THE STOLEN PHOTOGRAPH.

BY NATHANIEL DAWSON.

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PART I.

My own poor holidays were of the scantiest at the time of this narration. I had enjoyed my freedom for ten days of June, but (though the period bade fair to live forever in my memory) I seemed to have been already a twelve-month back at work upon the evening when I found Dick's letter awaiting me at my lodgings.

"My Dear Mortimer: I am in town at last; arrived last night. Come around and smoke a pipe—tonight, if possible; I've a hundred things to tell you. Meanwhile—if you'll believe it—I'm engaged. Yours, Dick."

My own vacation, I have said, had lasted but ten days. As for Dick, his occupation was one that permitted him a multitude of pleasant relaxations. He had a small—a very small—private income; and, further, he wrote pretty frequently for a number of the magazines and weekly journals. Sometimes he stopped in town for a space, when you saw his initials affixed in certain journals to little sketches of London life, as seen in the pit of a theater, in an omnibus, on the Underground—wherever, in fact, his carefully

I FOUND MYSELF GAZING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MAUD CAMERON.

planned eccentricities conducted him. At other times he would give you the history of a Saturday to Monday tramp in Kent or Surrey; or, again, he would be right away from London, and for a week or two would be full of information as to deep-sea fishing, duck shooting or whatever else might have been his latest occupation. Now this note that told of his engagement was the first that I had heard of him for months; we had certainly been strangers since my holidays, for I had found him out of town upon my return, and neither of us cared for letter-writing.

The news he told me was the pleasantest possible; for I also, to tell the truth, had learned in my ten days of freedom how unenviable are the liberties of a mere bachelor. I remained free for the present; but I nevertheless hoped to follow his example before the year was out.

One can do a good deal in ten days; indeed, I had fallen hopelessly in love in less than that number of hours. But I felt it rather much to ask that Maud should have recognized and learned to reciprocate my feelings in so short a time, and so I had not spoken. All the same, I know that it would be a crushing disappointment to me if she had not accomplished it. Her home was at Brighton, she once told me, and she well knew my friends, the Meynells.

"I shall be stopping there for a few days at Christmas time," I said. "Perhaps I shall see you?"

"You will come and call on us, won't you?" she had answered; and from that day to this I had been wondering by what means I should extract an invitation from the Meynells. The question still awaited its solution; and now that Dick was assured of happiness, I was all the more determined to secure that invitation—even though I had to ask for it in plain terms, or to assume, with an insolence foreign to my nature, that it had been given long ago.

For Maud—I could find no words to express her. I put my hand into the breast-pocket of my coat and drew out a photograph. It was not a very good likeness; the hair was not dressed in the fashion which had become familiar to me—and that fashion of a surety was the most charming that ever occurred to the mind of ingenious woman. But still, the picture had enough of her to be for me the most beautiful thing in the world—save only her sweet self. I had stolen it, to tell the truth. She was stopping with the Luttrells, with whom I spent my holiday at Sandybar; and Madge Luttrell was a great friend of mine. She had detected or foreseen my devotion to Maud, I think, even before it revealed itself to me. At any rate I knew she would be discreet, and, trusting to her clemency, I had stolen this precious photograph out of her album upon the morning when I left Sandybar.

I had soon finished the meal which stood ready for me, and from which I had been kept by Dick's note and by the emotions resulting from its perusal. Then I found my hat and stick and my very largest pipe, and set out across London to Dick's rooms. The place was in darkness and untenanted when I entered, but I knew that he would not fail me, and struck a match to discover if he had left a note to me when he would return. "Back at eight," it read. "Meantime there's baccy and a new Stevenson." It was now upon the stroke of seven, so I lit the lamp, found the Stevenson, and prepared to spend an hour pleasantly. The time passed most happily; at last I laid aside the book and filled my pipe. I walked across the room to take a spill from the mantel-shelf, and in a moment found myself gazing at the photograph of Maud Cameron—the girl I loved, the girl I hoped to marry.

It was in a frame of elaborately beaten silver, already somewhat tarnished by tobacco smoke, and beyond a doubt was a portrait of Dick's fiancee. Still gazing upon it, stricken with cold despair, and striving to read in her face (now that her perfidy was revealed) some sign which should have warned me not to trust her, I observed that this was now the one and only photograph adorning his mantleshelf. Now in the old days Dick had been something of a connoisseur in female beauty; his mantel had been interesting with pictures of a dozen pretty dancing girls and actresses. Two or three of these were even autographed. That Maud should have usurped the place which at once sufficed for a dozen was proof positive that she was the sole mistress of his heart.

