley gritz and honey) to which I was treated in his house on a Christmas Eve, ever escape my memory. Gordei is one of those little Russians who are proud to trace their ancestry to the Zaporag Cossacks; he is one of those few whom nature endows occasionally with the power of viewing things in their proper light, and who, because of this gift of nature, are generally better situated in life than thousands of other peasants.

Although it was an exceptionally cold night, the little village church was nevertheless crowded to its utmost capacity with men, women and children, with rosy-cheeked, handsome looking dicokas (maidens) and gallant paroboks (young men). All were attired in their newest clothes—men wearing sheepskin hats and gray coats, while red-top boots and bright-fringed shawls, with plenty of namists, or beads, seemed to be the leading fashion with the women. The church, though crowded, presented a very impressive sight, and the old parson, though half blind and perfectly deaf, spoke with all the ardor of a youthful soul. As the sermon advanced, the interest of the audience became greater and greater, and when the parson announced the presence of the new-born child, all bowed their heads and crossed themselves in a most ardent manner. It was nearly 10 when the sermon was over. All departed for their homes, where the traditional kutia and many other good things awaited them.

A RUSSIAN FEAST.

It was on that Christmas Eve that I availed myself of Gordei's invitation. The first thing that attracted my attention upon crossing his threshold was the perfect cleanliness and cheerful appearance of the room.

A Christmas Dinner on Board Ship.

The whitewashed walls were adorned with various-sized wheat crosses, while neat little sheaves of barley and oats were tastefully arranged about the ikons and the image case; the floor was newly sanded, and the prominent red-bordered oven—the only ornament to be seen in a peasant's hut—showed that the hostess spared no pains to make it appear at its best. The bulky trunk, which serves also as a table, was covered with a spotless coarse linen cloth of domestic manufacture. A large rye loaf of bread and a wooden dish full of salt,—which is the Russian symbol of hospitality—were soon put upon the trunk-table.

Turning to the ikons, the head of the family, followed by the rest of the members, offered a most fervent prayer, supplicating the Almighty that his corn in the field yield him a good return, that his cattle, his pigs and his fowls be disturbed by no calamity, that perfect harmony, contentment and peace reign in his house. That the prayer was very effective was evidenced by the heavy tears that rolled down Mrs. Gordei's cheeks. Prayer being over everybody took his seat at the table. A bottle of vodka was procured and the customary "round treat," accompanied by many good wishes, was made by Gordei himself. Then followed the supper. The boestch, the kutia and the pirogi that followed each other in rapid succession were equally attractive and delicious. In spite of my assurances that I was doing justice to the supper, I was continually urged by both Gordei and his wife "not to stand on ceremony," and to help myself. "There is plenty more in the pot," uttered Mrs. Gordei in a tone which was evidently calculated to disperse my fears as to the supply. I assured her that I was well aware of the fact. And here I can scarcely refrain from adding that the kind-hearted simplicity of the Russian peasantry is assuredly the most amusing as well as attractive feature of their character. Whoever has happened to be among them know what it is to refuse their klieb-dli, or hospitality. A greater insult than this there is none.

The night, though bitterly cold, was most magnificent. The bright moon centered in a cloudless sky, and surrounded by myriads of stars, shed its soft light upon the vast white plain that extended far, far into the boundless distance. A grander picture than a bright Christmas night in a Russian village is indeed hard to imagine. It seemed to me as though nature itself joined in the celebration of the greatest of Christian holidays.

THE CAROL SINGERS.

While I was strolling about the little streets, accompanied by Gordei's son, my attention was attracted by a crowd of paroboks and dicokas, gathered in front of a little hut. Upon approaching the crowd I beheld a young man of 20, evidently the leader of the circle, step forward and in a neat little speech explain to the occupants of the hut the object of their call. "We wish to gladden your souls, good people," he said. "We wish to sing to you of the wonders of Christ, our Lord, who dwells among you. We wish to impr——" Here the mere Christmas song began, and the words of the improvised orator could be heard no more. It was the koliedooka, or the Christmas carol. It is customary among the young peasantry of Little Russia to go out on a Christmas Eve on a koliedooka." This habit is strictly observed. As soon as church is over the young dicokas, as well as paroboks, assemble when parties of eight or ten are made up. After each party selects a certain section of the village for their koliedooka they all start out. The koliedooka is sung in the following manner. Placing themselves in front of a gate or a window, or, as it often happens, entering a hut, they begin in a cheerful and ringing voice.

Jesus is with us, good people!
His holy spirit rests with us—
Hallelujah!
Forever be generous, good people,
To the poor and crippled—
Hallelujah!
Forever be generous, good people
And don't forget us, who come to cheer your souls with this holy song of Jesus, our Lord.

