

The Living Wax Figure.

How a Hero Got Unbiased Opinions of Himself.

"I assure you, sir," said the attendant, "your portrait model is at present the most popular in our collection, especially with ladies, sir."

Major Baillford Noel might well have blushed, but he only laughed and pulled his mustache as he gazed, with amused criticism twinkling in his dark eyes, up at the waxen presentation of himself.

He and his friend Jimmy Barnes had come early to have a look at the thing in advance of other sight-seers. He had not proposed the idea. As he himself would probably have expressed it, he "wouldn't have had the colossal cheek," but a courteous note from the management had offered the privilege, and Jimmy Barnes had advised its acceptance.

And Major Baillford Noel, a bronzed young man in an immaculate frock coat, trousers with beautifully crisp folds down the front of the leg, a tall, shining hat and particularly smart gloves, stood staring up at another Baillford Noel dressed in shabby khaki, provided with several realistic red stains.

"Glad they like me," was the only comment with which it occurred to him to cap the compliment. "But I bet if I could stand in that wax chap's place for an hour I'd hear things about myself that would make me feel small."

"You don't quite understand yet, my dear boy, what a pot the British public's been making of you these last few months or you wouldn't be so beastly modest," said Jimmy Barnes, who had only been restrained from going out and trying to be a hero on his own account by the fact that he was too nearsighted to know friend from foe.

"But I bet you, all the same, I would hear some home truths about myself if I could take that duffer's place. Bet you \$100."

"Dare you do it?" asked Barnes.

"Do what?"

"Get up there and try it."

"What! Have the wax beggar carted away and—Oh, rot! Why, they'd spot it in a minute, even if—"

"It's too foggy. Look here. You could turn off a light or two, couldn't you?"

"I wouldn't. I might worship him, but I'd want him to go down on his knees to get me. I hate girls who throw themselves at the heads of men like that! It must disgust them. And they say he doesn't care for women. I—I think that's one of the reasons I like him. He's so modest, the dear, not the least conceited, though he's such a hero."

"You always were great spoons on him, long before any one else thought anything about him."

"Don't say 'spoons!' It was because of things Tom told me. Tom knows him!" in a tone of awe.

"Oh, Tom knows me, does he?" thought the portrait model.

The question was, which Tom was this Tom? Was he Cissy's brother? or—really, it was awkward not to know whether to feel a warm fraternal affection for Tom, or a burning enmity.

"Well, you know you're in love with him, though he isn't a bit handsome; his nose is too long. And if this is like him he's getting quite bald."

"Handsome! Why, he's got the best, bravest face I ever saw. But isn't it funny the light gives such an odd effect here. His complexion gets much redder than it did when we first came in."

"It's the fog," pronounced Pat; "it's changed him from bronze to copper. But as it isn't likely to turn him into gold, if you've nothing more to say, suppose we go on. I'm starving! And we're the only people left."

"His heart is gold already!" retorted Miss Cissy Denamore, "and I have a lot more to say to him. You see—laughing a little—"this will be my first, last chance. It's 'How do you do?' and 'Goodbye forever!'"

"Must you really go home tomorrow? Because, if not, we'll come here again as often as you like. Anything to keep you with us, dear."

"Oh, I must go! Well, goodbye, my hero!" And she looked up wistfully into the portrait model's eyes. "There's a sort of horrible fascination about speaking out one's mind to him in this way," soliloquized Cissy, "and saying things one would die sooner than have him hear. It's like talking to a man who's asleep."

"Heroines of old fashioned romances kissed the men they loved when they were asleep," remarked Pat impersonally. "I double, triple, quadruple dare you to kiss this—this model soldier!"

"I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing!"

"I don't dare you to dream it.

ing "off his perch," when two new girls, accompanied by an elderly lady, flouted within range of vision.

"They're the kind that won't have any use for me," reflected the portrait model. "There they go now to Kitchener, and here comes the old lady to me. I thought as much."

But, being unable to turn his head, he was liable to error.

"Come along, girls; don't let's waste time here," said the old lady. "Let's go to the chamber of horrors. It's the only thing worth seeing."

"You go," returned one of the girls. "We want to look at the soldier."

"I'm tired of soldiers!" said the old lady.

She went away. Noel could hear the aggressive sweep of her skirt.

"Breadth-stud dear!" remarked one of the girls.

"Yes," agreed the other; but I'm glad she's gone. She would have been a jarring note. Oh, there he is—the darling!"

"That's Kitchener!" the latest celebrity assured himself.

But no! Could he believe his eyes? They had come to a stop in front of him. He smelled an exquisite fragrance of violets. He saw two lovely faces under picture hats, with large eyes looking up to his. He hoped he was not breathing hard or blushing.

