His Portrait

How a Rich Man Paid For an Injustice

By ANDREW C. EWING

Edgar Beckwith, at eighteen, having shown a marked artistic ability, wished to be an artist, but his father had recently died leaving no estate, and Edgar, far from having the means to study a profession, was obliged to support his mother. He obtained a position in the mercantile house of Goldwin & Co. at $15 a week.

Mr. Goldwin claimed that a business plant should be run on strictly business principles. He paid very low salaries, not inquiring into the honesty of his less important employees, his chief object being to get his work done cheaply. He figured that he could afford to lose small sums now and then rather than pay an increase of salaries for honesty. Besides, he had an inexpensive detective service which consisted of himself only. He would place bills on his desk in his private office, go out, set a watch on who entered, and if the bills were missing on his return would know who had stolen them. Then he would discharge the thief.

One day he placed a bill on his desk and went out, intending to be gone only a few minutes. Half an hour passed before he returned to find Edgar Beckwith just leaving the room.

"Come back," said Goldwin.

Edgar went back into the room and when asked what he had wanted said that he had been sent with a message by the head of one of the departments. While he was delivering the message Goldwin was looking for the bill he had left exposed. It was gone. He said nothing about it to Edgar, but the next morning the boy was notified that he was discharged.

Edgar was not minded to submit patiently to an imposition. He went to Mr. Goldwin and said to him that since his services were no longer required he would not object to leaving the concern, but a certificate of good character would be necessary to enable him to find another place.

"It's against my rule to give certificates of good character. I require none when I hire persons, and what I don't ask I don't give."

"Then tell me the reason of my discharge."

"That I decline to do also. Should I give you the reason you would call upon me to prove it. That would take time. Time is money."

Edgar saw by the resolute look on the man's face that he would gain nothing by pressing the matter and left with anger in his heart. He went straight to the head of his department and asked for an explanation. He was given the reason of his discharge and advised not to stir the matter, because it could only result to his injury.

There had been two other persons in Goldwin's private office besides Edgar, one of whom had taken the bill. But it would be difficult to prove this even if an opportunity had been offered. Edgar went home and talked the matter over with his mother. After thinking of it she counseled him to swallow the pill. Since he had not been openly accused it was not incumbent upon him to make a defense, and if he made a defense there was every chance that he would not be able to prove his innocence.

It happened at this time that news came of the death of an uncle of Edgar's, who left him the sum of $3,000. He resolved to apply a part of it to studying art, and since this would obviate the necessity of his obtaining another position he concluded to accept his mother's advice. But he swore to himself that a companion object to success in his profession should be to "get even" with the man who had refused him an opportunity to vindicate himself from a charge of being a thief.

Young Beckwith's talent lay in transmitting a human face to canvas. This was evident from the first, and he resolved to become a portrait painter. Nevertheless he painted portraits for years before he obtained a reputation for excellent work. But at last he received an order to paint the portrait of a promient judge on the bench and succeeded in making a very lifelike representation of his subject. The painting was hung in a courthouse, and every one who saw it admired it.

From this time Beckwith received orders from prominent men, and every portrait of such added to his reputation. Not only prominence in his art, but money, came to him. Persons of wealth flocked to him to have themselves represented on canvas.

Twelve years passed since Beckwith had ceased to be a clerk and become an artist. He had grown a beard, and his hair was already flecked with gray. A great change had come to his appearance since he had been an employee in the house of Goldwin & Co. One morning a carriage drove up to his studio and a man came up the stairs. The moment he entered Beckwith recognized him as his former employer. But the artist saw that he was not himself recognized.

"I believe you are a portrait painter, sir," said the visitor in a tone he would have used if he had been asking if a man sold mouse traps.

"I am," replied Beckwith, dreading lest his voice should give him away. Goldwin went up to a portrait standing on a table, took out a pair of glasses, put them on and inspected it. Beckwith went on with the work he was doing.