These last words, which are spoken and not sung, are intended for the khozaika, or hostess, who cheerfully presents the singers with whatever she can afford. Fresh-baked rye bread, a sausage, a few eggs or a piece of pork generally constitutes the refection. Any such fare is cheerfully accepted by the singing party, who, after depositing it in their Christmas bag, carried by one of them over the shoulder, and thanking the hostess for her generosity, start out for the next izba or hut, where the same ceremony is repeated. It draws toward midnight by the time they get through with their koliedooka. This custom of koliedooka on Christmas Eve, traces its origin to the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Kozachestoo, or tribe of Cossacks, all along the shores of the Dnieper and Don were in their prime. S. S. SKIDELSKY.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN ROME.

Little Italian Bishops Who Recite Verses in Honor of the Child Christ.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A pretty custom is observed every Christmas Day in the Church of Ara Coeli in Rome. In one of the side chapels is constructed a little carpet-covered platform, some five feet above the ground. Round about this is a considerable gathering of people, with numbers of children; they are listening to a little girl, perhaps 6 years old, who is reciting a long piece of poetry,

The Stately Minuet at an Olden Yule-Tide Party.

Wonderful to watch and hear this little creature! By no conceivable training could an English child of this age be taught so to deliver verses—with such delightful self-possession, such clearness of delivery, such amusing precocity of gesture. The piece she is speaking is simply the pretty story of the events at Bethlehem; it is written in rhyming couplets, and in the measure of "Hiawatha." How distinctly at this moment I can hear the child's voice! Not in the least strained, yet perfectly audible to all the listeners; the sweet Italian words, made yet sweeter upon the baby lips, falling like the music of a summer streamlet. Upon every face there was a smile, but a good, kind smile, which one is the happier and better for seeing. And at the end of the piece of poetry came a prayer, still in the same verse, addressed to the Bambino Santissimo; the child knelt when she began it, and put her hands together, and fixed her eyes upon the wooden image with its crown and its jewels. The prayer finished, she sprang up at once, made a curtesy to the audience, and by friendly hands was lifted down from the platform. A murmur of approbation, of affectionate applause, went through the crowd. The women looked at each other and laughed quietly, and seemed proud of the child's success.

The reciters were nearly all girls, and seldom much more than 9 years old. For the most part, an astonishing self-confidence was exhibited. And the word must be understood in its best sense. The children simply behaved as though none but a few of those they knew and loved were present; they enjoyed speaking their pieces, and in some instances were very ready to give them a second time—in which case, by-the-by, one observed how careful had been their instruction, every tone and gesture being exactly the same as in the first delivery.

It appealed strongly to one's humanity, this spectacle of children addressing a child; easy to see that the fathers and mothers present were moved by just this aspect of the observance. It is certain that these little Roman maidens will grow up with a memory and an association in their hearts which can scarcely be fruitful of anything but pure thoughts and gentle pieties.

GEORGE GISSING.

YULETIDE ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

The Captain's Toast to the Memory of Our Absent Friends.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"The merry, merry time, the merry, merry time;
Now's the merry, merry Christmas time."

Sang a deep voiced Quartermaster of the Peninsular and Oriental steamship Kandahar, in an undertone as he swung himself up the accommodation ladder to take his trick at the helm. One day is as another on board ship, and we had unconsciously been overtaken by Yuletide while in the middle of the Indian Ocean on our homeward trip from Calcutta. The stillness was broken only by the slight wash astern and the scarce-heard throb of the motive power deep in the framework of the ship. Not a ripple broke over the blue expanse of water that reached away to merge with the sky, and overhead the sun-god poured down his heat rays with vindictive energy through the double awning that enshrouded the decks.

It was one of the few occasions when Jack has two Sundays in the week. The Lascar crew had cleaned up overnight, and, in the morning watch, having holly-stoned the deck, were now relieved from all work for the day. They passed the time on the forecastle deck, some at their devotions and others, squatted in groups, were talking 35 to the dozen, and obtaining such enjoyment from their surroundings as only their wild mannered race can.

And now from the spacious music room the sweet and solemn notes of the adeste fidelis swell upon the still air as the familiar hymn is sung by the choir to the organ accompaniment and taken up by the passengers assembled in the saloon below.

A Pleasant Christmas Party.

There the captain, a veteran of many rough trips, stands by a table covered with the Union Jack and, prayerbook in hand, prepares to solemnize the day with appropriate prayer, when the purser at his side has read the lessons. No one there but is carried in spirit to the side of his wife or sweetheart, sister or mother, as the soft notes of the old hymn rise and fall, recalling the occasion of happy family gatherings and drawing from the heart an earnest prayer for their happiness and welfare.

