A Wonderful Photograph.

In a certain secluded little village in Brittany there lived, some years ago, an honest peasant woman, known as "La Veuve Yvonne." She happened one day to hear some of her neighbors speaking of the wonderful powers of photography. With absorbed attention she listened as they told her how that by means of this wonderful art were produced on paper, in the space of a minute, not only stars and trees, landscapes and buildings, but the caprice of the sea, the phenomena of the sky and the most transient expressions on the human face.

"Wonderful indeed!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands; and after a moment's pause, she demanded eagerly: "Where are the best of these marvelous pictures to be seen?"

"In Paris," was the reply. "Why, do you ask, Mere Yvonne?"

"Never mind," said she, nodding her head thoughtfully. "I have an idea. You will see."

The widow's mind was strong and simple; it did not take long to "make up." Without staying to deliberate, without listening to the advices and warnings that besieged her on every side, and without confiding to any one the object of her journey, she packed up a few necessaries, and one fine morning, rich with the savings of many industrious years, and armed with a written character from the farmer by whom she had been employed, she set off alone for Paris.

She arrived in the great capital, with her scarlet petticoat, her white neckerchief, her large cap and her honest face. It was a big place she saw, much larger than she had expected; very brilliant, and busy, and bewildering, but, though astonished, she was not a bit dismayed. She traversed the interminable boulevards with the nonchalance of a born Parisian, giving no sort of attention to the city "lions," paying no heed to its monuments and museums, its parks and gardens, its gayeties and fetes, having in her honest head but a single idea, namely, the power of photography.

Directly she arrived she inquired:

"Who is the best photographer?"

Opinions differed; some told her Irwin, others Saloman, others Frank, Gustave Levy, Bertail.

"But which of all these," asked the dame, "is most successful in portraits of children?"

In reply she was furnished with the address of a certain clever artist, whose name I am not at liberty to record, and to whose studio she at once hastened.

"Everybody says, monsieur," she began, "that your likenesses of children are admirable."

"Everybody is very kind," replied the photographer smiling.

"That you take them in the most graceful and natural attitudes," resumed the dame, "and that they are so lifelike that they almost seem to speak."

"If I have attained any unusual skill in this branch of my art, madame," he replied, "it is probably because I have worked con amore. I love the little rogues. It is pure pleasure to me to perpetuate their innocent smiles and graces. I have, moreover, plenty of little subjects of my own to practice upon. See here."

He opened the door, called, and the next moment half a dozen merry children, of ages varying from three to twelve, rushed into the room and crowded round his knees.

"You may imagine," he continued, smiling, "that it is not always an easy matter to reduce these fidgety little customers to the necessary immobility; it requires a little tact and a good deal of patience. It is a child, I presume, madame, whose portrait you wish taken?"

"Yes, monsieur, it is a child; but he will not trouble you with restlessness," replied Dame Yvonne, shaking her head; "he will be neither petulant nor rebellious, the poor little love. Good reason why—he is——"

"Yes?" said the artist, interrogatively, stroking the forehead of his youngest child as she paused.

"He is dead!" said Dame Yvonne, gravely.

At these startling words, uttered in a voice in which approaching sobs betrayed themselves, the photographer felt distressed and ashamed of his own egotism. He felt he must have bitterly renewed the mother's grief in exhibiting to her these fair children and caressing them before her eyes.

"Go and play on the balcony," he whispered hastily; and, as they passed through the door, he kissed them tenderly, but softly, lest his visitor should hear. Then, returning to his seat near her, he said, with great gentleness:

"As the little child of whom you speak is dead, it is, I conclude, a posthumous portrait you wish to have taken—the picture of the little creature whose soul has fled, lying in his white bed, a crown of white roses on his colorless forehead. It will be a painful task to me; but to oblige you, madame, I shall be happy, if you will give me your address, to proceed as soon as possible to your residence."

Dame Yvonne drew from her pocket a large red and blue handkerchief, with which, quite simply, she wiped her tearful eyes.

"Thank you, monsieur," she said; "but I need not give you so much trouble. My child has been dead six years."

The photographer looked stupefied.

"You have then, already, a portrait of your son!" he said, after a pause—"a painting, perhaps, that you wish photographed?"

"A painting of him—I?" exclaimed Dame Yvonne. Mon dieu, no! or why should I have come all the way from Brittany? I have no sort of relic or remembrance of my sweet angel's face; it is the hope of obtaining one that has induced me to take this long journey."

The photographer started to his feet in utter amazement.

"What madame!" he exclaimed; "and do you imagine that without the original, without another portrait, without any sort of indication or guide, I can produce a likeness of a child who died six years ago?"