"Good gracious! Doesn't it seem as if his eyes met ours?" exclaimed the divine being who had called him a "darling."

"It doesn't seem like that to me. I don't think it's at all lifelike. Who ever saw human eyes stare so?" There's something very queer about the nostrils, Cissy, dear. And just look at those hands! Did you ever see anything so stiff? I never could understand how anybody could mistake a wax figure for a human being."

"I never could understand it till now," answered Cissy dear. "But he looks to me embarrassingly real."

"Suppose you were being introduced to each other. Miss Denamore, let me present Major Noel, who wants so much to know you. Or would it be more appropriate the other way round?"

"I'm afraid it would!" sighed Cissy. "I shall never know him. And I shouldn't be able to speak a word to him if I did."

"Little idiot! I'll bet I would! Why, there's hardly a girl who wouldn't go down on her knees to get him."

"I wouldn't. I might worship him, but I'd want him to go down on his knees to get me. I hate girls who throw themselves at the heads of men like that! It must disgust them. And they say he doesn't care for women. I—I think that's one of the reasons I like him. He's so modest, the dear, not the least conceited, though he's such a hero."

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Wouldn't it be a nice memory to carry away with you to Ireland? There isn't a soul about—not a soul. But you're afraid."

"I'm not afraid," said Cissy. A cold dew broke out upon the portrait model's waxen brow.

"If you're not afraid, then it's because he's too ugly. Now, honestly, I call him an ugly man. Nobody'd kiss him for his beauty."

"Well, I will, for his bravery, then. So, there!"

For an instant that might have been the fraction of a second or a whole lifetime—the portrait model of the celebrated Major Noel was encompassed by sweetness and light. His face was fanned with a breath of violets, and then, quick as a flash, something warm and soft as falling rose leaves brushed his cheek and was gone again.

"Oh, my gracious, he didn't feel like wax at all!" exclaimed a frightened voice. "How could you make me do it? Come away quick, quick! I can't look him in the face after that."

During the rest of that day when ever he shut his eyes he could feel—but no matter. It would not bear thinking of. He thought, instead, of Ireland. She was going there tomorrow. Some Irish relations had asked him to spend a fortnight with them in Dublin. He had refused. But he did wonder in what part of Ireland she would be staying and whether he had made a mistake in refusing the invitation.

That night he went to a dinner and theater party given in his honor. He was the observed of all observers, though he stood as far back as he could get without going through the door.

"There's General Blank in the front row of stalls," said his hostess.

Noel looked down, but he did not see General Blank. He saw only the loveliest girl in the world, wearing a fluffy white dress instead of a blue cloth with gold braid and a Marie Stuart hat.

"Who is that pretty girl with chestnut hair and violet eyes," he inquired, with an air of carelessness. "The one in white?"

Nobodies knew until Tom Fiske, a modest subaltern on leave (asked to fill an unexpected vacancy), timidly announced his acquaintance with the young lady.

"She's a distant cousin of mine," said he, "an Irish girl, Cissy Denamore, old Colonel Denamore's granddaughter, you know; lives with him in Dublin. She's going home tomorrow morning after a visit—her first. I think I may travel in the same train."

"That's odd! I'm going to Dublin tomorrow morning," said Noel. He'd telegraph his relatives. "We'll be traveling together, I suppose?"

Just one week later a dear Irish girl secured the hero of Kaelings-deep, that hated of women and secured him without an effort, except on the soldier's part.

But it is not likely that she will ever tell him how she "took a dare" at Mme. Tessand's, or that, if she did, he would cap the story at least not till a great many years have passed.—Answers.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and streaming pool,
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By dancing sands and fanning veils,
Under the fragrant poplar wings,
And the tired wash where the church bell rings,
I melted for the unshed—
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

String and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Clearing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the rippling bar,
And the timeless tide that awaits me afar,
As I love myself in the infinite main,
Like a spout that has sinned and is pardoned again,
I melt for the unshed,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child,
—A. H. H. H. H.

TOLD BY THE FEATURES.

How Character Can Be Read in a Person's Countenance.

Tooth that are long and not narrow denote large, liberal views, strong passions and heroic virtues; if they are long and narrow, a weak character is denoted. Evenly growing teeth show a better disposition and better developed mind than those that crowd and overlap.

Long noses are cautious and prudent; short ones impulsive, and tip tilted ones hopeful, impulsive and jovial. Deep colored eyes, with well arched lids, both upper and lower, show a truthful and affectionate nature. An eyebrow slightly curling at the outer edge indicates a jealous nature. There is a whole world of telltale indications in the apex of the ear. If it lies close to the head, the owner possesses a refined nature, but if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle that person has an uneven disposition and is not to be relied upon.