And yet I could have sworn she would betray no trust reposed in her. I turned away from the mantel—her face looked forth upon me like a stranger's out of that frame—and took my copy of her photograph from my pocket. I laid it upon the table in the full light of the lamp. It had not all her beauty; her loveliness was half of ever-changing expression, and so must needs escape the camera. But still the picture gave the lie to all the overwhelming evidence which had crushed my faith in her. For a moment I was content; he might account himself master of her love; might, if it pleased him, believe that no man disputed with him the kingdom of her heart. For a moment, despite all evidence, I believed that she was still true to the unspoken fact between us; that she could not betray me.

There was a sudden sound of footsteps on the stair, a hand upon the door, and even as I thrust back her photograph into my pocket, the door opened and Dick entered.

"Hope you've not had long to wait," he said. "I had to be out for awhile."

"Not long," I answered. "And I—I found plenty to occupy me. And now, I suppose, I must congratulate you?"

Dick laughed. "D you only suppose? I am the luckiest beggar in the world. But never mind; you will see her some day, and then you will speak differently. You will envy me—madly; for indeed—. But we'll wait until you have met her; only I promise you you may safely venture your congratulations. Here is her photograph, by the bye; a wretchedly bad one, but still not all unlike."

He moved to the mantel and handed me her picture, inclosed in that abominable frame of his. I took it from him, and for a minute and more gazed hard upon her face.

"It is all true," I kept whispering to myself. "She has betrayed me."

Dick watched me in silence, evidently convinced of my admiration; in reality I was wondering whether it would be better to tell him that we had met.

Presently he broke silence. "Well?" he said, holding out his hand for the return of her photograph.

"You are very lucky," I answered, slowly. "She is very beautiful."

"Aye," he said, contentedly, "but you don't know how beautiful. That photograph is a libel." He put it back upon the mantleshelf, and selected a pipe. Then he stretched himself in an easy chair.

"Sit down," he said. "I have not heard a word of you since you went for your holiday in June. Have you nothing to tell me? Still confirmed in your misogynyny?"

"You mistake," I said. "I am not a hater of the sex. I am merely not engaged."

"You will laugh," he answered, "and say I judge you by the measure of my own acts. But, upon my faith, I fancied as I came upon you that you would be telling me in a moment that you also were in my predicament. I thought you were looking at something as I entered—I thought you were looking at a photograph. I was deceived? You have nothing to tell?"

He had foretold that these conjectures would amuse me, and accordingly I made shift to find a laugh.

"Nothing," I said. "Your own good fortune makes you the well-wisher of all. And yet—has it struck you?—the fact that you have secured felicity does but darken the general prospect. There were a score who would have been most happy with her love, and maybe ten who already were dying for her. You are most happy, the most miserable."

He laughed lightly. "Yes," he said: "I expect the other beggars are cut up. But they'll console themselves somehow, though there is none like her. You two must know one another; indeed, she is already eager for your acquaintance."

I was steeled, I had thought, against all that he could tell me, but upon this

THERE IS NONE LIKE HER. YOU TWO MUST MEET EACH OTHER.

I well-nigh betrayed myself. Had she admitted that her fancy for me— I knew that she had come near to loving me—was dead, I could have borne my burden uncomplainingly, and might at last have forgotten. But that she should deny that it had existed—that she had even known me; this was past toleration.

"They live at Brighton," Dick continued, "so that we are not too far away to visit them. You must come down some day with me. I want you to know her."

There are times when it were unwise to be sincere.

"I shall be delighted," I said, even while I reviewed the excuses upon which I should be able to rely in the event of his some day tendering a more definite invitation. Then I turned the conversation into other channels, and in a little while (somewhat to the disgust of my friend, who had much to tell) I left.

It occurred to me as I traveled homewards that Dick had not told me where or how he had managed to make the acquaintance of Maud. But, of course, he had been stopping at Sandybar and had met her (even as I had done) at the summer residence of the Luttrells. I wondered vaguely that they had never mentioned my name to Dick, and that Madge Luttrell, my staunch ally, had not found means to warn me. And when I had reached my lodgings I put a match to the fire. It blazed up quickly, and as it did so I tore my treasured photograph into a hundred fragments and burned them one by one. The fire had fallen to a heap of gray ashes before I thought of bed; but in it there had been consumed the whole structure of hopes which had sustained my life, and I seemed to behold their ruins in the little heap of gray ashes.