"What, monsieur!" cried Dame Yvonne, in her turn, "do you mean to say that it is impossible? People vaunt on every side the prodigies, the miracles of photography; boast that it surprises the sea in the mysterious movements of its waves, and the sky in the rapid flight of its clouds, and renders accurately the most intricate tracery of the highest buildings and monuments; and cannot it—cannot the art that accumplishes these marvels reproduce a vestige, a souvenir, a shadow of my son? Cannot it give ever so imperfect a resemblance of her child to a desolate mother, who——"

Sobs broke the sentence. Dame Yvonne could say no more.

Now here was a great grief to console and the honor of a great invention to defend. The kind-hearted photographer did not wish the simple peasant to return to her Breton village disappointed, so he reflected a while.

"Madame," he said thoughtfully, "nothing is absolutely impossible."

"Ah," she cried quickly, "then you can give me a portrait of my darling?"

"Perhaps," said he.

"Though he has been dead six years?" she asked.

"Who knows?" he said. "I will try at any rate."

"God bless you, monsieur—you and your family—if you accomplish this good action," exclaimed Dame Yvonne, tremulously. "What can I do to help you? Is there anything necessary for ——"

"You have preserved the clothes of the child you have lost?" he asked.

"Preserved them?" she echoed; "I would no more part with them than a church would relinquish its sacred relics. I have the very little garments, still as good as new, in which I dressed him the last time he ran chasing the butterflies in the green fields."

"Send them to me directly," said the artist.

"You shall have them in an hour, monsieur," she replied.

"Good," said he. "Only three more questions. What was the color of his hair?"

"Golden," she replied.

"How old was he?" continued the photographer.

"Five years," was the reply.

"Was he sufficiently advanced in intelligence to have any sense of religion—to be pious?" he asked.

"Pious! Ah, ciel! the poor little angel!—he was always at prayers," replied the widow; "at night, before he went to rest, at the foot of his little bed; in the morning, when he rose, before the image of our blessed Lord that hung on his bedroom wall"——

"That is enough," said the photographer, rising. "When science and piety work hand in hand in a common cause we may hope for success. I have so strong a wish to aid you, madame, that I do not doubt that I shall find a way. Adieu! Au revoir!"

The clothes were sent, the work was begun, and two days afterward Dame Yvonne received the first proof of the portrait. She uttered a cry of joy.

"It is he!" she exclaimed. "I know him again! It is my son! See! there is the little vest with the silver buttons—the little trousers I made with my own hands; there are his little arms, his tiny fingers, his long golden hair falling over his shoulders. Oh, yes, it is—it is my little child! Oh, monsieur, how much I owe you!"

"Madame," said the photographer, "in presenting to you an image which you recognize as your son, who died six years ago, I have accomplished a miracle. Miracles are not paid for."

For us the miracle is not difficult to explain. Nothing is so like, in figure, air and attitude, to a child of five years old than another child of the same age. The photographer had merely placed before the camera one of his own children, dressed in the pretty Breton costume of the dead boy. He was represented kneeling on a cushion, his head bent, his face hidden by his hands, which were raised and clasped together in the noble attitude of prayer.

Dame Yvonne returned to Brittany. She showed the portrait to every one she knew, and to all who would listen she enlarged in terms of reverence and wonder on the marvelous power of photography, which had produced the likeness of a boy who had been dead six years. If any one indiscreetly asked: "Dame Yvonne, why does your son hide his face thus in his hands?" she answered, much affected: "You must be a bad Christian not to guess that. The poor angel, who is in heaven, prays for his mother, left in this world, bereaved and desolate."
—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are over 2,000 miles of railways in operation in Japan.

The British Mint coined in 1896 23,000,000 more pieces than during 1895.

Bulgaria has only seven high schools for girls, with 5,146 pupils and 185 teachers.

St. Louis, Mo., is the largest street car manufacturing city in the world. The output last year was about 3,000 cars.

The aggregate weight of a family living in Van Buren County, Michigan, is one ton. It consists of a father and mother and four children, and when they go to church together they all sit in one pew.

The oldest tree of which there is authentic record is the Soma cypress of Lombardy. It is known to have been in existence in 42 B. C. There are, however, many trees for which a vastly greater antiquity is claimed. Some of the Senegal baobabs are said to be 5,000 years old.

Florists and gardeners have found a simple and what is said to be an effective means of ridding their greenhouses of devastating insects. Tobacco stems are placed on the heating pipes, and the heat brings out the odor of the tobacco, which destroys the pests.