The rest of the day is spent in the dolce far niente of intermittent and reminiscent conversation on deck until the dinner gong summons the wayfarers to their Christmas feast. At this the proverbial baron of beef and plum pudding play their respective parts, and toward the close the "Old man," as the captain is fondly called, makes a brief address, in which he wishes his passengers—on this occasion his guests—the customary compliments. He asks his guests to pledge him in one toast, and in silence they respond to the sentiment of "Our absent friends." KELLY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ANTIPODES.

How the Day is Celebrated Under Australia's Midsummer Sun.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Christmas at the antipodes. Christmas in the Australian bush, with the midsummer sun shedding its rays with a 120-degree intensity out the azure of the typical Australian sky, smiling o'er the wide fields of golden grain, and making appear as so many snow-hillocks the browsing flocks of newly-washed sheep—this, the only suggestion of snow to be found in all this wide territory. The bullock dray, with its load of supplies, is motionless by the roadside, its outspanned team of hardy bullocks seek shelter from the growing heat in the mimosa and fern-tree shaded gully beyond; the busy hum of the reaper is silenced for the noee; the very wallaby and cockatoos seem to know the day; even the iguana and snake keep out of the way, and an air of quietude, repose and peace prevails over all; for it is Christmas morn.

And now the little timber-built church on the hill begins to fill. The settlers and their women folk—the latter gaily attired as befitting the day—congregate within its precinct, exchanging, as they enter, the old time salutation and a hearty grip of the hand. The squatter and trader, station hand and farmer, all assemble to unite in pious thanksgiving for favors received, and join with the preacher in his fervent desire for "Peace and good will to all men." Service over, relaxation begins. A couple of eleven's are chosen for the national game of cricket; the old folk gather around and exchange reminiscences of past feats of prowess with bat and ball; the noonday sun has no terrors for the girls, as accompanied by their cavaliers, they scamper across the extensive paddocks on their fleet ponies in a friendly race, and a score of stockmen are quickly mounted and, followed by their lithe-limbed hounds, are off in pursuit of the leaping long-tails.

And what a merry party it is that later on assembles around the selectors hospitable board to discuss the freshly killed mutton and savory dough-boys, the barbecue and fritters, and create a diversion among the fruit and pies of all kinds, not forgetting the 'old English plum pudding,' which is at length brought in as a crown to the feast, encircled in flames of glory. Flagons of colonial ale from a keg in the corner have raised the spirits of the company, and when later an adjournment is made to the woodshed, invited thither by the lively strains of an extemporized band, consisting of a flute, violin and accordion, it is with a determination to dance it out until the "wee sma' hours o' the morn." The placid moon looks down upon the merry groups out of her faultless shrine above, and is silent witness of the fact that a happy Christmas it has been, indeed. F. JAY KAYE.

A SOAP BUBBLE OUTFIT.

A Novelty That May Sell Well in Future Political Campaigns.

New York Sun.]

Somebody has invented a soap bubble outfit. It is put up in a neat box, and includes a peculiar kind of pipe, made especially to blow bubbles, a special brand of soap, warranted to beat the world for tenuity of film, and other appliances for varying the monotony of plain, ordinary bubble blowing. It is particularly advertised that bubbles blown with this outfit have in the sunlight a remarkable exhibition of rainbow tints.

It is anticipated that there may be a large sale when the next political campaign gets fairly under way.

ON CHINA'S FRONTIER.

The French Foreign Legion and Its Methods of Pacification.

BLOWING UP A TONGKING TOWN.

Punishing Chinese Members of Murdering Expeditions.

THE PIRATES' HAUNT IN ALONG BAY

[FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.]

BEFORE leaving Tongking I was lucky enough to have an opportunity of getting as far as the actual frontier of Tongking and China, in the very midst of the pirates and Chinese freebooters, where fighting is constantly on hand and bloody outrages not yet uncommon. My friend, M. Bavier-Chauf-four, the Managing Director of the Tongking Coal Mining Company, most kindly offered me the use of his launch, the "Fanny," a powerful and luxurious little vessel of 50 tons; and finally accompanied me himself, with one of his lieutenants, Mr. Ivatts, a man of huge build and fierce beard, a much-traveled and charming companion, and an intrepid raconteur. The trip was one of the greatest interest, and it is safe to say that no Englishman, except Mr. James Hart, who helped to delimit the frontier, has been near the spot before.