"What's your price for a portrait of that size?" asked Goldwin.

"The size doesn't make any difference as to the price."

"Well, what will you charge to paint my portrait? I don't want it myself, but my family do. If it doesn't cost too much I'll humor them."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars! How many portraits can you paint in a year?"

"A dozen perhaps."

"That's $6,000 for sitting here daubing paint. Why, I don't pay any one of my heads of departments in my business half that, and they're all first class business men."

To this the artist made no reply.

"If you'll paint my portrait that size, painting, frame and all, for $250, it's a go."

"Five hundred is my price."

Goldwin spent some time trying to obtain a reduction. Finally it occurred to him that, after all, perhaps, he would not need to pay anything till the portrait was finished and the artist, having expended his time on it, would then probably take less for it rather than have it on his hands.

"You'll want your money, I suppose," he said, "on delivery of the goods."

"Yes."

"Very well; go ahead."

Beckwith arranged with his subject for the sittings, and Goldwin departed. While the man of business was planning to beat the artist, the artist was planning to beat the man of business. But Goldwin was in this respect in his element, while Beckwith was not. Though during the sittings that followed he racked his brain for some plan by which he might get his revenge for that past injustice which still rankled within him, his inventive powers failed him. One thing he resolved upon—he would paint the best portrait of his subject that he was capable of painting.

The features are expressive of the character, and Goldwin's features were no exception to the rule. Beckwith while painting drew his subject away from his covetousness by chatting with him on other subjects and thus caught his best expression. When the portrait was finished the man it represented seemed to live. One would suppose he was about to speak, and speak pleasantly. Goldwin told the artist to send the portrait to his house, but Beckwith preferred to keep it till he got his money and frankly told Goldwin that if he would send for it with a check for $500 it would be delivered to the messenger. Goldwin grumbled at this and went away.

The next day Beckwith received a note from his client stating that the portrait did not come up to his expectations and he had concluded not to accept it. Beckwith made no reply to the note and in time received another stating that since Goldwin preferred to pay for the time spent on the portrait he would pay half the amount charged, $250. To this also Beckwith paid no attention, but sent the picture to a dealer for sale.

One day Goldwin was informed that his portrait was hanging in an art store that it was being visited by connoisseurs and pronounced a remarkable piece of work. It had not yet been sold, for the artist had set a very high price on it. Goldwin at once went to the store, saw his portrait and asked the dealer the price for it. He was informed that it was $10,000. Goldwin went at once to an attorney, whom he directed to take steps to claim the portrait as his property. But when the lawyer called for the correspondence in the case and read copies of his client's letters to Beckwith he said he had no case.

Goldwin found himself in an unpleasant position. His portrait—pronounced a work of art—was for sale, and persons were asking why he did not buy it. To do so would cost him $9,500 more than the price he would have paid had he accepted it. He sent an agent to Beckwith to try to effect a compromise. The agent returned with a statement from the artist that the painting was making a great reputation for him and he had decided not to sell it, but keep it before the public. Goldwin decided not to be "done" that way and let the matter rest.

The picture was withdrawn from exhibition, and when it appeared again the covetous expression that had been left out was in it. This being reported to the original, he went to see it again and was furious. Again he went to his lawyer and directed him to prosecute the artist for ridiculing him before the world. The lawyer showed him cartoons of prominent men in the newspapers and informed him that it would be much more difficult for him to recover in his own case than for these to do so. Besides, any jury would decide against him. If he wished to own the picture he must pay the price.

Goldwin sent again to Beckwith, asking him to make a price on the portrait. Beckwith made a price of $25,000. Goldwin made no reply to the offer. Again the picture was withdrawn, and when it reappeared the covetous look on the face had become miserly. Goldwin tried again to buy it, but the price had gone up to $30,000. Goldwin feared that if he did not pay it the expression would become worse and the price would go higher.