Being advised by a lawyer in the lobby of a Lincoln (Neb.) hotel how to find out how a cigar cutter on a counter worked, a barber belonging to the hotel shop stuck his little finger into the opening designed for the end of a cigar and had the tip clipped off.

That was a funny wedding that occurred in Maysville, Ky., recently. Julius Bergang, aged 21 years, became smitten with "Aunt" Hannah Curtis, aged 67 years, and proposed. She accepted and two more souls were made happy.

A funny wager was made by a gentleman in Bangor, Me. He bet $5 that he could force six people out of ten to involuntarily yawn. He entered a trolley car, took a seat, and in a few minutes simulated a long and loud yawn. Fourteen of the 19 people present followed his example.

The gift by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse of New York of a valuable collection of relics of the six nations to the New York State museum is announced. The relics include the Iroquois Indian national wampum belts. Mrs. Converse is an Iroquois Indian by adoption, and also an honorary chief of the tribe.

A FACTORY OF FEAR.

DYNAMITE-MAKERS EAGER TO OBEY ALL SAFETY RULES.

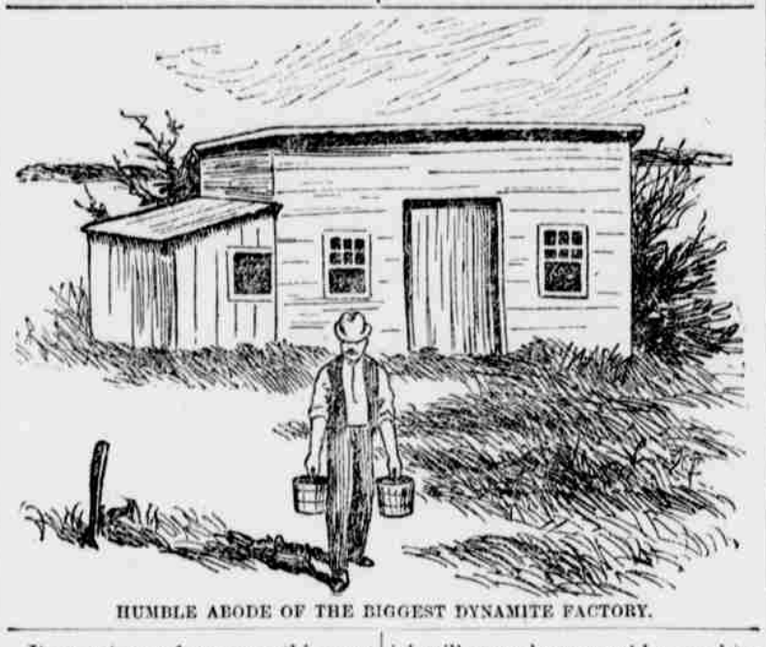
Making and Mixing the Terrible Explosive—20,000 Pounds Turned Out Daily—Shanties in a Jersey Wilderness.

RECENTLY the Cuban Junta, located in this city, placed a large order for dynamite, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 500,000 pounds, says a New York correspondent. It was probably nearer the former than the latter figure, but even if it was the minimum amount, it would be sufficient to tear some pretty big holes in the Spanish ranks, if properly applied.

The concern that secured this order has made lots of dynamite for the Cubans in the past twenty months; it also supplies the needs of Uncle Sam whenever he is in want of anything in this line. For a long time it was kept busy turning out 20,000 pounds of the stuff a day for the contractors at work on the Chicago canal. In a year it turns out enough of the explosives to almost blow the earth into smithereens.

It would seem that a concern which does all this would be an imposing affair, with a factory, or series of factories, with numberless acres of floor space. But it is just the reverse, and a stranger could stand in the very centre of the dynamite factory and not recognize it as such.

Dynamite is a peculiar commodity, and it is manufactured under peculiar conditions. Uncertainty is the ruling thing about dynamite, and this dominating feature permeates the whole establishment. The factory is located at Gibbstown, N. J., a place so small, and in a section of the State so sparsely settled that the outside world would never have heard of its existence, perhaps, were it not for the dynamite.



HUMBLE ABODE OF THE BIGGEST DYNAMITE FACTORY.

Its remoteness from everything was the reason of the factory being located there. A branch railroad runs into the property connecting with the principal railroads and the Delaware River. By these means the commodity is shipped through the country and to the seaports.

The factory spreads over a mile of swamp land and is nothing more than three-score of wooden buildings, one-story in height, and not very securely built. For the most part they look for all the world like the run-down cabins of the South and are just about as handsome. They have one modern appliance, however, and that is an attachment for depriving lightning of its powers.