If a girl's thumb lies flat or drops a little, marital submission to the master mind is indicated. If the thumb has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand, the damsel owning it is headstrong. A person of weak character has a pendent thumb, the strong character has a strong, erect thumb.

Fingers which bend backward mean powerful determination. If they are round, strength, both physical and mental, is indicated. Stubby fingers are grasping fingers. Finger nails that are rounded show refinement; if long and rather square at the top, firmness and energy are denoted.—Leslie's Weekly.

Lightning Measures itself.

In the investigation of natural phenomena scientific men are often assisted automatically by the very phenomenon they are trying to unravel. Lightning sometimes measures itself, for instance, and shows the scientist in a very easy way how far it penetrated the earth and how wide it was.

When a lightning meteor strikes a bed of sand and penetrates it, the heat causes the silica in the sand to melt, and thus a glass sheath is formed under the surface. These tubes are called fulgurites, and vary in diameter from a quarter of an inch to three inches. They sometimes go down to a depth of 30 feet, and at others only a few inches. They are occasionally dug up and preserved in laboratories and museums.

When such a meteor strikes a rock, it does not go far below the surface, and the fulgurite consists of a small piece of glassy substance.

Nicknamed by Royalty.

On one occasion Queen Victoria's strong sense of humor led her to make a remark which would undoubtedly have greatly annoyed the subject of it had he not remained in happy ignorance. Indeed not till after the death of those concerned was the story repeated by the person to whom it was made. Lord John Russell, the famous statesman, who was one of the queen's most valued prime ministers, was extremely small, and when his engagement to a very tall and beautiful young widow became known his future royal mistress observed that he should be known as "the widow's mite."

A Dog Was Their King.

In Ethiopia the people once went so far in their fanaticism as to elect a dog as their king. The animal so chosen was kept in great state, surrounded by a numerous train of officers and guards. When he fawned upon them he was supposed to be pleased with their proceedings, but when he growled it was understood that he disapproved of the manner in which their government was conducted. These indications of his will were implicitly obeyed.

Fallacy In Education.

A story is told of a French girl's high school visited not long ago by an inspector who asked a pupil how long it required to "soft boil an egg." She answered, "From 20 minutes to half an hour." The next replied, "Three-quarters of an hour." The third thought that "about 15 minutes would do," and the fourth responded brightly, "Just five minutes." Yet those girls knew all about the egg from a scientific point of view.

A SYMPATHETIC DODGE.

The Coffee Drummer Worked It and Increased His Sales.

A salesman for a coffee house which does a large business in Brooklyn has hit upon a scheme to get orders which has the merit of cleverness. How he works it is best told in the words of a charming young housewife who lives at what some Manhattanites call "the foolish end of the bridge."

"I saw his wagon stop at the door before the bell rang," said she, "and I knew it was one of those persistent coffee men. I had tried twice before to use their coffee, but it wasn't as good as the coffee my grocer sells. I went to the door myself, prepared to be awfully cross. The man stood with his hat in his hand. He gave me one look and started back a step, with his hand on his heart. I thought the poor fellow was going to faint. He recovered himself in a moment and looked very much embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I was so startled. I have recently lost a sister, and you look so much like her that I thought, as you opened the door, she had come back to life."

"The man was apparently much affected, and I felt so sorry for him. When he began talking coffee, I tried to steel myself against him, but he looked at me so wistfully that I hadn't the heart to be disagreeable. He was evidently so well bred, too, that I couldn't shut the door in his face. Well, before I realized it I had bought a pound of his coffee.

"I didn't feel so bad about having broken my resolve until next day, when the woman in the apartment across the hall dropped in to tell me how sorry she felt for a poor coffee salesman who nearly fainted when she opened the door because, as he said, she was the living image of his dead sister."—New York Mail and Express.

Persian Tears.

A physician who has just returned from Persia says that in that country human tears are regarded as an infallible remedy against certain chronic diseases.

In order to have a sufficient supply of tears always on hand the priests collect them in a singular manner. Whenever there is a funeral the officiating priest distributes small sponges among the mourners, with which he instructs them to remove from their eyes the tears which they are in duty bound to shed for the deceased.

After the ceremony is over he collects the sponges, which by that time are saturated with tears, and carefully squeezes their contents into a large bottle, which he then seals, and places in his medicine chest.

A short time ago the question was raised by a skeptical layman whether crocodile tears shed by hypocritical mourners were likely to prove as efficacious as those shed by true mourners, but the priests did not condescend to reply. No figures are obtainable as to the quantity of tears which such a sponge will yield, but as the priest's bottles are never empty it is evident that the lachrymal glands of Persian mourners are always ready to comply with any demand which may be made upon them.

