

"I knew it," said he; "it is but natural. You are both of a different race from us; you are both much alike, and in full sympathy with one another. This draws you together. When I first saw you I thought that you would be a fit companion for her here—that you would lessen her gloom, and that she would be pleasant to you. I found out soon that I was right, and I felt glad, for you at once showed the fullest sympathy with one another. Never till you came was Almah happy with us; but since you have come she has been a different being, and there has been a joyousness in her manner that I never saw before. You have made her forget how to weep; and as for yourself, I hope she has made your life in this strange land seem less painful, Adam-or."

At all this I was so full of amazement that I could not say one word.

"Pardon me," continued he, "if I have said anything that may seem like an intrusion upon your secret and most sacred feelings. I could not have said it had it not been for the deep affection I feel for Almah and for you, and for the reason that I am just now more moved than usual, and have less control over my feelings."

Saying this, he pressed my hand and left me. It was not the custom here to shake hands, but with his usual amiability he had adopted my custom, and used it as naturally as though he had been to the manner born.

I was encouraged now. The mild Kohen came often to cheer me. He talked much about Almah—about her sweet and gracious disposition, the love that all felt for her, the deep and intense interest which her illness had aroused. In all this he seemed more like a man of my own race than before, and in his eager desire for her recovery he failed to exhibit that love for death which was his nature. So it seemed; yet this desire for her recovery did not arise out of any lack of love for death; its true cause I was to learn afterward; and I was to know that if he desired Almah's recovery now, it was only that she might live long enough to encounter death in a more terrific form. But just then all this was unknown, and I judged him by myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUNT VERNON TORNADO.

On the afternoon of Sunday, February 19th, a cyclone struck the town of Mount Vernon, in southern Illinois, and within three minutes reduced a great part of it to ruins. It cut a broad swath through the eastern half of the town, left more than thirty dead bodies and scores of writhing victims in its train, and destroyed hundreds of stores, shops, and dwellings.

It came from the southwest, in the shape of a huge funnel or inverted cone, hanging down, black and portentous, from a copperish sky, revolving swiftly, and at the same time bounding down and up as if to swoop and clutch. The town, the county-seat of Jefferson County, was about two miles long, and contained four thousand inhabitants. The four sides of its public square were lined with stores, and in the centre stood the County Court-house, a massive three-story building of brick. Its streets were broad, lighted by electricity, and shaded by trees. There had been lightning and thunder that afternoon, followed by a short, noisy storm of rain and hail, which gave way to a peculiar, ominous stillness. The air was oppressive. A strange light called attention to the sky, where the clouds rapidly changed color, rolling and whirling and dropping nearer to the earth, until suddenly was showed the dreaded shape of the cyclone. Even while words of warning were uttered, alternately dipping and rising, and with an appalling roar, it had rushed upon the town.

Blocks of houses dropped like structures of cards. The great Court-house became a wreck; huge trees were torn up by the roots; solid brick edifices several stories high were demolished; while small frame buildings were picked up bodily and carried ten or twenty feet. The air was thick with roofs, trees, and timbers sucked up and swept onward. Where anything escaped, it seemed to be due to the swaying, rising, and dipping motion of the great cloud, like that of a balloon, which sometimes sheared a building close to its foundation, and then only clipped the roof from a neighboring structure. Several churches, two mills, railroad shops, and the CREWE block of brick stores were among the larger buildings wrecked. The Supreme Court-house lost its dome and roof.

Three minutes later the roar of the cyclone died away toward the woodlands, where it was rending and uprooting the great trees, and flinging them hundreds of feet beyond over the prairies. The sun shone out brightly; but on what a scene! Groans of anguish were heard from the sufferers crushed under the ruins; wailings for the dead; cries of horror at finding the town on fire in a dozen places. From some houses that had not been wholly destroyed windows had been broken, blinds torn off, and stoves overturned. The double work of quenching the flames, and rescuing the bruised and maimed crying for help from beneath the wreckage, quickly began. Firemen, surgeons, and policemen were re-enforced by the whole body of citizens. All night long they worked; and when morning came the houses that remained were filled with the dead and the injured. Among the latter were several whose cases were hopeless. Those who had been killed outright

numbered thirty or more. About three hundred houses had been destroyed, and fully a thousand people made homeless. A railway train passing the town on its way to St. Louis had barely escaped swelling the list of victims. The storm-cloud rushed directly at it, crushed a building on one side of the train, then lifting itself, passed over it, and destroyed a building on the other side. Such is a brief record of the work of one of the most destructive of the tornadoes that have in recent years scourged the West.