I went to bed, and for long hours lay tossing, a prey to a hundred miserable reflections. But with the dawn I fell asleep, and a cruel fate sent me back the old dead dream. For in my sleep methought I went down to Brighton and told her of my love. She had welcomed me with smiles and blushes, and when I spoke her eyes fell for a moment. I stood before her eagerly awaiting her answer, knowing full well that she would give me the reply I desired. Then she raised her eyes to mine; her lips opened—and suddenly she was gone. Dick entered at the door, and she was at his side.

"Mortimer, old man," he said, "I want to introduce you to the lady who has promised to be my wife."

And thereupon, most miserable, I awoke.

My life throughout the weeks that followed was wretched in the extreme. Fortunately they were unusually busy at the office, so that I had but little time wherein to dwell upon my great misfortunes. Moreover, being thus completely occupied, I was not at a loss for reasonable excuses whenever Dick urged me to come more frequently to his rooms. My own desertion was a thing to which I had to reconcile myself, but for the present I would not willingly be the witness of his extreme felicity. He sent me a copy of his first book, which came out at this time; and even there my unhappiness was cast in my face, for the thing was dedicated to "M. C." I can't say I read it, though I had been keen enough about it while it was still in the egg.

About a month had passed in this manner, when I had a note one day from Mrs. Luttrell:

"Dear Mr. Mortimer: We have taken tickets for the Lyceum matinee on Saturday, and three or four friends are to meet us there. I wonder if you are free that afternoon, and would care to meet us at Charing Cross and go with us to the theater. Yours very truly,

"Frances Luttrell."

To be candid the invitation pleased me. I knew that Madge would be of the

I TORE MY TREASURED PHOTOGRAPH INTO A HUNDRED FRAGMENTS.

party, and I counted her my friend. I accepted, therefore, and on Saturday was waiting in good time at Charing Cross. It was a miserable foggy day, and I half feared they would not come. But though their train was somewhat delayed, they presently arrived, and we took a cab along the Strand. Madge looked unusually pretty, and greeted me with a disappointing cheerfulness. I had counted on a little sympathy from her, but her aspect was one of rather mischievous enjoyment. It would have been timely enough if she had held in store for me some very delightful surprise. She even referred to a matter which I had hoped for a month past had escaped her observation.

"I did not think that you would descend to theft," she said; "I would have given it to you. And of course you have discovered your mistake?"

We were entering the theater as she spoke; there was a momentary press of people, and I affected not to have heard her speech. Indeed, I was not a little angry; her clumsiness was obviously intentional; for I was well aware that she in no wise suffered from want of tact.

A moment later we were being shown to our seats.

"Will you take the inside seat?" said Madge, and I moved obediently to the last vacant place—next to a lady whose face was turned from me. I was just taking my seat when she turned and looked at me. She had the grace to blush—for it was Maud Cameron—but there was no tremor in her voice when she spoke a moment later.

"How do you do?" she said, politely. And in the same words I answered her.

For a few moments Madge Lutrell leant forward and talked to her. Then the orchestra began the overture, and she leant back in her seat and was silent. Maud and I were in some sort left together.

I did my best to play the part that fate required of me. I cudgeled my brains for polite nothings where with to fill up the dreadful moments, but I could think of nothing.

Presently she leant a little nearer, and spoke to me in her soft, pretty voice. "You have nothing to say?" she said. "You may talk, you know."

I turned to her with a look of desperation. Why could she not leave me to myself?

"I had forgotten," I said. "I must congratulate you—or Dick, at any rate."

"O!" she answered, smilingly, "you may congratulate me also, do not fear. It happened marvelously well."

I bowed. "Marvelously well!" I echoed.

"Yes," she continued; "and particularly in that you are his special friend. It is so nice for the wife when the husband's friend is nice. But why didn't you tell him you knew the Luttrells—and me?"

I stared at her, incredulous of her cruelty. "How could I tell him?" I said indignantly. "You had denied acquaintance with me, and since you had forgotten do you think I wished to remember?"

I was a trifle startled at the effect of this speech. It should have silenced her, I thought; but it seemed as if I had injured her, and now a greater indignation than my own arose in her.