Winning a Juror.

It is said of M. Lachaud, the most famous of modern French criminal lawyers, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument. In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw with his practiced eyes signs that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect, but this man, in spite of all he could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

M. Lachaud kept on with his work, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice in the curtain and was shining upon the top of the head of this juror, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle, I am sure that the sixth jurorman would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate juror's heart and M. Lachaud's case.

Afraid of Missing the Island.

In 1776 the Hessian General Knyphausen, sailing to help the English subdue the rebellious colonies in America, said anxiously to the captain of the vessel, "Is it not possible, considering the time we have been under sail, that in one of these dark nights we have sailed by America, where these rebels are?" Mistakes equally absurd were made by those who pretended to be well up in geography and to have a close knowledge of America and the Americans.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

WHY SHE IS SO HIGHLY HONORED BY OUR HOLY CHURCH.

Cardinal Wiseman's Distinction Between the Devotion We Pay to the Saints and That Which We Give to the Blessed Mother of God.

Cardinal Wiseman makes this comparison between the devotion we pay to the saints and that which we give to the Blessed Mother of God:

"We honor the saints in proportion as they are near to God. The martyr who has done the utmost that man can do, who by giving his life for Christ has shown the greatest love that man can bear, must be placed far above those who have not attained to this privilege and who consequently plead not that same intensity of love. The apostles, followers and companions of the Son of God in his trials, to whom was committed full power on earth, who suffered martyrdom, are surely nearer to God than even these.

"Then what shall we say of her whom God chose to adhere in every time and place to the Redeemer of the world, so that never for a moment was she allowed to be willingly separated from him, who alone saw him born and saw him die, who alone heard his first infant cry and his last agonizing commendation of his soul to his eternal Father, who nursed him through in fancy and attended him in his last hours, who may be said to have shared all his sorrows, all his tribulations, who went with him to Egypt, dying from the wrath of Herod, who nourished him in childhood, who lingered with him, who bore poverty with him in youth at Nazareth, who followed him weeping from city to city and sought him through calumny and reproach, even to the persecution which threatened even to his life? If closeness with which any one was privileged to stand by our Lord on earth is a criterion of the place occupied in heaven and of prerogatives there granted, who can doubt that she, the most Blessed Virgin Mary, has a place in the court of her Son such as is granted to none other?"

"There is the additional privilege of her maternity. She gave to our Saviour all he had of human nature, instrument of our redemption—those feet that bore the glad tidings to Jerusalem, those powerful hands that dropped healing on the sick and infirm and restored life to the dead, those ears that were open to every sigh for compassion and help, eyes that ever beamed with mercy and forgiveness, lips from which fell words full as the honeycomb of wisdom and sweetness and that beat into which she transfused her own blood and which he poured out again to the last drop for man. All this forms a link between him and her, between her and us, which cannot be shared by saint or angel."—Guldon.

The Catholic Church and Marriage.

The Catholic church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying with her Founder that "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers, never forget that the inviolability of the marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian liberty. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by usurping rivals like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but the queens of the domestic kingdom, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient church and particularly to the Roman pontiff, who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in Donahoe's.

A Cardinal's Wardrobe.

The promotion of Cardinal Martinelli makes it necessary for him to purchase an entirely new wardrobe which will cost him about \$1,000. Each set of vestments which he must have requires silk stockings, slippers and gloves, which are of red and embroidered in dullion, with a cross and other sacred symbols. Even his underwear must be renewed and must be according to the rule prescribed. Cloaks, capes and casocks for different functions make up a large portion of the expensive wardrobe. The clergy in every part of the United States are raising a purse for the prolegaete, as his income is only \$6,000 a year. With this he must pay his household expenses and the salaries of his auditor and secretary. The total expenses of his elevation are estimated at about \$5,000.

Rev. Edward Buckley a Convert.

The Rev. Edward Buckley, son of the late Justice M. V. Buckley of Washington, was ordained on the morning of May 1 at 6:30 o'clock at the cathedral in Baltimore as a priest of the Catholic church. The ceremonies were conducted by Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Magnien, president of St. Mary's seminary; Father Mallon of Washington, and Father Foy. Father Buckley was formerly rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. John at Newport, R. I.

London's New Cathedral.

The magnificent archiepiscopal throne which was sculptured at Rome has arrived at the great Roman Catholic cathedral, Westminster. It is of white marble, with mosaic work, a replica of the opal throne in St. John Lateran's and is a gift to Cardinal Vaughan from all the English bishops of his diocese.