He sent word to the artist to ask whether, if the $30,000 was paid, he would restore the original expression to the face. Beckwith agreed to do so and intimated that if the money were paid him he would distribute it among the poor. This closed the bargain, the covetous look on the face disappeared, and the poor were richer by $30,000.

When Goldwin opened the case containing his portrait a statement of the true reasons for the great rise in its price lay where it would be seen.

Dream on, Kid!

A little girl in Linwood is just about old enough to have a beau, and she is perfectly crazy about any pompadoured, tall, skinny lad that—well, let us tell our little incident without adding adjectives.

The maiden's lovely box friend went out of town for a week, but she wrote letters. And the maiden's sister started kidding.

"What!" exclaimed sis. "Another letter from Rob? When do you expect to marry him, dear?"

"Oh, very soon," cried the little one, encouraged by such a display of sympathy. "Robert has only two years more in the preparatory school. And then he will go to Harvard and be graduated with the highest honors. After he gets his degree he will go out west and make his fortune, and then we shall be married. Oh, it all seems so beautiful!"

"Dream on, kid!" exclaimed the older sister tenderly. "Do you want to go to another picture show with me this evening? There's a long time to wait, and we've got to put in the time somehow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Honeymoon Once Chaperoned.

In "Books and Bookmen" it is observed that "in the eighteenth century it was not considered bon ton for a young couple to go on a honeymoon without a chaperon. The practice must have survived into the last century, for in 'Mansfield Park,' when Maria Bertram marries Mr. Rushworth, Julia, the younger sister, goes with them." The custom certainly lingered on, in out of the way places at least, till the middle of the nineteenth century.

"My mother," writes a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, "was married in 1853. Before that date she had been the bridesmaid of a girl friend who had married a young lawyer. They both came of middle class families in very comfortable circumstances. She went with them on their honeymoon. She always assured us that in those far-away days it was quite the correct thing for the bridesmaid to form one of the party."

Living Cups and Saucers.

The foot of the limpet is a kind of sucking disk by which it anchors itself securely to the rocks. Its tiny tongue is in reality a wonderful horny structure armed with about 160 rows of teeth, with which it rasps the seaweeds and marine litter which form its food.

There are several branches of the limpet family. One is called the "keyhole" limpet and another the "cup and saucer." The former owes its name to a keyhole shaped opening on the top through which the animal—for the limpet is really an animal—squirts out water.

The "cup and saucer" limpet has on its underside a sort of curved plate, not unlike a tiny teacup, surrounded by a saucer-like shell. To complete the resemblance there is at the extremity of the long tooth ribbon an organ not unlike a miniature teaspoon.

The Demon Barber.

The story of the "demon barber," his misdirected energy and undue personal attention to customers, a story that has been made famous in ballad and on the stage, was this: He lived at 186 Fleet street, London, next to St. Dunstan's church. Under his shaving chair there was a trapdoor. When Mr. Todd, making some excuse, left his customer—or client, for this is now the genteel term—and went into an adjoining room he drew a bolt. The trapdoor turned over and threw the customer into a cellar. There he was murdered, and his body was made into mutton pies, which were sold at a neighboring shop at a reasonable price and much relished. This story was believed by all for many years, and Dickens mentions it in "Martin Chuzzlewit," yet it was without foundation.

Knew Her Way.

The ladies were discussing a wedding which took place in their church the previous day. "And, do you know," continued the first best informed lady of the party, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out!" This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Ohs!" "What did the couple do?" finally inquired one. "Kept on going. The widow knew her way."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Keeping Tab.

"What is the name of this station?"

"Blue Island, sir."

"Thanks; may I ask"—

"Why it's called Blue Island when it's neither blue nor an island? I don't know, sir, unless it's just because it had to have a name. You're No. 13,729."—Chicago Tribune.

Cheering Her Up.