From Haton, where the coal miners are, we steamed due north along the coast, entering at once the unique scenery of Along Bay. For hours here we threaded our way among rocks as thick as trees in an orchard—enormous, towering hills a thousand feet high, great bolders hanging over sea-worn caves, tall, trembling steeples, tiny wooded rock islets, shimmering grottos, and an infinite number of grotesque water-carved forms—the monk, the inkstand, the cap of liberty. All the afternoon there was one of these within gunshot on each side; on one of them we shot an eagle, on another a big monkey. This is the pirates' haunt, and it is, indeed, a glorious thing to be a pirate king when you can run from your pursuer into Along Bay and disappear instantly at any point.

By the evening of the second day we reached the mouth of the river separating Touking and China. It is a long row up the river to the little frontier town of Monkay. This is—or rather was—a very peculiar place. It was built half on each side of the little stream that forms the actual frontier. I believe the two halves had different names, the Tonking one only being called Monkay, but they were practically one town. (The reason for using the past tense will be plain presently.) The town had no poor quarter; its streets were mathematically laid out; its houses were all of brick and stone, with richly carved and ornamented lintels and eaves; their inhabitants were all rich. In some way or other, this was the outcome of the alliance of piracy and smuggling.

THE FOREIGN LEGION'S EXPLOITS.

When the French came they did not interfere with the town on their side of the stream, but on the top of a sugar-loaf hill three-quarters of a mile back they began to build a little fort, and under its guns they laid out a "citadel," inside which to locate the barracks, officers' quarters, magazines, etc. Among the first to be sent there was a civilian official named Haitce. One day while out with a small party they were attacked by a band of Chinese soldiers. They fled, some were shot, some escaped, Haitce only was captured. He was taken back to a house in the principal street of the model litte town of Monkay, tied down upon a table, and skinned alive.

Now, at this time the famous Colonel Dugenne was in command of the Foreign Legion in Tongking. Everybody knows what the Foreign Legion is—almost the only force in the world where a sound man is enlisted instantly without a question being asked. No matter what your nationality, what your color, what your past, you are welcome in the Foreign Legion.

A man may even desert from the regular French army and re-enlist unquestioned, in this heterogeneous force. In return for this preliminary indulgence, however, you must put up with many inconveniences—the worst climates, the hardest work, the front line of the attack, the forlorn hope, and the most iron discipline. Once out of civilized parts, and there is practically only one punishment in the Foreign Legion—the punishment that can only be awarded once. To keep such a body of men in order, this is perhaps necessary, and the officers to enforce it must be hard men—men with bodies of steel and hearts of stone. And the hardest of them all was Colonel Dugenne. Some day I must tell the stories I heard of his methods of pacification in Tongking. When the authorities heard of the outrage I have described, they understood that it was no use to wipe it out with rose-water. So they sent Colonel Dugenne and his children. He came and looked at the place. "Burn it," said he. But it wouldn't burn, being all brick and stone. "Blow it up," said Colonel Dugenne. And they did—they blew the whole town literally to bits. Compared with Monkay, Pompeii is in good preservation. You need an alpenstock to get through the streets. And the house where Haitce was tortured is now a hole in the ground 20 feet deep.

READY FOR A FIGHT.

You are not long in discovering that Monkay is not like other places. As we were rowing up, a big red pheasant was sitting in a tree not 20 yards away. I picked up my rifle to try and shoot its head off, as we do with partridges in the Maine woods. "Don't fire here," said Ivatts, quickly; "the people at the fort would think there was trouble, and probably turn out a lot of men." The Resident, M. Rustant, walked down to meet us and take us to the Residency. This proved to be an old temple, or pagode, as the French call all native buildings, divided into rooms by board partitions, and very meagrely provided with modern furniture. Outside a six-foot moat was dug, and lined with spikes of bamboo so thickly that a hen could hardly walk about in it. On each side of the moat was a stockade built of heavy bamboo eight feet high and sharpened to a spike at the top. At each corner a lookout was built of sods and bamboo, in which a sentry stood always with a loaded rifle. The front of the Residency faced the river, where a little gunboat lay at anchor. The back of it looked toward the frontier, and therefore the back entrance, with the kitchen and offices, was further protected with thick walls of sods, to guard against the bullets fired at it from long range. The Resident's guard consists of 120 native militia, under two European officers. But at night as we sat at dinner in the cold, bare, cob-webbed, battenanted central hall of the former temple, the door was pushed noisily open and a night-guard of 13 men and a Sergeant of the Foreign Legion tramped past our chairs to an ante-room and grounded their arms with a crash on the stone floor. At midnight we were awakened by the same tramp and crash as the guard was changed. And there is no "show-pidgin" about this. All these men and their ball-cartridges may be needed at any minute.