"It is not true," she said. "What do you mean? I saw him only a fortnight ago, when I returned from Sandybar, and I distinctly remember telling him that day I had met you there. Mother did suggest that he might bring you down one Saturday, but of course—"

I interrupted. "You only saw him a month ago? Why, 'tis a full month since he told me you were engaged. And yet you have known him only a fortnight?"

She looked at me with a sort of pitiful amazement.

"He told you he was engaged to me? Why, he's engaged to Mary, my sister. And besides, you might—"

A new life entered into me; the old hopes lived again. Yet I was unconvinced. "He showed me your photograph," I said.

She loked at me a moment. Slowly the bewilderment faded from her face, and it appeared she was mightily amused.

"Did he tell you my name?" she asked.

"He showed me your likeness, and told me you were engaged to him. I don't remember if he told me your name. But there was no need; I do not forget so easily."

Maud chuckled—there is no other word. "You had seen the photograph before?" she said.

"I stole it out of Madge Luttrells' album the day I was to leave Sandybar. I thought—"

"Surely it was a little curious to steal the photograph of a lady you had never met! For it is to Mary, my sister, that Mr. Ferguson is engaged, and it was her photograph you took from Madge's album. She is considered rather like me."

I was stunned with the sudden joy and with the sense of my great stupid-

SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH A SORT OF PITIFUL AMAZEMENT.

ity. I knew that her eyes were upon me, and would have given worlds to be with her, for a moment only, away from the great crowd of people.

"I burnt it," I said, "a month ago. You will give me one of your own?"

She answered nothing, and at that moment the curtain rose. But I was well content.

THE END.

EARLY ELECTIONS.

The Number of States Holding Them Growing Smaller Every Year.

From the Sun.

At the recent election in Florida for governor, state officers and members of the legislature, a proposition was submitted to the voters to amend the state constitution so as to do away with October elections hereafter. Florida votes for governor in October now, and the proposed amendment provides for holding the state elections on the same day as the general elections. Reports from Florida indicate that the amendment, which will take the Everglade state out of the October column was adopted by a big majority.

One by one the states that have preliminary elections have been abandoning the practice, and it will not probably be long before such elections will have been wiped out entirely. A comparison of the long list of states which have held such preliminary elections with the short list of those that retain this almost obsolete practice of separating state from national issues, shows the progress which has been made in making election day uniform throughout the country. In the presidential year of 1872, the first election participated in by all the states of the country, substantially, after the close of the civil war, these were some of the dates of early elections: Arkansas chose state officers on the first Monday in September, Connecticut in April, Indiana in October, Iowa in October, Kentucky in August, Maine in September, Nebraska in October, New Hampshire in March, North Carolina in August, Ohio in October, Oregon in June, Rhode Island in May, South Carolina in October, Pennsylvania in October, Vermont in September, and West Virginia in October. The territories of that date, too, had their elections at other times than that of the November contest, though there were no presidential electors to be voted for by them. Colorado voted in September, Idaho in May, Montana in August, Washington in June, and Wyoming in September. Texas had what seems nowadays to be a peculiar method of state election. It began on the last day of November and lasted four days. The voter who didn't find it convenient to have his political preference recorded on the first or second day could vote on the third or fourth.

A majority of the states of the Union up to twenty years ago had preliminary state elections and, as a general rule, it was said, that in New England spring elections were adhered to; in the south, midsummer elections, and in the states of the Ohio Valley, October elections. Climatic considerations, no doubt, had much to do with this, but Pennsylvania, though an Eastern state, remained in the October column until the corrupt and demoralizing Hartanft-Buckalew contest led to a change in the constitution, which was adopted by the voters in the year succeeding. The list of states holding preliminary elections now includes Alabama, which chooses state officers in August; Arkansas, which votes in August; Arkansas, which votes in September; Florida and Georgia, which vote in October; Louisiana, which elects state officers in April; Maine, which votes for them in September; Oregon, which has its state election in June; Rhode Island, which votes in April, and Vermont, which elects its governor and other officers in September. October elections in Northern states have now become a thing of the past, and after this year Georgia will be the only October state left.

TO OBLIGE THE COLONEL.

Perhaps It Was a Mistake, but in Excess of Zeal Mistakes May Happen.