None of these shanties are very close to the other. Plenty of open space is a necessity when tons of thousands of pounds of dynamite are always lying around. Commercial prudence accounts for the cheap and scattering look of the factory. Experience has taught the owners that a single big building would be a rash enterprise. Explosions occur once in a while no matter how carefully they are guarded against, and it is an easy matter to replace the shanty.

A more potent reason is the protection it affords to the work people. Were all the business concentrated in

WOMEN MAKING CAPS.

one building and an explosion to occur in any one department, the shock would cause instantaneous upheavals throughout the building, killing or maiming every one in the place.

Several hundred people are employed in the factory, including a dozen women. Each and every one of them realizes the danger of their calling, and they exercise the greatest caution in performing their work. There are certain rules formulated by the company which they must obey, and this they are only too glad to do. One is that no matches, firearms or explosives of any kind must be carried on the person. Another is that no iron or steel pegs can be worn in the shoes. Wooden pegs are permissible, because they are safe.

FILLING CARTRIDGES.

This latter rule was formulated some years ago, after one of the workmen had stepped on a tiny piece of dynamite, the nails of his shoes causing it to explode. The shock caused quite a quantity of the stuff on one of the work tables to go off, the shanty was blown up and there were some fatalities among the workmen.

There is no need of employing special men to see that the precautionary rules are observed, as every workman is a spy upon his neighbors, for he knows that his safety depends quite as much upon the others as upon himself.

Dynamite is principally a mixture of sulphuric acid, Chile saltpeter and boxwood sawdust. There are a good many other things which enter into its composition, and before it takes the shape of the finished cartridge it passes through a variety of hands. There is one thing that the dynamite worker is thankful for, and that is his job will never be usurped by machinery.

Nearly a dozen of the shanties are chemical houses. They are called "safety buildings" and are used for the storage of the many acids which help to make dynamite what it is.

One of the initiatory stages of the cartridges is "cooking" of the dynamite gelatine. The product of the cook is nitro-glycerine. Many acids are poured into a big leaden tub, the most conspicuous feature of which is a thermometer like a hawk, and chilled water is added from time to time to keep the temperature of the mixture down. Should it evince a sudden desire to rise there is nothing for all hands to do but run.

After all the acids have been added the mixture is allowed to stand, and then nitro-glycerine comes to the top like cream in milk. It is skimmed off and carried to another house, where it is mixed with the prepared raw material, principally sawdust.

When the coalition has been effected the result is loose dynamite, looking for all the world like brown sugar. It is conveyed to another building, called the pack house, where it is stuffed into the cartridges. The loose dynamite is placed in a dampened trough on a damp table, and the men fill the long narrow tubes with the stuff, using wooden scoops. Great care is taken that none of it drops on the floor, as a happening of that kind might be the preliminary of a big disaster. In this room the cartridges are packed for shipment. The women in the factory are employed in a little house given over to making the paper caps for the cartridges. As there is no danger about this work, machinery is employed to some extent, and as a result only a dozen women are employed.

As little finished dynamite is kept on the ground as possible. Stock is never maintained. The dynamite is shipped off as rapidly as it is made into cartridges, and the burden of watching it passes on to others.

During 1896 the big Anaconda copper mine, in Montana, earned a profit of $4,000,000, the output in that year being 107,000,000 pounds of copper, nearly 500,000 ounces of silver and about 15,000 ounces of gold. More than $1,000,000 was spent on improvements.

Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, has succeeded in raising an endowment fund of $200,000, and its future is now reasonably assured. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, gave the handsome sum of $50,000 towards the undertaking.

A favorable report was made in the Texas Legislature on a bill making the payment of the poll tax a qualification for suffrage.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Important Measures Under Consideration in Both Houses.

61ST DAY.

The house galleries were thronged with visitors all day, but the crowds witnessed nothing beyond the dullest of routine matters until the last half-hour of the session, when the bill to prohibit the transmission of detailed accounts of prize fights by mail or telegraph was brought up. This led to a very lively skirmish in which prize fighting was denounced on all sides and the advocates of the bill insisted that the "sickening details" should be suppressed in the interest of good morals. But the bill met with most strenuous opposition on the ground that it would tend to establish a censorship of the press.

In the Senate the District of Columbia bill was passed early in the day. The naval bill brought out a hot contest on the price of armor plate and the establisment of a government factory. The senate committee had recommended a maximum price of $460 per ton for armor. Mr. Chandler endeavored to have the price fixed at $300. The bill was laid aside at 4:30 p. m. for an executive session.

62D DAY.

In the House the bill to prohibit the transmission of the detailed reports of prize fights was called up by Mr. Aldrich, who spoke against the "sickening details" with which the papers teem. Mr. Morse advocated the passages the bill as a protection to the youth of the country."