Next morning we went to pay our respects to the commanding officer, and look round. First we climbed up to the fortin on the top of the sugar-loaf hill, where there are half a dozen light guns and a small force of French artillerymen, and into which no native is ever permitted to set foot. The frontier river winds along like a silver thread three-quarters of a mile off; the citadel is just below, and the half-dozen houses of the foreign population; and through a glass you can see the Chinese guns and soldiers in their own fort, on a similar hill, a couple of miles off, or less. All these guns, of course, are trained straight at one another. And over the hills you can see the telegraph wire connecting the furthest extremities of the Chinese Empire, stretching down into the town—a solid and prosperous-looking little place, like Monkay on this side before Colonel Dugenne blew it up. The French have no telegraph, but a line of heliograph to within a few miles of Haiphong, only allowed to be used for official messages. Indeed, there is nobody else to use it, although the Resident was kind enough to allow me to receive a private message from Hong Kong by its aid.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.

Then we walked, always with an escort, through the ruins of the town down to the river. As we entered the street the quick eye of the commandant caught sight of new marks on a blank brick wall. Climbing into the inside we discovered that somebody from across the frontier had come, probably during the preceding night, and actually loop-holed the wall for rifles, so that they could steal across the next moonlight night and pick off the sentries at the fort! From the arrangements made then and there, I fancy those gentry would get a reception to surprise them. The river which constitutes the actual frontier is only about 40 yards wide, and can be forded at low tide. On the French side the bank is high, while the Chinese town is built almost down to the water's edge. As soon as we were seen on the opposite bank the Chinese soldiery came down to the river in crowds, in their bright yellow and red jackets, to stare at us, and when I set up my camera they evidently became rather nervous, thinking it a new engine of war. Indeed, the Commandant said: "Don't stay any longer than is necessary; it's just possible they might take a pot-shot at us." Across this river, of course, not a soul ventures. If a Frenchman should try, his head would be off his shoulders, or worse, in five minutes. With a good deal of difficulty I bribed a Chinaman to take a telegram across, addressed to Sir Robert Hart, in Pekin, but they refused to dispatch it, and sent it back. In fact, the relations between the French and Chinese are just about as "strained" as they can possibly be.

The commandment pointed out to me a small cleared and leveled spot on the top of a hillock, and told me its gruesome story. Two months before my visit a blockhouse had stood there, garrisoned by a sergeant and six French soldiers and eight native regulars. One night the people at the fort suddenly heard rapid firing, and shortly afterward the blockhouse burst into flames. The night was pitch dark, and it was no good for them to move out to the rescue, as they did not know that there were not a thousand Chinese, and, as the blockhouse was burning, their comrades had either escaped or been killed. At daylight they marched down and found the eight natives and five Europeans dead, the sergeant headless and horribly mutilated, and one European missing—evidently carried off into China, as he was never heard of again.

A SHORT SHRIFT FOR JOHN.

No wonder that a Chinaman who falls into French hands here gets a very short shrift—generally about as long as it takes to pull a trigger. In fact, I believe any Chinaman at Monkay at night is shot on sight. The Chinese who come across on these murdering expeditions are not pirates at all, or "black flags," or dacoits, or anything of that kind; they are Chinese regulars, who leave their yellow jackets behind and resume them on their return. And, of course, if the practice were not encouraged, or at least winked at, by the Chinese officials, it could not go on.

The native troops are not very smart soldiers, but they take kindly to the loose French discipline, and on several occasions they have fought very well indeed. Their dress consists of dark blue cotton knickerbockers and jacket, a little pointed bamboo hat, and a sash. They wear no shoes; and the only difference between the militia or civil guards and the regulars is that the sash and hat of the former are blue and of the latter red. At Monkay the total strength is about 750 men—350 Europeans and 400 natives—not nearly enough, the Commandant complained bitterly. Once as I stood with him in the fort he showed me a valley miles off, and said: "There are 500 pirates over there. The day after to-morrow I am going out to say 'Bonjour' to them." And two days after I got back to Hong Kong, I read in the newspaper that he had made his expedition, the Chinese had attacked his camp during the night, and that he had been the first man shot. "Don't forget to send me some of your photographs," he had said to me at the same time; "they will be very dramatic."

HENRY NORMAN.

HIS JOB NO SINECURE.

A Groom Tells of the Hardships He Suffered in a Baroness' Service.

London Globe.]