There wasn't any particular excitement over the hanging of the man pointed out and arrested at Big Bend as the chap who stole a pack mule from Colonel White's camp, over on Fish river. One of White's men, who was over after bacon, happened to meet the stranger, and he went to Jim Redfern, president of the vigilance committee, and said:

"Jim, is a good day fur a hangin?"

"Wall, tolerably fa'r," replied Jim.

"The kuss who stole our pack mewl is down in the tin-front saloon."

"I see. And you want him hung?"

"I don't keer no great about it myself, but I reckon the Kurnel would be pleased."

"I'm willin' to oblige Kurnel White as he's a good friend of mine, but do you think the critter down thar has any objeckshuns to bein' hung?"

"He don't look like a man who'd kick about it. 'Pears more like a critter who'd be glad to be off the airth."

"Wall, we'll take chances on him," said Jim, and he went to his shanty and got a rope and asked eight or ten of the boys to go along. When the crowd reached the tin-front saloon the stranger was just coming out.

"Say, we want you," remarked Redfern.

"What fur?"

"Goin' to hang you!"

"Cause why?"

"Fur stealin' Kurnel White's pack mewl."

"Wall, fire away!"

He was escorted to a tree whereon a dozen or more men had been duly hanged, and lifted upon an empty whisky barrel and the nose placed over his neck.

"Want to say anything?" asked Jim as all was ready.

"Nuthin' 'tall."

"Then let 'er go!"

An hour later, White's man, who had started for home, returned to hunt up Mr. Redfern and say:

"Look-a-yer, Jim, that feller didn't steal our mewl."

"Noo!"

"They got the feller and the mewl over at Clay City and hung him this mornin.. I thought this was the feller, but I must hev bin mistook."

"I see. Wall, he's bin hung and buried and we can't help him any. We'll jest let the next one off to even up things. My compliments to the Kurnel, and tell him I shall always stand ready to obleege."

PATHWAYS THROUGH LIFE.

You say that your life is a failure,
Your future holds naught that is sweet,
That the troublous years bring little but tears,
And always, always, defeat.

Mistakes—ay, sins you call them—
May cover your past like a pall,
But the soul that is strong to outlive its wrong
Is the bravest soul of all.

You long to go forth in the battle,
But your feet are fettered quite;
Remember, who serve in the corps of reserve
May be able as those who fight.

You chafe to enter the races,
For pleasure and gold and fame;
Yet many who win 'mid the plaudits' din,
Find the prize but an empty name.

The toil that is yours seem fruitless,
Your days are dreary and long;
But the lowliest duty may glow with beauty
When wrought with a cheerful song.

The world's best sweets are denied you,
You have tasted earth's cup of woe;
But who suffers to give that others may live
Has the noblest life, I trow.

O, let us, my friend, do bravely
The work that to us is given,
And smile in belief that what causes us grief
May keep us the closer to heaven.

The pathways we traverse are many,
And some are by the barrenest strand;
But with visions grown wide we shall wonder we sighed,
For they led to the beautiful land.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

PNEUMATIC BEDS.

The Latest Innovation in Railway Travel as Applied to Sleeping Cars.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Sleeping on air is the latest innovation in railway travel. The use of compressed iar for that purpose will, in the estimation of railway men, eventually revolutionize railway travel and relegate the familiar and somewhat clumsy Wagner and Pullman sleeping cars to the background.

At present the only car completely fitted with compressed air cushions and beds is the private car of Vice-President J. N. Schoonmaker, of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad. These have been found, however, to be not only practicable, but to possess so many advantages over the accommodations of ordinary sleeping and parlor cars that a number of roads are having similarly fitted ones constructed, and before long they will be in general use on many of the great trunk lines of the country.

Colonel Schoonmaker's car was built after the plans of L. F. Ruth, the inventor of the latest system of car furnishing. In appearance it does not differ externally from the ordinary car chair. This is explained by the fact that instead of the usual upholstering the chair cushions are filled with compressed air, which lessens, in a great degree, to the occupant the jolting and jarring of the car when in motion.

During the day no one would for a moment suppose that he was riding in a sleeping car, and it is not until the day coach is transformed into a sleeper that the possibilities of the use of compressed air in this direction are fully realized.

The transformation is effected in this wise: First, the air in the chair cushions is exhausted, the light framework folded up and slipped into an opening in the side of the car are disposed of, and it is ready for the beds.