She (after the quarrel)—I will send back your ring and other presents tomorrow. He—Oh, there's no hurry. I don't expect to be engaged again for a week or two.—Boston Transcript.

Certain Differences.

"Did they never forget their differences?"

"Why, yes, in a way. He forgets that he's a gentleman, and she forgets that she's a lady."—Exchange.

Making Faces.

Saucee—I saw a man in a window making faces today. Symple—What was he doing that for? Saucee—For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler.

Kind deeds and words—that's the true blue of pity; to hope the best, do the best and speak the best.—Stevenson.

Imitating the Ostrich

By ELLIOTT SMITH

One crisp October day a young man alighted from a train in a quiet village. During the summer he had met at a country resort a Miss Mathews, with whom he had dawdled about, boating, fishing, swimming, dancing—in short, doing those things which, when done in company with a pretty girl, generate love almost as surely as a dynamo will generate electricity.

During the period that they were together another young man named Dargan had come from the city, evidently for the purpose of being with the girl, for he immediately proceeded to monopolize her. Since he showed plainly that he was a suitor the young man of the first part, Emery, who had no more idea of marrying a wife than he had of establishing a bank, dropped out in his favor, leaving the young lady free to accept his attentions. After several days passed in company with her Mr. Dargan left the resort, and Miss Mathews was again unabsorbed. Mr. Emery slowly drifted back to his former status.

There is no position more capable of exciting a man's self contempt than to occupy the time and attention of a young lady whom he has no thought of marrying. But let him once realize that he doesn't wish any one else to marry her and he cannot but consider himself a veritable dog in the manger. Such was the position occupied by Mr. Emery when he recommenced spending his time in Miss Mathews' company.

As he afterward said, he was like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand to avoid being observed. Yet he was observed not only by others, but by himself.

When Mr. Emery left the resort and Miss Mathews' society he had made a step in advance. He knew that he would rather be hanged for Mr. Dargan's murder than that the said Dargan should marry Miss Mathews. But why? Did he want her himself? Surely he had not gone on his outing with the intention of becoming engaged? It was not feasible that he should become engaged. He had but $3,000 a year, and that was not sufficient to meet his own personal requirements. He did not know what Miss Mathews had and didn't care. Matrimony was with him out of the question anyway.

Some five or six weeks after the parting he was weak enough to go to the place where Miss Mathews lived. He went there to see her, but why he did not know. He had no more intention of entering the lists with Dargan—or any one else, for that matter—than he had gone away in the summer to marry a wife. He had written her that he would be in the vicinity of her home and would make a stop for the purpose of "renewing an acquaintance so pleasantly formed during the summer." He would call on a certain afternoon.

Why will persons say things they don't mean, knowing that those to whom they say them know they mean something else?

In what occurred during that visit I don't charge Miss Mathews with having purposely brought it about. Nevertheless if she did she had a perfect right to do so. When Emery called on her that afternoon he was ushered by a maid into a cozy library, where stood a lady's writing desk on which Miss Mathews wrote her letters, and he had no sooner entered than he saw a letter ready for the post lying where it had been written. He could not well help seeing the superscription.

The epistle was addressed to Dargan. Was it one of a correspondence? Was it an acceptance? Was it a rejection? That was for him to find out.

When Miss Mathews came in tastefully arrayed, of course—she expressed herself "much pleased to meet again a summer acquaintance."

A summer acquaintance—that was true, but it was galling. He had said that he was pleased "to renew an acquaintance," etc. That, he knew, was all folderol, but the same thing coming from Miss Mathews was very different. It was depressing, maddening. Indeed, it was worse than a dozen funeral bells all tolling at once.

Miss Mathews' eyes fell on the letter on the desk. She started. Emery didn't start, but there was a sudden whirlwind of feeling within him which coagulated with a purpose. He plunged into the Rubicon.