The feature of the House session to-day was the defense of Congressman John Dalzell of Justice George Shiras against imputations cast upon the latter's character by Messrs. McMillin and Dearmond some time ago.

The House unanimously voted that Mr. Black, of Georgia, whose seat was contested by Thomas E. Watson, the late Populist candidate for vice-president, was entitled to the seat.

After a brief discussion of the armor plate clause of the naval bill the speaker appointed Messrs. Boutelle (Rep., Me.), Robinson, (Rep., Pa.) and Cummings, (Rep., N. Y.) conferees on the naval bill, to whom the bill was then given.

The Senate to-day passed the resolution to prevent the introduction of contagious and infectious diseases into the United States.

The confirmation in the Senate of thirty-one nominations of presidential postmasters is expected to be unavailing so far as about five-sixths of them are concerned. The filing of a bond is a prerequisite of the issuance of commission, and this can not be done before March 4.

LAST DAY.

In order to save time, the reading of yesterday's journal was dispensed with.

The conference report on the District of Columbia appropriation bill was presented and explained by Mr Teller.

The conference report was agreed to and further conference ordered on the matters still left open.

A further conference was ordered on the sundry civil appropriation bill.

A conference report was presented on the bill to amend the laws relating to navigation. When it was read an inquiry was made by Mr. Allen (Pop., Neb.), as to whether the bill now contained any of the flogging clauses. Agreed to.

The bill for an international monetary conference was taken up in the Senate, and after two hours of debate the House amendments were agreed to without the formality of a yea and nay vote.

The fortification appropriation bill was passed early in the day. The deficiency appropriation bill led to an animated controversy over adding a number of claims, aggregating $587,000, under the Bowman act. An amendment covering the claims was finally adopted.

PENNSYAVANIA LEGISLATURE.

March 1.—There was a rather slim attendance at the legislature when both houses met at 9 o'clock to-night. A lot of new bills were again presented.

The senate read a number of bills the first and second times. Some time was also used up over a resolution to publish a book on poultry diseases. The resolution was defeated.

March 2.—The members of the House and Senate seemed more interested today in getting to Washington for the inauguration than in getting down to legislation. During the entire session there has been a succession of adjournments, and neither branch of the Legislature has got in a full week's work. It was agreed among the leaders that the House and Senate would adjourn tonight until next Monday, and from that time on they will get down to business.

Among other acts passed on third reading was one that gives a married woman living separate and apart from her husband authority to convey and encumber real estate without the joiner of her husband.

The Labor World.

Paris has 300 toy factories.

Germany has 1,000,000 textile workers.

Washington printers organized in 1815.

New York has a Workmen's Political League.

Hocking Valley (Ohio) miners don't average $5 a month

Canton, Ohio, has put the unemployed at improving roads.

Wages of Savannah city detectives were reduced and one struck.

A Pontiac (Mich.) carriage factory is running twenty-four hours a day.

Cleveland Italian laborers have organized and will take a hand in politics.

Employes of the Newark (N. J.) street railway were discharged for gambling.

Many of the cotton mills of Canada intend to close down for three months.

Large workrooms for unskilled female labor have been opened in New York.

Brooklyn city authorities oppose the bill requiring stationary engineers to be licensed.

Minimum pay of Erie (Penn.) painters this year will be twenty-five cents an hour.

Practically ninety-two per cent. of the wage workers of St. Paul, Minn., are unionists.

A New York baker's union has decided to raise a big fund for its unemployed members.

An international congress to consider legislation for the working classes will meet in Berlin, Germany.

The Brewers' National Union warned all workmen in its ranks of a threatened lockout in and about New York.

New York Central Labor Union will consider the scheme to have the unemployed of the cities colonized on idle public lands in the West.

Superintendent Aldridge of the New York State Department of Public Works asks that fifteen cents an hour be fixed as the minimum for unskilled labor.

The horse clippers have joined the barbers, the chiropodists, the corn doctor and the rest in demanding that the State shall insist on a license and an examination.

The Bethlehem (Penn.) Iron Company announced a general reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of steel workers, laborers and furnacemen. Nearly 1000 employes are affected.

Los Angeles, Cal., needs a larger police force and its newspapers suggest that the salaries of the men should be reduced from $85 to $70 a month. One of them suggests that there are 100 able men in the city willing to take such a job at $40.

Unemployed married members of the Minneapolis (Minn.) Typographical Union receive $7 a week and single men $5.

Boston employs 2750 laborers, who receive from $2.02 to $2.25 a day, and a Councilman wants fifteen cents a day added to the pay of each employe.