The panels on either side of the windows open outward like a door. On the inside of these panels is a metal track over which is drawn a steel spring-like arrangement, which supports the bed. Fitting closely against the side of the car and concealed during the day by the closed panels is a rubber bag folded after the fashion of an accordion.

By turning a valve connected with a storage tank beneath the car compressed air is admitted into the rubber bag, which inflates and forces itself outward from the sides of the car until it rests upon the steel framework, and the bed is ready to be made up. The head and foot of the bed are panels, which also fit into the side of the car.

When the berth or bed is not desired for use another valve is turned, and the air in the mattress expelled. The mattress itself assumes the appearance of an empty rubber bag, and is drawn back against the side of the car as before. The panels are then closed and the sleeping car is once more ready to become the parlor car for the day traveler.

One great advantage claimed for these appliances is that they can be fitted to steamships and dwellings as well as cars.

"YOU" AND "THOU."

The Order of the New French Minister of War.

From the New York Tribune.

A decree has just been issued at Paris by the new minister of war forbidding officers to address the soldiers under their orders by the familiar pronoun of "thou." Henceforth the more formal "you" is alone to be employed.

"Tu" and "du" and "thou" are terms not of contempt, but of familiarity and intimacy, and their use implies no lack of consideration for the purpose to whom they are applied, but, on the contrary, a feeling of affectionate regard. In monarchial countries the sovereigns have always made a point of addressing the troops with the pronoune "thou," in the same way that they apply the word "children" to even grizzled and battle-scarred veterans twice their age. The men like to be addressed thus, and feel a sort of sympathy for those whom they regard as displaying in this way affection and interest in their welfare.

Of course, this new departure has been prompted by the spirit of republicanism, the minister's idea being that a soldier is just as much a French citizen and entitled to as much respect as an officer.

In the German, Austrian, Italian and Rusisan armies the officers not only use the word "thou" to their men, but among themselves as well, and the youngest lieutenant may use it to his colonel or even to his general when off duty, the idea being they are brothers and comrades in arms. Officers meeting for the first time use "thou" even though one be a prince and the other the son of a petty shopkeeper; one the colonel of some crack cavalry regiment, and the other a subaltern in a mere line regiment.

In the aristocracy, that is to say, among the old nobility, whence the parvenu and the nouveau rich element is severely excluded, every one calls the other "thou," even young girls styling old dowagers thus. Monarchs and royal personages in their intimate intercourse with one another invariably use the pronoun "thou." The Prince of Wales addresses the Emperor of Austria as "du," and Emperor of Germany makes use of the same pronoun when writing or speaking to King Oscar or any other manarch. "Tu" and "du" and "thou" imply social equity among the persons who use them to one another, and if the French minister of war had been less hasty, and had taken the trouble of studying the history of his country, he would have found that during the early years of the great revolution at the end of the last century, when the doctrines of equality were really enforced, everybody made use of the word "citoyen" and "thou" in addressing one another, no matter what might be the difference of age or official rank.

VENETIAN GLASS.

Some Phases of the Revival of an Ancient Industry.

Among the lagoons, nearly due north of Venice, in the Island of Murano, there live a race of men who seem to have a great future. They are the descendants of the old Venetian glassworkers, and of late years they have been reviving the ancient art, which made Murano famous in the past, of glassblowing.

The old Venetian glass was what is commonly called blown, but the name gives a very small idea of the manufacture. Glass has certain characteristics which give it its true beauty and value for art purposes, and though you may neglect these and force it to take forms utterly foreign to its nature, you are producing not works of art, but monstrosities. Whatever glass may be, it is in its natural state not crystalline, so that nature is outraged when we grind it into sharp angular forms that belong rather to other materials. The old Venetian glass was light, bright, vitreous in appearance, and stained with the richest possible colors, and all these qualities are retained in the newly revived manufacture at Murano. There is one more strong point in favor of glass blown and worked over than molded—namely, that every individual piece is an original work of human art, and as it is almost impossible that any two should be exactly alike, unless their form is very simple indeed, the buyer chooses according to his fancy, and is sure that no one else possesses a piece of exactly the same size and shape. In the manufacture of the ordinary cut glass minium (red lead) is frequently added to increase its brightness, but this destroys at once the characteristic lightness and, causing it to cool more rapidly, quite prevents the possibility of working it in the proper ductile and malleable condition. The Murano material is worked as the ancient Venetian glass made on the same island used to be, and all the old methods have been discovered, or at least the same effects have been produced.

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