THE SONG FOR WORK.

AFTER HOOD—A GENERATION.

WITH fingers strong and unworn,
But eyelids heavy and red,
A woman haunts the shops, neatly clad,
Begging for needle and thread.
"I can work; I am strong and young!"
She cries, in a voice that hurts,
To the man who will pay her forty-five cents
If she makes a dozen shirts.

"I can work all day!" she cried,
When the cock was crowing aloof.
"No work all day!" she cries,
When the stars shine through the roof.
It were better to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Than a Christian woman, with soul to save,
Who has neither money nor work.

She is strong, and willing to work
Till her brain begins to swim;
She only asks to work
Till her eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam—and gusset—and band—
It were heaven if she could be
Only too busy to stop
Till her eyes can no longer see!

O men, with sisters dear,
Toiling for mothers and wives,
These others ask but to work themselves
Through all their dreary lives.
Work—and they cannot get that;—
Stitch—stitch—stitch?—
How gladly would they but sit and work
For the idle and the Rich!

"There is plenty of work, indeed;
But alas! when I go, they say
There are plenty of workers too,
And no work for me to-day.
If Hunger would strike me dead,
I would kiss her lips in glee;
But it takes so long to die,
When you are strong like me!

"What kind of work would I do?
Anything you contrive.
Wages? The merest sum
That will keep me just alive.
I would make you a dozen shirts
To-night for a bit of bread;
And a dozen more—nay, two—
For a place to lay my head.

"No work—no work—no work—
From weary chime to chime;
No work—no work—no work—
Till a prisoner works for crime.
Ha! ha! in a prison's ward
They will find me something to do!
Oh, who would dream that the idle Rich
Could keep their wants so few?

"Work? I would gladly work
In the dull December light;—
I only ask for work
When the days are warm and bright.
When underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
I shall not envy them their wings
If I get work in the spring.

"I shall not grudge them sky,
Or the grass and flowers sweet,
If I have a roof above my head
And a floor beneath my feet.
O but for one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
With enough to do to keep off want,
And to buy me one more meal!

"O but for one short hour
To have enough to do!—
Who could believe the idle Rich
Would keep their wants so few?
I am tired of weeping here;
For God's sake ease my brain,
By letting me tire idle hands
With a wealth of work again!

"They say the Rich are to blame,
With their idle, haughty ways;
Their world of manifold foolish wants,
Their proud, untiring days.
But it seems to me their wants
Are all too strangely few:
They cannot find for a girl like me
A single thing to do!"

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

THE PRESIDENT IN FLORIDA.

AT noon of Tuesday, February 21st, President and Mrs. CLEVELAND, accompanied by Secretary and Mrs. WHITNEY and Colonel and Mrs. LAMONT, left Washington on a special train for a short visit to Florida.

Savannah was reached the next morning, amid the roar of the guns of the Chatham Artillery and the shrill welcome of all the steam-whistles. The Mayor and leading citizens were at the station, whence, after a short reception and hand-shaking, the party, under escort of the Georgia Hussars, drove through the crowded streets for about an hour, making a brief stop at the Academy of Fine Arts. Cheers greeted them, and little girls flung bunches of yellow jasmine into Mrs. CLEVELAND's carriage.

Jacksonville was in holiday attire when the President arrived there, early in the afternoon. Palms, palmettoes, pines, cedars, magnolias, Spanish-moss, festoons of oranges and orange flowers, made a picturesque scene. Triumphant arches, decked with bunting and bearing mottoes of welcome, spanned the route from Bridge Street through Bay and Laurel. A salute of twenty-one guns had been fired as the train arrived, and the President, in a carriage trimmed with flowers, was escorted to his rooms at the St. James Hotel, which were also fragrant with masses of spring flowers. Among the contributions was a single branch containing twelve oranges, with buds and blossoms. After lunch a procession of local organizations conducted the party to the Exposition, where Colonel J. J. DANIEL delivered an address of welcome, to which the President responded. In the course of his response, the President said: "The citizen of the United States in search of health or pleasure or of comfort needs not to leave American soil nor the products of American institutions and American laws. The advantage of foreign travel, I suppose, must not be denied, and yet I believe there are those things in our own land which will be of interest and instruction oftentimes to those who are interested in looking on the sights of foreign countries. One satisfaction we have is that those travellers when they return, return to us with increased love for their homes; and I have sometimes thought a good part of the time spent in discovering how much we love our own country had the effect of increasing our patriotism." The platform and galleries were crowded with invited guests. At night a reception was held at the hotel. The city was beautiful, with the electric light shining amongst the profuse foliage, and the entire population, with the 25,000 visitors, gave the President and Mrs. CLEVELAND a Southern welcome.