An extraordinary case has just come before the court in Vienna, when a groom, in the service of Baroness Stahlberg, brought an action against his mistress for damages as compensation for injuries received in her stables, which he described as a "paradise for horses and a hell for men." The Baroness, the man stated, entered the stables at noon and stayed there till early the next morning. During the time she was there she fed the animals with sugar and cakes, and encouraged them to kick and bite the grooms, whom she kept in constant attendance upon them, often keeping them up all night to wash and feed the horses.

"When I was badly bitten by the horse Mamsi," the plaintiff stated, in giving his evidence, "the Baroness laughed heartily, and told me to kneel down and bind up her hoofs. This I declined to do, saying I would sooner attend on a dozen foxes than Mamsi, and the Baroness said that she would dismiss me from her service for insulting her horse."

The case was adjourned, as several former grooms and stablemen of the Baroness also appeared at the court to lay complaints for injuries, by bites and kicks, received in the stables of the Baroness Stahlberg.

RUSHING THE SEASON.

Poets and Drummers Selling Spring Goods in Winter.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

I have heard that the writers of poetry for the magazines work out of season, as it were. It is during the sweltering days of midsummer that, with his eyes in fine frenzy rolling, the poets write of jingling sleigh bells, driving snow, whistling winds and merry Kriss Kringle, and it is in the warmth of his study, before a blazing fire, that he sings his lay of violets, gentle zephyrs and blushing roses. The publishers must have their spring and winter poetry in stock. I know that this is the case in the hat business.

It is now that the drummer from the manufacturer comes in to show the spring styles, and assure us that there will be a revival of pearl derbys with a tendency toward smaller proportions next April and May. It will be in the latter part of January that the drummer in his fur coat will come in, kick the snow from his feet, and open up his samples of nobby straw hats. This same previousness exists in the boot and shoe, clothing and drygoods trades.

THE ART OF ETCHING

Is Explained to an Inquisitive Man by a Well-Known Painter.

VALUE OF AN ARTIST'S REMARQUE.

Sins of Omission and Commission Committed by Copyists.

THE PROCESS VERY FULLY DESCRIBED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

BY the way," observed the inquisitive man, as he lounged in the embraces of a rocking chair; "by the way, Mr. Beattie, how do you make etchings?"

Mr. J. W. Beattie ceased varnishing his latest landscape, and looked suspiciously at the questioner.

"Is that a bona fide query," he said, "or are you merely getting off one of your piquant newspaper jokes on me? Don't you really know how etchings are made?"

An expression of injured innocence distributed itself over the features of the inquiring one. "Nothing about McGinty was intended, I assure you," he exclaimed—"I am honestly ignorant on the subject of etchings."

The artist laid aside his varnishing paraphernalia, and good-humoredly promised to enlighten his visitor. In a few minutes all the articles required for the forthcoming object lesson were laid upon the studio table. Mr. Beattie first produced the proof of an etching from his well-known picture "Returning to Labor." It was an "artist's remarque etching;" in other words, the painter had reproduced his own picture, affixing his signature and a "remarque," or little device appropriate to the subject. In the case of the etching from "Returning to Labor," the remarque used by Mr. Beattie was a plow.

"The artist's own etchings," said Mr. Beattie, "are considered far more valuable

An Etching in Three Stages—First Stage.

than those of other men. You see, an artist can always reproduce the spirit of his own painting. There are two kinds of copyists—the mere mechanical workman, who cannot, or who does not attempt to, enter into the life and feeling of the picture, and the really appreciative workman, who nearly always overdoes the qualities which he admires. One class sin by omission—the other by commissions. That is why the artist's remarque plates are so highly thought of."

A CHANCE FOR ORIGINALITY.

"Etching, then, leaves room for original work?" asked the inquirer.

"Yes," Mr. Beattie answered; "that is why etching is so far superior, as an art, to engraving. You will see that more clearly later on."

A copper etching plate was then produced from its protecting envelope. These plates are manufactured by a New York house, and are of every size. The large ones are very dear, costing from $20 to $25 per plate. This is owing to the extraordinary amount of care which is bestowed upon their preparation. The plate must be as perfectly smooth and as perfectly level as it is possible for matter to be. To attain this degree of excellence every portion of the surface is tested. The instant the least roughness or unevenness is discovered means are taken to remedy the defect. The plate is punched upon the reverse side, opposite to the faulty spot, and this side is generally found punctured all over with

Second Stage.

small holes caused by the various punchings. When the plate is at last finished the obverse side is covered with wax to preserve it from injury, and the object of so much labor is mailed to the etcher.

"When I get the plate," said Mr. Beattie, "I warm it thoroughly and clean off the wax with whiting, so that not a single particle adheres to the surface. I then heat some more wax and, wrapping it in silk, rub it all over the plate. Next, taking a dabber——"

"Is this a dabber that I see before me?" asked the inquisitive man, pointing in a melodramatic manner to an object resembling a lady's powder puff in shape and apparently constructed of black silk.