Nevertheless he plunged so quietly that the net was not perceptible. He asked Miss Mathews whether she would go back to the same resort next year, and she said she didn't know; she hadn't thought much about it. Then he remarked that he thought he should spend his vacation next season in the autumn since he proposed to hunt. Both were talking about one thing and thinking about another—the letter on the desk. There was a pause in the conversation. Both looked up from the letter at the same moment, and their eyes met. Emery reached for it and tore it into little bits.

"You had no right to do that," said the girl.

"I'll write another."

Taking up pen and paper, he wrote on it: "I have to announce to you my engagement to Mr. Emery, whom I met last summer in the country." Holding it up before her, he asked if she would put it in her own handwriting and mail it.

"Yes," she said, and that is the end of the story, except that she afterward told him she had refused Dargan before he left her at the summer resort.

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Ships That Kick.

Ask a sailor if his ship is a kicker, and he knows well what you mean, for it is about the first question he asks when he takes the helm.

Up there on the bridge in rough weather the man at the wheel has many a tough tussle if his ship, owing to her constructive lines or ballasting, is inclined to be skittish. [illegible]

The next moment, sinking into a watery hollow, the enormous side pressure causes a violent drag on the rudder chains. Then, unless stoutly held or secured by [illegible] unable to let go in time, has been thrown, bruised and battered, to the deck or, caught by the spokes, has even been tossed overboard into the boiling surf.—Pearson's Weekly.

Freaks of Memory.

As to freaks of memory, Mark Twain has told us of the pilot who knew every bend, creek, current and shallow in the Mississippi river throughout its whole mighty length, but could not remember what he had had for breakfast. Probably most memories are like that. One man I know has a memory that apparently collects only figures. He can always remember your age, even if he forgets your name. He will memorize easily the times of all the trains to a given place, but he generally forgets the platforms from which they start. Reel off to him a column of statistics, and he will recite them again to you a month later without a mistake, having in the meantime forgotten everything else about you. But then he is a born mathematician. Evidently memory is largely a question of sympathy. We remember the things we are really interested in.—London Chronicle.

Tenderness of Tenors.

No principal singer could sing every night in one week. Star tenors seldom sing more than twice in one week, and at rehearsals they sing for the most part in a falsetto, says the Manchester Guardian.

It is said that the great Tamagno used to take such care of his voice that he never even spoke during the day when he was singing at night. He carried on a conversation by means of a slate hung around his neck.

Some baritones, on the other hand, have been habitually careless about their voices, and Berlioz speaks of a splendid bass singer who tramped about the mountains in the snow all day with his throat exposed and sang magnificently the same night.

But in the wings at Covent Garden you may see Siegfried in shining armor with a woolen muffler round his throat.

Bismarck's "Mot."

As might be expected of a man of iron, Bismarck's wit was of the sledge hammer sort. In 1862, according to "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.," by Baron d'Ambes, he went to Paris as Prussian ambassador.

"I have never heard a German speak French as you do," complimented the emperor on the occasion of their first meeting.

"Thanks, sire," returned Bismarck. "I have never heard a Frenchman speak French as you do."

The emperor spoke with a perceptible German accent.

Beginning Early.

"Yes, sir," said the proud young father, "that baby of ours is going to be a successful politician. He'll be a great vote getter before he's of age."

"Why, he can't talk yet!"

"No, but he has started right in, trying to kick and shake hands at the same time."—Washington Star.

Positively Uncanny.

"There's something very queer about that woman," said the clerk. "I don't know what to make of her."

"Why?" the floorwalker asked.

"She was satisfied with the first piece of goods I showed her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Long Suit.

Bacon—How long have we been married, dear?

Mrs. Bacon—Three years, love.

"Is that all? I thought I'd been wearing this suit longer than that, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Strong Hint.

"Miss Pinkie, how do you like my new hat?"

"I like it ever so much better, Mr. Smythe, when you are holding it in your hand."—Chicago Tribune.

A Decade In Transit

By ALICE T. [illegible]

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