Thursday morning was also devoted to the Exposition, where the pansies, the palms, and the pineapples alike attracted wonder. From a tree loaded with about a hundred oranges Mrs. CLEVELAND picked one, and playfully tossed it to the President, who was not quick enough, and received it on the nose. Equal to the occasion, he suggested that man long ago got himself into trouble by accepting fruit plucked by a woman. Many gifts of flowers and fruits were made to the party, also a tame fawn.

The train was then taken for St. Augustine, where the scenes of enthusiastic welcome were renewed. Eight young ladies in white gave Mrs. CLEVELAND a bouquet as she entered her carriage, and others were thrown by the school-children as the procession passed to the Ponce de Leon House. The yacht clubs and others had contributed a multitude of flags to decorate the great hotel, and electric lights with various colored globes and Japanese lanterns produced a brilliant effect. During the evening a reception was held. Mrs. CLEVELAND, attired in a brocade pink silk embroidered with roses, with point lace, diamond necklace, and a diamond aigrette in her hair, held a bouquet of natural flowers within which was an electric light, given to her by a little girl.

At nine o'clock the party proceeded in a beautifully decorated car to Palatka, where crowds were gathered in hope of a longer stay, and thence to Titusville, where on Friday the party took a steamer on the Indian River for Rockledge, and lunched there. At Sanford two hours were devoted to the beautiful South Florida Exposition, and a most enthusiastic reception was given to the party. Then followed the return to Jacksonville and the homeward journey to Washington, which included a brief stop on Saturday morning at Charleston, where the houses were lavishly decorated, and a great military and civil demonstration was prepared.

THE PAINE TESTIMONIAL.

THE artists of the Whiting Manufacturing Company have celebrated in swift succession the victories of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, and now they have been called in to honor Captain CHARLES J. PAINE, the hero of the three races, with a cup which honors the progress of American art no less than it does the givers and

the recipient. The cup is on view in the window of the Whiting Manufacturing Company on Union Square, where, at the request of the New York Yacht Club, it will remain for a short time. Our cut gives a good idea of the general design. The piece has the form of a tankard, with handle and cover, is of silver, and stands, with its pedestal, twenty-seven inches high. The base is composed of corals, sea-weed, and shells boldly grouped, and the body of the tankard is suggestive of the sea itself, the strong and graceful lines at once defining the shape of the cup, and interesting us with their imaginative variety. On one side a clear field is left for the inscription:

PRESENTED BY THE
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

TO
CAPTAIN CHARLES J. PAINE,

In grateful recognition of his unequalled skill
and ability in thrice defending the
"AMERICA'S" CUP.

This inscription, like the names of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* about the neck of the tankard, is in applied-work, as are also some features of the ornamentation, the main part of the work, however, being *repoussé*. The handle of the cup is very gracefully composed, with a decoration of the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland, in delicate allusion to the victories won by the club from the *Genesta*, the *Thistle*, and the *Galatea*. The curve and spring of this handle, with its termination in the flower of a thistle, is one of the points which most severely test the skill of the designer, and its solution reflects great credit alike upon his feeling for art and his close study of nature. While the plant forms are perfectly subordinated to the part they have to play in the general scheme, they are delightful objects of study in themselves: outside of Japan we have never seen more accurate rendering of natural forms in decorative work. A point worthy of note is the cover of the cup, which, without any attempt at realistic treatment, yet suggests in its graceful lines and close fitting the construction of a bivalve shell.

The most striking feature of the cup will be, to the most of us, the figure of the mermaid who springs from the foaming cap of the wave to greet the victorious sea-bird and salute her gallant captain and his crew. This is, without doubt, one of the best figures that the designer has produced, and the workmanship is worthy of no less praise. In its graceful and vigorous movement it fitly crowns a remarkable composition, and every American who takes an interest in his country's progress in the peaceful arts must rejoice in this latest achievement, where the artist and the artisan unite to place the crown upon the head of their countryman, victorious in three well-fought friendly fields.