"Yes, that's a dabber," said the artist, "and it is used to dab the wax on the plate, thus spreading it evenly in all directions and removing the surplus layers. When this is accomplished I can begin my etching as soon as I please."

Mr. Beattie then took four or five etching needles from a drawer. They were of steel, about four inches long, and in thickness similar to those dainty pencils which hang from the dance programmes of ballroom sylphs. The points of the needles are of various degrees of sharpness to suit the variety of lines to be etched.

IT SEEMS EASY.

A few lines were then worked in upon the waxed plate by the artist, and the inquisitive man was permitted to try his hand at the business. A stroke or two was sufficient to convince him of the great advantage of etching over all kinds of engraving. The ease with which the needle skimmed over the surface, was as superior to the laborious plowing of the graver, as skates upon a stretch of ice are to their roller brethren on a sidewalk. In fact, as far as ease in execution is concerned, Mr. Beattie declares that the needle, as a sketching medium, leaves even the pencil far behind. "We are able to get in the free, flowing lines of the original," continued the artist, "with a delicacy which the engraver cannot even approach. Of course etching is a much more difficult art than engraving. Only a very practiced hand can etch decently. If you were to attempt

The Etching Completed.

to reproduce in lines any part of that painting on the easel, you would speedily lose command of your needle. Before you knew where you were the needle would career across the plate and utterly ruin the etching. In fact any slips, or rather mistake, can never be completely remedied. Of course the runaway lines can be covered over with wax, but this will make the proofs horribly clumsy. So much for the etching process; now I shall tell you about the 'biting' process."

From a picturesque pile of odds and ends, only to be found in the studio, a kind of tray or dish of tin was selected.

The inside of the tray was smeared with pitch—an idea of Mr. Beattie's—the usual "biting" dish being of porcelain. "When I have got my etching worked in," Mr. Beattie went on, "I fill this tray with nitric acid, diluted with water. Into this bath I dip the plate. The acid gets into the lines, where the needles have removed the wax, and bites the metal. It will bite clean through if permitted, and as some lines in the picture want to be deep and some light the amount of biting has to be carefully regulated.

BITING IN THE PICTURE.

"This is how it is managed. The whole plate is dipped in, and allowed to remain immersed for a few minutes. That will give the acid time to bite in all the light lines, such as those representing the sky. The plate is then taken out, and these light lines carefully "stopped out" with stopping varnish, which process protects them from the acid. In goes the plate again for another few minutes, and this time the unstopped lines are bitten a little deeper. When the etching comes out after its second dip the set of lines next in order of lightness are stopped off; and the process is repeated again and again, till every line has been bitten to the required depth.

It generally takes about 12 dips to finish the job. There is another method of 'biting in' the lines, which is the inverse of the one I have explained. This is to draw the heavy lines only at first, and calculating how much time they will take to get them burned in and 'stopped out,' with varnish before the next heavy lines are drawn. This latter method has one great advantage. After the last biting you can cross over the heavy lines by light lines, a thing impossible by the other plan. A feather is used during the biting process, to brush away the bubbles of acid. These bubbles often blur the plate if not kept in order.

"When the biting is completed, the etcher's work goes to the printer, and the test proof of the etching is produced. If the proof be faulty, the etching has to be rebitten, and this is a very irksome task. When a satisfactory proof is produced, the artist signs the plate and affixes the 'remarque.' There you have the whole truth about etchings."

With a sigh of relief Mr. Beattie fell back in his chair and proceeded to light a cigar. The inquisitive man expressed himself highly satisfied with the information, so lucidly conveyed, and in a few moments the studio was enveloped in tobacco smoke, and enshrouded in silence. BRENAN.

DEADLY TOBACCO FUMES.

Meat That is Exposed to the Smoke Found to be a Rank Poison.

Cases of poisoning due to meat which seemed thoroughly wholesome have sometimes occurred and have remained unexplained. In the *Revue d'Hygiene* of this month M. Bourrier, Inspector of Meat for the town of Paris, makes a suggestion. He described his experiments with meat impregnated with tobacco smoke. Some thin slices of beef were exposed for a considerable time to the fumes of tobacco, and afterwards offered to a dog which had been deprived of food for 12 hours. The dog, after smelling the meat, refused to eat it. Some of the meat was then cut into small pieces and concealed within bread. This the dog ate with avidity, but in 20 minutes commenced to display the most distressing symptoms, and soon died in great agony.

All sorts of meat, both raw and cooked, some grilled, roasted, and boiled, were exposed in tobacco smoke and then given to animals, and in all cases produced symptoms of acute poisoning. Even the process of boiling could not extract from the meat the nicotine poison. Grease and similar substances have facilities of absorption in proportion with their fineness and fluidity. Fresh killed meat is more readily impregnated, and stands in order of susceptibility as follows—pork, veal, rabbit, poultry, beef, mutton, horse.

DANGERS FROM CHLOROFORM.

Conclusions Based on the Results of Numerous Interesting Experiments.

Glasgow Mail.]

The following telegram from Mr. Lander Brunton, at Hyderabad, was received yesday by the *Lancet*: "Four hundred and ninety dogs, horses, monkeys, goats, cats and rabbits used; 120 with manometer; all records photographed; numerous observations on every individual animal; results most instructive; danger from chloroform is asphyxia or overdose; none whatever heart direct."

These results, says the *Lancet*, apparently indicate such a complete reversal of the view held by Dr. Brunton at the time he left England, that one of the dangers resulting from chloroform is death by stoppage of the heart, that details of the experiments will be awaited with the greatest interest.

OUR CHRISTMAS MENU

Contributed by the Leading Ladies of the Administration.

THE PRESIDENT'S XMAS DINNER.

Mrs. Harrison's Autograph Recipe for Sausage Rolls.

DAINTIES FOR WEDNESDAY'S FEAST

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, December 20.—The leading ladies of Washington have been called upon to furnish a special dinner for your readers. They have responded nobly, and from the wife of the President to the leading society cooks of the Congressional circles, have with their own hands written out recipes for Christmas dishes which their own kitchens have proved good. The dishes they recommend are not expensive and the dainties here described are all within the limit of a family having an income of $1,200 a year or less.

The Christmas dinner of the President and his Cabinet will be like yours. They will have their turkey and their plum pudding, and at the White House the menu which has been written out for you by the President's cook will be as follows:

MENU.

Blue Point oysters, half-shell.
Soup.
Consomme royal.
Entree.
Bouches a la Reine.
Roast.
Turkey, cranberry jelly.
Potatoes duchesse. Stewed celery.
Terrapin a la Maryland.
Lettuce salad, plain dressing.
Sweets.
Mince pie. American plum pudding.
Dessert.
Ice cream. Tutti frutti.
Lady fingers. Maccaroons. Carlsbad wafers.
Fruits.
Apples. Florida oranges.
Bananas. Grapes. Pears.
Black coffee.

The Cabinet officials will eat nearly the same, only Secretary Rusk will have to omit the mince pie, for that robust, genial gentleman has the dyspepsia.

Vice President and Mrs. Morton tell me that their Christmas dinner will not include much more than turkey and plum pudding. "It is children's day with us," said Mrs. Morton, "and we have a simple menu. We have few relatives to invite, and we give the day and the dinner to our five daughters."

MRS. HARRISON'S SAUSAGE ROLLS.

I begin my recipes with one from the White House. Mrs. President Harrison has kindly written out directions for making delicious sausage rolls. Mrs. Harrison's recipe is on a sheet of White House paper of the size of an ordinary business envelope. It is written in her own hand and it is as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON.

Sausage Rolls

Make a light biscuit dough (made with milk & let it rise overnight. In the morning roll it out thin, & cut into shapes with a biscuit cutter. In the center of each place a roll of sausage the size of a good sized hickory nut, & roll it in the dough. After letting them stand in the pan for a few minutes bake a slow hot. These rolls are also good cold, & when children we used to have them to take to school for a luncheon in bad weather.

Caroline Scott Harrison

MRS. NOBLE'S CHICKEN SAUCE.

Mrs. Secretary Noble has a brown book with crinkly yellow leaves. She guards it carefully, for it retains the recipes garnered in 25 years. She has copied them all herself and here is her favorite and the Secretary's.

It has driven epicures to whom she has served it to rise and exclaim, "With such sauce one might eat one's grandfather!"

"Sauce for pheasants, roast quail croquettes or chicken" is the label, and these are the directions: We whisper in confidence to housewives that water does as well as broth, although she said Secretary Noble claimed he could tell the difference.

Heaping tablespoonful butter; tablespoonful sifted flour; rub well together. One-half pint broth, 2 teaspoonfuls mushroom, 2 teaspoonfuls catsup, 2 tablespoonfuls cream, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Put in to boil, stirring well. Then add yolks of two eggs, beaten light, constantly stirring and never allowing to boil or it will curdle. When thickened by the eggs, serve or place in hot water until wanted.

LIZABETH NO